Lord John Manners and His Friends

Charles Whibley

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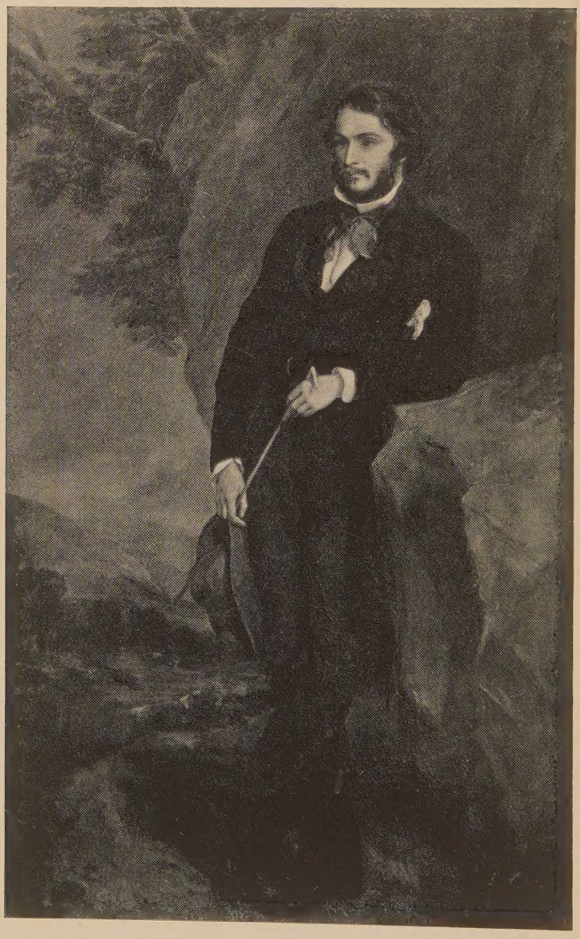

LORD JOHN MANNERS.

(From a painting by Sir Francis Grant at Belvoir Castle.)

LORD JOHN MANNERS

AND HIS FRIENDS

BY

CHARLES WHIBLEY

VOLUME I.

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PREFACE.

THE chief material of this book is the collection of letters and documents preserved at Belvoir Castle, and entrusted to me by the eighth Duke of Rutland, to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude. My thanks are due also to the Marquess of Salisbury, who lent me such letters of the seventh Duke of Rutland as were in his hands, and permitted me to print extracts from his father's letters; to the trustees of Lord Beaconsfield, and to the Proprietors of 'The Times,' for a similar service and a similar permission; to Mrs Frank Russell, who gave me access to the papers of George Smythe which survive; to the Earl of Bradford, to Viscount Cobham, to Major Egerton Stafford O'Brien, and to the many others who with unfailing generosity came to my help.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

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BELVOIR CASTLE.

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LORD JOHN MANNERS
AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

ENVIRONMENT.

It seems as though there never could have been a time when a house or a fortress did not stand upon the hill of Belvoir, now a vision of beauty to the beholder, now an impregnable defence against rebels and outlaws. Emerging suddenly from a vast plain, the castle of to-day seems as though it hung in air, and if mist or distance give it an enchantment, even the Gothic building of Wyatt, the last in a line of castles, takes on a kind of splendour. Where a hospitable mansion now smiles upon the surrounding country, in the ancient days of battle and conquest a fortress kept its watchful eye open to the surprise of a cunning foe. What happened there in the times of Alfred and Harold we know not. There is no doubt that, when William the Norman invaded England and set it

under his heel, he perceived the strategic importance of Belvoir, and gave it to his standard-bearer, Robert de Todeni, the master of fourscore manors, who built the first Norman castle which stood upon the height, founded at its foot a priory for four Black Monks, and died full of wealth and honours in 1088. He was succeeded by his son William, surnamed De Albini Brito, and the family flourished exceedingly until William de Albini III., after signing the Magna Charta, took arms against King John, sustained a desperate siege at Rochester Castle, and for his pains was compelled to surrender Belvoir to the king. After the battle of Lincoln, in 1217, he secured from the hands of Henry III. his own estates, and the grateful king gave him a share of the broad acres, confiscated by the rebels. His grand-daughter, sole heiress of the house of Albini, married Robert de Roos, in whose family Belvoir remained until Edmund, Lord Roos, died in 1508, when his lands passed to Eleanor, his co-heir, and wife of Sir Robert Manners of Ethale in Northumberland. Since that day a Manners has always lived and reigned at Belvoir.

From the documents and records which survive at Belvoir, it is possible to recall the history of an amiable family. The interchange of letters, frankly expressed and stripped of self-consciousness, enables us to hear the talk of centuries ago, to be eavesdroppers, so to say, upon the past. The family of Manners gave many distinguished sons to the service of their king—soldiers and sailors, courtiers

and statesmen. Their old letters are alive with great names and the gossip of the world. Now the Earl of Rutland asks (in 1550) for Latimer's last sermon and "three table saddles." Now he is admonished, loftily, by Sir Nicholas Bacon, who writes in 1561 from "my house besides Charing Crosse," because he has reprieved two persons condemned for a robbery at the Lent Assizes at York without the consent or knowledge of the justices. Here we read, in a letter written by Thomas Randolph from Edinburgh to the Earl of Rutland, Lord President of the North in 1563, of the affection which Mary of Scotland has for the Queen our Sovereign. "Their familiarity," writes Randolph, "is entertained by continual recourse of letters written in whole sheets of paper with their own hands th' one to th' other, by friendly usage of the servants that either remain, or have recourse between them," with more to the same purpose. And the amiable Randolph proves himself a vain optimist when he trusts that these two will live always like good sisters and friends. Then one Brakinbury assures the Earl of Rutland that when he comes to the Court he will scarce be known, so little account do these ladies make of "us married men," and especially of those that be absent, for "from new fountains the water seemeth the sweetest."

Now gossip such as this, which gives us the lively impress of the time, is far as the poles apart from history as we know it, history which is cut out and

made up after the conventions of the historians. Here we have the raw material itself, the real history, not as it is filtered through the mind of a pupil of Thucydides, but as it actually happened. And yet, if we would discover the characteristics of a family, we must reject the experiences which are common to all, and select for recall those members of it who have won a singular distinction, who stand out from the level of events, as hills emerge from a vast plain. In the Tudor age there was none who went out from Belvoir more wise in counsel, more gracious in behaviour, than Roger Manners, the third son of the first Earl of Rutland. The fairies brought to his cradle all the gifts worth having. The praises of men followed him from the beginning of his life. William, Lord Howard of Effingham, writes in 1554 a eulogy of the young man to his brother, the second Earl, which was worthy the man who penned it. This letter of gratitude to the Earl for sending his brother to serve in his company is written from the Great Bark, and thus it runs: "I have not in all my life had an honester young gentleman in my company and I thank him. Although he lieth in Constabyll's ship, yet there is but few days but he keepeth me company in my ship, as doth all the rest of the gentlemen and are as merry together as I think was ever any company by sea or by land."

Such is the first reference to a youth who grew up a finished man of the world and a

model of urbanity. For many years he was at once the support and the bulwark of his family. The son of the first Earl, he lived to give counsel and admonition to the fifth, who, indeed, needed all the advice that so wise a man as Roger Manners could offer him. Kindly and resourceful, he was always ready to aid his kinsmen in their advancement at Court or elsewhere. Being a careful bachelor, he amassed a certain fortune, and his purse was always at the service of those closely related to him. Did the Earl of Rutland need a house in town, Roger Manners was prompt to suggest a loan. When Sir Thomas Manners fell into debt, Roger was there to pull "Lusti," as he called him, out of his embarrassment. To help his niece Eleanor to a good marriage he promised her a thousand pounds, on condition that her other uncle, John Manners, would furnish her with apparel, and give her, besides the marriage dower, two hundred pounds; and punctiliously he kept his promise. In brief, he acted for some thirty years as a sort of providence to his family, and if he had few sorrows of his own he made up for it by feeling acutely, and doing what he could to assuage, the sorrows of others.

The greater part of his life he spent at Court, and never ceased to complain of the lot, which, however, he made no attempt to change. Whenever he is in London, he is thinking of Uffington and his partridges. As early as 1571 he tells the Earl of Rutland that if he holds to his determination

to return to England, he "will leave the Court to younger folks and learn to keep your plough." Some years later he is still in the same mood. Dating a letter to the Earl "at the courtly Court, where Venus and Bacchus do agree," he says "pray let me hear what hawks and dogs you have, for when you are at the Parliament, I must be a country man." And then, though he will not challenge the Earl of Rutland, he boasts that he and Henry Harvey "fear no hawk for the field nor hound for the hunt deer betwixt Berwick and Standford nor betwixt Uffington and Dover." Alas for his peace of mind! He is not often able to translate his wishes into deeds, and lingers on unhappily in London. In September 1583 he is once more full of hope. "I intend by God's grace to be a courtier till after Christmas," he writes, "and then a country man for ever." He is deceived, and a month or two later in a letter which strikes a graver note, he betrays his melancholy. The year 1583 ended in death and uncertainty. The English in garrison at Alost in the Netherlands, finding themselves neglected, surrendered the town to the Spaniards, and there was treachery in Ireland. "The world is dangerous," wrote Roger Manners from the Black Friars on 20th December, "and the days are evil. We look daily that the truth will be discovered and then every body to have according to their desert. In the meantime we are suspicious and inquisitive." Even his gay spirit and equable temper were not secure

against the prevailing rumours, and the Court irked him more bitterly than ever.

His love of gossip did not decline. He sends all the news into the country, his absence from which he deplores. One day he reports that "Mr Rawley is in very good favour," and he notes the rise of the new favourite Leicester. Another day he tells his nephew that "it was yester night determined that Monsier should return in God's peace and the Queen's." Now he writes, for the Earl's pleasure, that "Sir Philip Sidney is a married man and loveth your Lordship much." Now he is beset by fears of war. "Sure am I," he writes to the Earl of Rutland on 18th November 1585, "you are at more quiet than the best counsellor here. Hunting and hawking is good sport, but dealing in warlike causes is troublesome. It is even now told me, how truly I know not, that there is arrived at Hampton one from the King of Spain with a herald with him with certain articles, and thereupon either war or peace. I dare not write it as a truth."

Meanwhile he does not forget that it is his duty to advise and admonish his nephews. "Your son George doeth well and behaveth like an honest man," writes Roger Manners to his brother John on 17th June 1586. "Yet you may do well to write to him for to endeavour himself to learn to write better, and to rise earlier in the morning. For two hours study in the morning is better than four in the afternoon." A sound old philosopher even in the small

things of life! And as he grew from one generation to another, he became, so to say, the acknowledged head of the family. It was to him that his kinsmen turned for help, and sadly he bore the burden of their sins. When the third Earl died in 1587, it was thus that Roger Manners addressed John, his successor, in a letter which is a model of loyalty and kindliness. "It hath pleased the Almighty," wrote Roger Manners on Easter Day from the Savoy, "to call my Lord your brother out of this miserable world to his blessed Kingdom. He died in God and beloved of the world. If your lordship do follow his steps your friends will have comfort of you. His lordship had many good servants who served him painfully, especially those who were about him at his last, whereof this poor man is one, whom with the rest I must recommend to your lordship's good favour." How could appear in fairer shape "the constant service of the antique world"?

Nor was Roger Manners' brother, Sir Thomas, behind in service or in constancy. He too was ever ready to offer his own aid and to applaud his nephew's trust in Roger Manners. "I have received great comfort," he wrote that nephew on 22nd April 1587, "from your message and letter. I trust you will accept all I have to offer. I mean faithful good will long since known to you, and the carcase of a true gentleman most readily to be employed in your service. I am glad if you accept so well my brother Roger's dealings towards you; but what was to be expected

to proceed from so honest a man but honest deeds, and from so wise and kind a man but most natural and loyal love to the head of the house?" Bound in the bonds of discipline and affection, they supported their house in the true spirit of chivalry, and when John, the fourth Earl, died after the brief reign of a year, Roger, his successor, then a boy, put the loyalty of his family to the severest test.

Born under the happiest auspices, he was watched over in his youth with a wisdom and courtesy which should have been rewarded by a better result. When he came into possession of his wealth and honours, he was twelve years old and already at Queen's College, Cambridge, with John Jegon for his tutor. The letter which he wrote to his mother on his brother's death is full of zeal and humility, and rarely mature in style for so young a boy. He tells her on 4th March 1587-8 that he daily beseeches "Almighty God to preserve your good Ladyship in the like health and welfare, in whom is now my only stay," and he adds "Good Madame, now more and more—if it be possible—increase your careful love and loving care for me." Then in a postscript, undictated, I am sure, by John Jegon, whose influence may be detected in the letter, he says, "Good Madame, bear me in remembrance for some linen."

His requests are many and various. Now he thanks his mother for his bay nag, and tells her that if she will send him his pied nag also, he will

be well fitted. Now, confessing that after so many suits he scarcely dares crave any venison, he tells the Countess that "a brace of bucks to bestow on his friends this fair time would be very welcome." [1] A buck was sent to him, and it turned out "naught every bit." Another day he is "to entrust her Ladyship to provide him some new shirts, for he has very few, and those he has be so little that he cannot get them on and off." Meanwhile, he trusts that his mother shall hear nothing but that he follows his book well, and profits by the admonitions of the great Burghley and others. Indeed, it seems as though the wisest and best of his time were in a conspiracy to see that he lacked neither good counsel nor encouragement to learning.

Above all, Roger Manners remained steadfast in duty and kindness. "They say it is a thankless office," he wrote to the boy's mother in 1591, "to tell youth of their faults; yet it is the office of their best friends. If, therefore, your Ladyship will admonish my Lord of Rutland and those about him to have care of his manners that his behaviour be

[1] This letter, dated 30th August 1588, proves that the young Earl stayed in Cambridge during the long vacation. And John Jegon, writing on the same day, explains to the Countess of Rutland one forgotten effect of the Spanish Armada. "Our Sturbridge fair," says he, "begins the 7th of September, when, as I hear, good ling and haberdine will be extremely dear; for none of the north sea fishers have as yet come home and it is feared the Spanish may have met with them. Still if you must make your provision here thereof, assure yourself it will be as well as possible."

civil, and to fashion his speech and entertainment according to the person and his calling, it were a wonderful comfort to his friends, and win his Lordship great good opinion of the world." What the young Earl had done is unrecorded. Perhaps he had been too familiar with his fellows. At any rate, he excused himself, decisively, to his mother. "I give your Ladyship humble thanks," he wrote in answer to the transmitted complaint, "for your honourable direction in your letters for my good. I do assure your Ladyship that the carriage of myself both towards God and my book, my comeliness in diet and gesture, shall be such as your Ladyship shall hear and like well of." Meanwhile, Roger Manners was already feeling the weight of years, and did his best, ineffectively, to put off the burden of responsibility. When the Countess died in 1595, Roger Manners writes to the Earl, regretting that his estate is not better, and expressing a belief that there is more money concealed. And then he makes a kind of renunciation. "I love and honour you much," he says, "but I do not see that my services can do you much good. I have little experience in these matters, and my brother, John Manners, is well experimented, and can give you good advice if you yourself require him to do so. In truth, I am old and lazy, and cannot make so long a journey to go and return before the term." Old and lazy as he called himself, he was neither too old nor too lazy, some years later, to give

the Earl of Rutland what help he could at the crisis of his fate.

Lord Burghley, as would be expected, offers the young man the most solemn advice. If the tone of his sermon is not unlike the tone of Mr Barlow, its substance is irreproachable. The Earl, before going to Belvoir in August 1589, had written to Lord Burghley to understand his liking therein. "I do very well allow," replied Lord Burghley to this mature youth of thirteen, "that your Lordship should repair to my Lady, and other your Lordship's friends in the country, wishing that both your tutor and some books might accompany you thither, so as beside your other honourable pastimes, your learning do not diminish, which differeth from all other worldly pleasures; for learning will increase, if it be cherished, and cannot be lost but by negligence, and beside that learning will serve you in all ages, in all places and fortunes." The plain truth is that the fifth Earl of Rutland was too much pampered and cockered by his parent and guardians. He was permitted to do nothing simply. Wherever he went, whatever he purposed, he was held in check by statesmen and wiseacres. When in December 1594 the Queen consented, through Burghley, that the Earl of Rutland should travel, she required, rightly enough, that choice should be made of some discreet honest man to accompany him; and more than this, the wise Bacon himself drew up for the Earl's use the directions for travel, which are now famous. None but

Bacon's [1] magisterial hand could have composed the lofty commonplaces destined to serve for a guide to the young Earl's faltering footsteps. "Your Lordship shall see the beauty of many cities," wrote the great man, "know the manners of the people of many cities, and learn the language of many nations. Some of these may serve for ornaments, and all of them for delights; but your Lordship must look further than these; for the greatest ornament is the inward beauty of the mind; and when you have known as great variety of delight as the world will afford, you will confess that the greatest delight is *sentire te indies fieri meliorem.*" And he concludes "this point of conference with this advice," which may be matched in all instructions for foreign travel, "that your Lordship shall rather go a hundred miles out of the way to speak with a wise man than five to see a fair city." Thus, prudently shepherded, the Earl made the grand tour. He is heard of at Heidelberg in February 1595; and in June 1597 he writes to his uncle, John Manners, that he is resolved to go on a voyage with the Earl of Essex, which, being ended, he means shortly after to return homeward. What the voyage was is unrecorded. The fact that it was made with the Earl of Essex marks the beginning or the increase of an ill-omened disastrous friendship.

[1] These letters are described in the Harleian MSS. as the "Earl of Essex's advice to the Earl of Rutland on his journey." Few will read them without ascribing them, as does Spedding, to Francis Bacon. See *The Letters* and the 'Life of Francis Bacon' . . . by James Spedding, vol. ii., pp. 3-20.

On his return from his travels in 1597 the Earl of Rutland married the only daughter and heir of Sir Philip Sidney, a lady who, as Ben Jonson says, "was nothing inferior to her father in poesie." During her reign Belvoir became a meeting-place of the poets and the wits. There one of Ben Jonson's masques was played, and the Belvoir papers give proof of the Countess' amiable patronage. In an account-book of the year 1611-12, for instance, you will find this entry: "Given to Mr Cotgrave that presented his French Dictionary to my Lady £3." [1] If Ben Jonson may be believed, "Sir Thomas Overbury was in love with her, and caused Ben to read his 'Wife' to her, which he, with an excellent grace, did, and praised the author. That the morn thereafter he discorded with Overbury, who would have him to intend a suit that was unlawful. The line my Lady kept in remembrance, 'He comes too near who comes to be denied.'" The Earl of Rutland frowned upon her association with the wits, and once upon a time surprised Ben Jonson at table with her, and accused her of "keeping table to poets." And, says Ben Jonson with an ingenuous pride, when she wrote a letter of it to him, which he answered, "My Lord intercepted the letter, but never challenged him." She died in 1612, two months after her husband; and if what Beaumont says in his elegy—"thou rather ledst a life Like a betrothed virgin than a wife"—be true, it is not surprising that she left no child behind.

[1] The Dictionary is still in the Library at Belvoir Castle.

Meanwhile in a rash moment the Earl of Rutland, discarding all the good counsel which had been lavished upon him, threw what was left him of happiness and prosperity to the winds. He joined Essex in his conspiracy against the Queen and her ministers. It is easy to understand how easily the young and ardent succumbed to the glamour and insolence of Essex. In an age of adventure all things seemed possible to those who had faith in themselves; and when Essex was found in arms against his sovereign, he declared that he had done no other thing than by the laws of nature and conscience every man should do. Among those who rallied to his standard were the Earl of Rutland, just returned, at the age of twenty-three, from the grand tour, and his two cousins, Francis and George Manners. That the Earl of Rutland's offence was not harshly looked upon was soon evident. He was lodged sumptuously in the Tower. The furniture that was sent him thither agreed not merely with comfort but with splendour. There are mentioned in the list four pieces of tapestry hangings, a bed with canopy and furniture, a square table and a round for his Lordship, and much else that might minister to his luxury and wellbeing. Nor were excuses lacking for his rash act. Thomas Screven, friend and servant of the family, hastened to reassure John Manners at Haddon, and give him "such true comfort as is in being, for the preservation of your most noble house and blood, never yet spotted since it took being." It was,

indeed, recognised at once that the Earl of Rutland was not too deeply implicated. "It is taken and so fully interpreted," wrote the faithful Screven, "that my Lord came suddenly and rawly into the action on that dismal day in the morning, and that he was not any of the complotters, nor any way privy thereunto." Of the private quarrel which the Earl of Essex had, he was made acquainted at that instant only, and "so through love and affection was like a lamb drawn along among them."

The truth of Screven's statement is obvious. It was only affection which could persuade a generous youth to risk his head for his friend's quarrel, and to avenge the box on the ear wherewith the Queen had punished her favourite's insolence. None saw this more clearly than the Queen herself, who was resolved not otherwise to punish him than in purse. In other words, the Earl of Rutland escaped lightly enough with a fine of £30,000, and in the end Elizabeth was content to exact only a third of that sum.[1]

[1] On 3rd February 1897, the seventh Duke of Rutland quoted, in a letter to Sir Michael Hicks Beach, the case of Lord Savile, who "succeeded his uncle last year, and is called upon to pay £200,000, or £25,000 for eight years for that involuntary offence. It seems a prodigious fine to inflict on any peaceable subject of the Crown; the only parallel case I can think of is the egregious fine of £30,000 inflicted on my Ancestor for his share in Essex's rebellion against Queen Bess, which she, avaricious and merciless as she was, reduced to £10,000, but in these days it is apparently a greater crime to succeed to an estate than to levy war against the Sovereign." If the Duke were too kind to his ancestor, he used him to point an excellent moral.

The Earl himself was duly penitent, and confessed his sins in a belated letter, addressed on 16th May 1601 to his uncle, John Manners. "The greatness of my misfortunes," he wrote, "has made me more silent than I would have been, because I should be sorry to add any grief to my friends in the remembrance of my mishaps, which I assure you I have more grieved for than any worldly thing, that I should live to be a cause of discomfort to my best friends and hasard a stain upon my house." But the blow fell most heavily upon old Roger Manners, who, as we have seen, for many years had upheld the dignity and honour of his family. Those who look out upon life through other men's windows are wont to suffer most acutely from the follies and the sins of their fellows, and little enough was spared this upright and zealous courtier. At the first news of Essex's conspiracy, on 16th February 1600-1, he is found writing to his brother, John Manners: "Good brother," said he, "of this tumult this bearer can tell you more than I have will to write. I would my three nephews had never been born than by so horrible an offence offend so gracious a sovereign, to the overthrow of their house and name for ever, always before loyal." Yet, even in the midst of tragedy, he was not without solace. "Her Majesty this other day," he wrote, "sent Sir John Stanhope to me to comfort me with a very princely and gracious message. Mr Secretary likewise sent to me most honourably assuring his old friendship to me, with promise to do for our Earl his best endeavour." At

least he is able to assure his brother that the Earl is more generally pitied in Court than any other, and in a spirit of submission he concludes a second letter to John Manners with these words: "I desire no worldly thing more than that I may end my days with you in contemplation." He died six years later, and in 1612 the hapless fifth Earl, to whom all his honours and offices were restored, followed him to the grave.

There followed some years of peace for the house of Belvoir, and then the civil strife between Charles I. and his Parliament involved it once more in disaster. When John Manners, the eighth Earl, succeeded, it seemed as though he would greatly advance the fortunes of the family. He was the grandson of the first Earl of Rutland's second son John, who married Dorothy Vernon, long since the plaything of legend, and added to Belvoir and its noble territories Haddon Hall and much of Derbyshire that went with it. The beauty of Haddon has been widely celebrated. More than any other house, it belongs wholly and intimately to the past. With the present it has no link. The intervening time, which might have been thrown like a bridge from the reign of Anne to our own day, is left a happy blank. By a piece of rare good fortune, no modern vulgarity has encroached upon its walls. Its story, which began in the remote past, comes to an end at the beginning of the eighteenth century, since when no sacrilegious and improving hand has been laid upon it. It still stands, as it has

HADDON HALL.

(From an engraving by Vivares, after a painting by T. Smith.)

always stood, like a sentinel above the valley of the Wye. The deep-embrasured windows of its panelled rooms look out to the river and beyond to the spire of Bakewell now as they did then. The fortress remains Gothic. The elegant dwelling-house is in the Tudor style. The grey walls of the fortified house, as you approach them, the stately dining-hall with its mediæval high-table, are ancient in their simplicity. The long gallery, with its marvellous ceiling, has the solemn gaiety of a later age. The silvery colour of its oaken panels has mellowed, not changed, with the passing years. The tragedy of the house is the tragedy of emptiness. It should be thronged with lords and ladies fit to people it. There is no other tragedy about it. You cannot believe, as you see the river winding in true lover's knots below it, that there was ever fighting under its walls. Death and suffering seem to have passed it by. Even its grey chapel suggests no service of lamentation. You only wonder, as you walk through the dispeopled rooms of Haddon Hall, what hand dismantled them, by what perversity of fate they escaped the ravages of time, the still worse ravages of the restorer.

By a strange irony, the eighth Earl, to whom Haddon was an inheritance, saw the enforced demolition of Belvoir. He was a staunch parliamentarian, who proved the sincerity of his opinions by taking, in October 1643, the solemn league and covenant. And then, to his discomfort, Belvoir Castle was seized by the King's troops and put in

charge of Sir Gervase Lucas, who had once been master of the horse to the Earl. The horse-keeper not only held Belvoir against his master, but he and his wife, if Major Henry Markham may be trusted, helped themselves to whatever they had a mind to in the castle, and then went off with the stolen property. Markham made all diligent search for Judas, as he calls Sir Gervase, and asserts that "the mystery of iniquity," having broken into trunks and stolen a gold cup, used scandalous and sawcy language of the Earl of Rutland and his Countess. Worse things were to follow. The surprise of Mackstock Castle made the Parliament fear that Belvoir would again fall into the King's hands, and an order was issued for its demolition. In vain the Earl addressed to Parliament reasons why he ought not "to be obtruded from his house at Belvoir nor the custody thereof denied him." In spite of the fidelity which he had shown to the cause, the castle was demolished, and its owner received no more in compensation than £1500.

Called back into the favour of the King at the restoration, the eighth Earl set about rebuilding Belvoir Castle, which was finished in 1668. Both he and his son were content to live the quiet lives of country gentlemen, apart from the Court and the world. Yet, removed as he was from affairs, the ninth Earl cherished a modified ambition for a dukedom, and duly supported by Lord Somers and the Whigs, received, in 1702, the promise of advancement. In February

1702, the matter seemed settled. "My Lord Somers," wrote Lord Roos to his father, "has spoke to the King about your Lordship's dukedom, which he tells me the King very readily complied with, but desired might be kept private some time, his going for Holland being the time these things are usually done, and lest others might tease him during his stay for the like favour." And then by "the sad accident" of the King's fall and broken collar-bone, which ended a few weeks later in his death, the dukedom seemed removed as far away as ever. "I am told," wrote J. Wotton to the Earl of Rutland on 19th March 1702, "that in the King's pocket was found a letter from Lady Russell, in which was mentioned your name." The next step taken by his friends was to persuade him to be in London at the coronation. "There is a vast court made to the Queen," Peregrine Bertie tells him on 24th March 1702, "almost all people coming in to own her government. 'Tis said there will be new honours given at the coronation, and 'tis very probable there will. Some say we shall have some new Dukes. If that is true, sure your Lordship should not neglect this opportunity."

It is unlikely that Peregrine Bertie's subtle method of persuasion influenced the Earl of Rutland. Even if he longed for a dukedom, he preferred the seclusion of Belvoir to the pomp of the coronation. But Lady Roos, his daughter-in-law, and her mother, Lady Rachel Russell, were tireless in pursuit,

and took care that the tepid aspirant should hear all the news at Court. "Since the King's death," writes Lady Roos on 29th March 1702, "what we knew to be so near conclusion, your Lordship will judge must have been at a full stop, seeing the persons that acted before are not in circumstances to do anything now." Wherefore she and her mother are eager to know how the matter stands with him, lest they should do anything "to obstruct the matter instead of setting forward." Then Lady Rachel Russell takes the story up on 14th April 1702, and though she admits that there are many stumbling-blocks in their path, "'tis a safe assurance," says she, "that your Lordship will in some time be made what 'tis owned by all you have a most just pretention to, nay beyond any other person." She promises that she will continue to strive. "If we are not successful," she writes, "it shall not be from negligence, and if we could have obtained a present promotion founded upon the King's promise we had effected it, but the Queen is positively determined not to create or promote any one single person, there are so very many that ask, and whoever is refused will be angry." The Queen's experience was not singular, and she did not hold long by her resolution.

Like the wise woman that she was, Lady Rachel Russell left nothing to chance: "I shall continue to be as watchful as I can, that we miss not what we think we have a certain assurance of. Courts

are slippery places." Indeed they were, but never was any man more prudently helped in keeping his feet on the slippery place than was the Earl of Rutland by his daughter-in-law and her cunning mother. For himself, he did little enough. When the coronation took place in May 1702, he preferred to stay at Belvoir, and to send an excuse, as though there were no such things as dukedoms in the world. The Queen accepted his excuse, and even then he made no attempt to appease her. Not only did he meditate refusal of the office of Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum, but he declined at first to employ, as Deputy-Lieutenants, " the gentlemen who were recommended by her to him." For this refusal he was sternly rebuked by his son-in-law, Sir J. Leveson Gower. " Your commands," said his son-in-law, on 26th December 1702, " were never disagreeable to me till now . . . I must venture to persuade you to alter your resolution before I speak to my Lord Nottingham. In whatever terms it is expressed, whatever reasons you give, the Queen will suspect the true one to proceed from your unwillingness to employ the gentlemen who are recommended by her to you. She is resolved not to follow the example of her predecessor in making use of a few of her subjects to oppress the rest. She will be Queen of all her subjects, and would have all the parties and distinctions of former reigns ended and buried in hers, and in order to it, expects that those whom she employs shall give the first example." It is a lofty

ideal of sovereignty, and it is not to be wondered at that Anne, herself, fell below it.

Meanwhile, the Earl of Rutland accepted his son-in-law's rebuke in a proper spirit, and was at last rewarded—in March 1703—by the coveted dukedom. It was Lady Roos who first sent him the glad tidings. "Sir John Leveson Gower," she wrote, "has told my Lord that the Lord Treasurer had desired him to say that the warrant was ordered for your being a duke." That plain statement needed no embellishing, but Lady Roos could not refrain from adding to it a few acceptable details. As she and her mother were going to wait upon the Queen, they met the Lord Treasurer, who told Lady Rachel Russell that "the Queen had remembered her promise to her Ladyship, which was of making good the King's intentions." He thought it would be well if she took notice of it to the Queen, who confirmed what the Lord Treasurer had said, and spoke very obligingly. Thus at last was the dukedom achieved through the unfailing tact of the two ladies, and in spite of the indifference, as it seems, of the Duke himself. "And now," said Lady Roos, bringing the long correspondence to a close, "there remains nothing to perfect this but your Lordship's order who shall take care of taking out the patent, and your directions what the title shall be for Duke and Marquis." As for the title of the Duke, that was never in doubt. Whether the Marquis should take his title from Belvoir or from Harborough was for some time debated, and at last

both were rejected in favour of Granby. Even when the Queen's esteem was thus clearly expressed the new Duke—a Duke, perhaps, in spite of himself—still wrapped himself up in a cloak of reticence, until the Earl of Nottingham invited his acknowledgment in a letter to Her Majesty, and admonished him that he must take his seat as a duke next session.

Life at Belvoir resumed its repose. The Duke stayed resolutely at home, and was content with such news as his friends sent him from town. It is from Lord Gower and the Marchioness of Granby that he heard of the famous storm celebrated by Defoe, and of the glorious victory won by Marlborough at Blenheim. Lady Rachel Russell tells him what is doing at Court, and the new Marquis sends him news of the House of Commons. Indeed, it is not until the Marquis of Granby, the son of the third Duke, began his thrice fortunate career in the Army that a Manners once again began to play a part in history. Now the Marquis of Granby deserved all the fame that was showered upon him. Not only was he a gallant soldier: he had those qualities which ensure a wide and instant popularity, a recognised gift, which has nothing to do with merit or virtue. It may be lavished upon the worst of men; it may be withheld from or given sparingly to the greatest of heroes. For Lord Granby it was natural to catch the popular breeze. His aspect and his deeds rendered him the easy favourite of the people. His high forehead, his bald head, his scanty locks,

all his own, made him certain of remembrance. None who had seen him once could forget him, and the portraits by Sir Joshua and others, frequently engraved, kept him familiarly in the minds of all. Nor could his character escape the general admiration. His mind had the same flamboyancy as his large and stalwart frame. Carelessness and generosity smiled from his face, and it should have been clear to all those who saw him that he was incapable of a selfish thought. He flung away his money with the same munificence wherewith he distributed his praise, and had no check been put upon him, he would have kept for himself neither praise nor money.

And as living, he was the idol of the mob, so long after death his portrait still creaked and swung (and still creaks and swings) over the door of many a public-house which had the Marquis of Granby for its chosen sign. Then, as if to give his immortality (so to say) a second wind, Charles Dickens put Mrs Weller in possession, at Dorking, of the Marquis of Granby, a model of "a roadside public-house of the better class—just large enough to be convenient, and small enough to be snug"; and that we might know for ever what the Marquis looked like in those days, sketched an imperishable portrait. "On the opposite side of the road," he writes, "was a large sign-board on a high post, representing the head and shoulders of a gentleman with an apoplectic countenance, in a red coat, with deep-blue facings, and a touch of the same over his three-cornered hat,

for a sky. Over that again were a pair of flags, and beneath the last button of his coat were a couple of cannon; and the whole formed an expressive and undoubted likeness to the Marquis of Granby of glorious memory." The apoplectic countenance was due, not to an attempted realism, but to defective artistry; and thus it was that Dickens made it clear to us how the Marquis appeared to the world a century ago.

Unlike many popular heroes, the Marquis of Granby established the affection in which he was held upon an impregnable rock of valour. To his gift of personal bravery there was added the soldierly quality of command. From the very first his men would follow him anywhere, because they knew that he never shrank himself from what he asked them to do. He was in no action in which he did not distinguish himself. Even though Minden was not the victory which it might have been, Prince Ferdinand recognised that it was only opportunity that Lord Granby lacked. "I could not help asserting," said he, "the good opinion I had of Lord Granby from the good spirit in which he had endeavoured to execute my orders, which left no doubt but that he could have made the victory one of the most completely decisive if Lord George Sackville had not halted him, or if he had been at the head of the cavalry following only the promptings of his courage." Though it may be rash to praise a man not for what he did but for what he might have done, the military

excellence of Granby was recognised, and as soon as Lord Sackville was "adjudged unfit to serve His Majesty in any capacity whatever," Granby was appointed to succeed him. "The King, having been pleased to consent to Lord George Sackville's request of leave to resign his command," wrote Lord Holdernesse to the Duke of Rutland, "His Majesty has appointed the Marquis of Granby Commander-in-Chief of his British forces in Germany. I have this night dispatched his Lordship's commission and instructions. I congratulate your Grace on this signal mark of His Majesty's confidence in Lord Granby."

Lord Granby justified the King's confidence at Warburg, at Vellinghausen, and on many other hotly contested field. As a tribute to his valour, he received many long letters from the Duke of Newcastle, in which congratulations and whinings are freely intermixed. To prove that Granby played a large part in the victorious campaign directed by Pitt, Newcastle tells him that there are high hopes not only of the reduction of Montreal, but of our driving the French entirely out of Canada. "If the good news of this should come before your campaign in Germany is finished," says he, "the enemy will scarcely look you in the face." A month later (15th June 1760) the Duke of Newcastle is anxious about Granby's health—he was always anxious about something—and sternly admonishes him. "You must take care of yourself," he writes. "Your health is of such consequence to the King and public."

When the war was over and Lord Granby was engaged in politics, if his popularity knew no decrease, he became a target for the envenomed shafts of Junius, for the spiteful hints and subtle belittlings of Walpole. Though he was advanced to the highest office, or perhaps on account of this elevation, he was assailed by all those who wished to avenge themselves on Grafton or on Chatham. The charges of intrigue brought against him cannot be sustained. It is difficult, for instance, to see what injustice was done to Lord Ligonier when, at the age of eighty-eight, he was asked to yield up his Commandership-in-Chief to Granby, a much younger man. That so honest and sincere a soldier as Granby was should have plotted to supplant Ligonier is, of course, out of the question. Even if partisans on the other side persist in throwing a doubt upon his good faith, there remains a letter, written to Chatham, which easily confutes them. "My dear Lord, the unhappiness which, I am well informed, the honour His Majesty intends me will create in my friend, Lord Ligonier"—thus wrote Granby—"will excuse, I hope, my troubling your Lordship with again expressing my most real and earnest wish that I may be left in my present situation. For many reasons, my dear Lord, it would make me more happy to remain as I am, at least for the present." Chatham, as was his wont, had his way, and Granby was made Commander-in-Chief in 1766.

Junius's charge of nepotism, of trafficking in com-

missions, is upheld by no evidence. The other charge, brought by Walpole and others, against Granby, that as a soldier he possessed valour and little else, hardly needs confutation. A man does not win victories by accident, and brute courage, unaccompanied by military knowledge, never has and never will make a successful general. It is unfortunate for Macaulay that he should mention Warburg, when he says that "Granby, honest, generous, and brave as a lion, had neither sense nor genius," and that the British, when he was in command of them, triumphed under a foreign general. Ferdinand, at any rate, did not claim the glory of Warburg for himself. He directed that thanks should be "publicly given to Lord Granby, under whose orders the cavalry performed prodigies of valour which they could not fail of doing, having his Lordship at their head." Nor does Walpole's solemn pronouncement, "that in times wherein Military Knowledge is so much improved it was perhaps fortunate for his country that the sole command was never entrusted to him on any capital emergency," carry much weight when it is put in the scale against the testimonies of the soldiers and statesmen who can be marshalled on the other side.[1]

Then, on 9th October 1770, Lord Granby died suddenly. He was no more than forty-nine when he was stricken. He died bankrupt, and he left no will.

[1] See 'The Life of John Manners, Marquis of Granby,' by Walter Evelyn Manners, pp. 401-403.

Levett Blackborne, writing to George Vernon, described in simple terms the consternation caused by the event at Belvoir. "It is impossible to pretend to attempt to describe the distress of the whole county," said he. "Every place you passed through in tears, and the castle was the headquarters of misery and dejection. The Duke rose up to meet me with an appearance of cheerfulness, but soon relapsed into a sullen melancholy, and for three weeks appeared to be petrified." Then having told his friend that Lord Granby's debts did not exceed £60,000, and that his assets were £23,000, Blackborne returned to the loftier strain in which he began his letter. "You are no stranger to the spirit of procrastination," he wrote. "The noblest mind that ever existed, the amiable man whom we lament, was not free from it. This temper plunged him into difficulties, debts, and distresses; and I have lived to see the first heir of a subject in the kingdom have a miserable shifting life, attended by a levée of duns, and at last die broken-hearted, for so he really was, rather than say 'I will arise and go to my father.'" A sad end to a brave man who had spent his life freely in the service of his country, who had given away with both hands whatever money came to his coffers, and who had purchased by the wealth, always at the call of the first-comer, nothing but embarrassment and distress.

If he bequeathed no money to those who came after, he left two sons, who worthily carried on the traditions of their name. The younger of the two,

Robert, seized upon the imagination of his contemporaries as vividly as did the great Granby. When Crabbe wrote, on his early death, that he was "known less by his father's glory than his own," he did not use the language of exaggeration. Lord Robert went early, at the age of fourteen, into the Navy. He was bound to his elder brother, the Marquis of Granby, afterwards the fourth Duke of Rutland, by the ties of a strong and deep attachment, as his letters testify. He had carried away from Eton a knowledge of the classics and a curiosity about the past which redeemed his journeys on ship-board from dulness. When the *Enterprise* took him to Tripoli and Tunis, his keenest interest was to visit the great aqueduct running from Zowan, the ancient Bysaltum, to Carthage, a distance equal to sixty of our miles. "I went from the ship," he writes on 3rd June 1777, "to see this and a famous temple at the head of it, and in my way thither, over the plain of Zama, I counted above 230 arches together perfect, one of which I measured was 17 feet in space and 120 feet in height; but they are not all so high. I saw about forty miles the ruins of a very considerable city, which I don't find mentioned either in ancient or modern authors —a place of consequence it has been by its situation and walls; an opulent one it must have been by an amphitheatre and the great quantity of marble and granite pillars of Corinthian and other orders, which, as they are, make a most glorious sight, and demonstrate its former magnificence."

Another day, he is doing his best to find Italian pictures for his brother's collection, but nothing disturbs his devotion to the Navy. He is only impatient, like many another, because promotion does not come quickly enough. It irked him in 1779, when he was just of age, to be still a lieutenant. He had, indeed, had a step in the *Alcide*, being now 2nd lieutenant, and that he thought was the only promotion he was likely to get. Another day he bitterly complains to his brother, now Duke, of Lord Sandwich. "I discover plainly," says he on 15th November 1779, "my promotion was never intended, and that I have been all along amused with specious words and promises. . . . Lord Sandwich's character is too well known for any man of higher understanding than an idiot to put confidence in his promises." Then the *Alcide* prepares with all expedition for sea, and though its destination is unknown it is certain that she goes out with Sir G. Rodney. And two months later—in January 1780—he finds himself no longer a proscribed man. After an engagement, he is promoted post-captain in the *Resolution*, and there is no more talk of quitting the service. "Now move heaven and earth," he writes to the Duke. "My dearest brother, make every exertion in your power to get me confirmed. . . . Sir G. Rodney has behaved exceedingly handsome in it, as I am appointed post at once. There were no sloops or masters and commanders when he made me, which will obviate the objection of my being put

over any one's head." In July 1780, the *Resolution* is off Sandy Hook, with the intention of following de Ternai, who had sailed, with four sail of the line and transports containing three or four thousand men, to take Halifax or Quebec. With the hopefulness of youth Lord Robert thought the American campaign would soon be over. "The taking of Charleston," he said, "has infused the greatest spirits into everybody. . . . South Carolina being taken they say the other will fall of course, which, added to the known disunion of the Virginians, will intimidate Pennsylvania, which, when we are in possession of it, will have so great an effect upon the Jersies that with proper encouragement they will join us." The rest was easy, a small expedition to Rhode Island, an expedition against Boston in the spring, and "then the Americans must lay down their arms, and with unconditional submission, sue for peace on any terms we may please most graciously to give."

Alas for the prophecies of sanguine youth! And if his prophecy of an American victory did not come true, false also proved his assurance that promotion was not for him. "I am now what you so much wished me to be," he could write to his brother on 8th May 1781, "that is, captain of a 74-gun ship, and what is more, she is allowed in general to be the fastest sailer of any line battleship or frigate in the West Indies. If complete in her complement of men and in good repair, she would be the most

desirable ship in the service, but at present is a hundred and twenty-five short." In 1782 he was in the West Indies, whence he sent news to his brother, fighting the French, and keeping up his spirit in spite of adverse fortune. He added to his zeal and gallantry a literary sense, which makes his letters agreeable to read. On 10th March the *Resolution* is ordered to sea, destitute of stores and all her rigging condemned as unserviceable. No wonder her captain confessed that she herself complained a little. "I am administering to her," thus he wrote to his brother, "the most salutary and efficacious remedies that can be applied in this country, and there is soon to be a consultation of carpenters upon her, as it is generally supposed a change of climate will be found the only means of restoring her health, which has lately been very much impaired; and as her disorder is chiefly a violent relaxation in all her parts, so as to admit of the free ingress and egress of water—the reverse of a diabetes,—I opine a nothern climate is the most proper to brace up her, and restore many of her faculties, which she has now, I grieve to say, entirely lost."

Such was the last piece of humour that came from his pen. A month later—on 12th April—he was severely wounded in action, the eleventh action in his brief career, and died twelve days later of his wounds. The *Resolution* engaged very desperately nine or ten of the enemy, in breaking through their line, the third ship to the admiral. A few days later

Lord Robert wrote to Captain Reynolds, on board the *Monarch:* "I am as well as a man can be with one leg off, one wounded, and right arm broke. The doctor, who is sitting by me at present, says there are every hopes of recovery." There were no hopes of recovery. On 24th April Lord Robert died of tetanus. Crabbe, who has celebrated his virtues both in verse and prose, has described, vividly, his last days. "Lord Robert's behaviour, during the short remainder of his life," thus wrote the poet, "was singularly great: his conversation was cheerful, and his mind serene; his fortitude never forsook him; he betrayed no signs of impatience, nor suffered his resignation to be broken by ineffectual wishes, or melancholy regret: these he left to his survivors, who deeply feel them; he had given himself to the service of his country, and forbore to indulge any fruitless expectations of living, when the purposes of life were completed, and the measure of his glory filled up. His attention to the lives of his seamen had made him previously acquainted with the nature of his own case, and the fatal symptoms that so frequently follow: before these appeared, he was busied in planning future regulations and improvements on board his ship; and afterwards, he himself first acquainted his surgeon with their appearance. He prepared for his approaching fate with the utmost calmness and composure of mind; and having settled his worldly affairs with his accustomed regularity and

dispatch, he ended a life of glory with resignation and prayer." [1]

Lord Robert was but twenty-four when he died, and not even the knowledge that his action had done much to ensure a victory availed to console his brother. A letter from Hood to Robert Manners, dated 22nd April 1782, is still at Belvoir, endorsed in the Duke's handwriting: "Received 10th June. My dearest Bob died of his wounds 23rd April 1782." A monument in Westminster Abbey recorded the young sailor's heroism, and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted the best portrait he could without the living model. Letters from many hands proved the affection and respect in which Robert Manners was held, and surely none could have given his sorrowful brother keener satisfaction than the tribute offered by his ancient adversary, Comte de Grasse.[2]

[1] Thus wrote Crabbe in prose. With Lord Robert's brother in his mind, thus he wrote in verse :—

> "To such these thoughts will lasting comfort give—
> Life is not measured by the time we live :
> 'Tis not an even course of three score years,—
> A life of narrow views and paltry fears,
> Grey hairs and wrinkles and the cares they bring,
> That take from Death the terrors or the sting ;
> But 'tis the gen'rous spirit, mounting high
> Above the world, that native of the sky,"

and more to the same purpose.

[2] "J'ai été d'autant plus sensible," thus wrote the gallant Frenchman on 10th August 1782, "à la perte de Lord Manners, que j'avois déjà eu l'honneur de le connoitre. Son courage et sa bravoure lui avoient acquis mon estime et mon admiration, et sa mort m'ai fait beaucoup de peine. Elle m'en cause encore aujourd'huy, puisqu'elle me prive du plaisir de vous voir

And now there remains to sketch the achievements of the fourth Duke, who, like his brother, was destined to die before he had the chance of giving the full measure of his skill and wisdom. He was throughout his brief career the friend and ally of William Pitt, and his correspondence with that statesman, which extends from 1784 to 1788, is of great political value. When Pitt took office, the Duke of Rutland went to Dublin as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and received from Lord Temple the pleasant assurance that he must be ready to spend £15,000 a year of his private fortune, besides his salary of £20,000. He wrote to Pitt with assiduity and always as an intimate. "I have given you my ideas on a variety of subjects," he said on 16th June 1784, "in the most unreserved and familiar manner, not as to a Prime Minister, but to a particular friend." His view of the Irish was the view of many others who have held his high office. He was perplexed by the general corruption and by the insistent scramble for offices and titles. He "entertained suspicions that the lower class of the people may have been wrought upon by French or American emissaries," and the same suspicion has been entertained justly many times since the Duke of Rutland's reign. Thus he sums up a sad situation: "Here everything is a

et de vous faire mon cour. Recevez, Monsieur le Duc, les témoignages de toute ma reconnoissance pour ce que vous avez la bonté de me dire de flatteur." A fine instance of the courtesy, of the sympathy even, which softened the horrors of war in the 18th century.

job and abused, with a few exceptions, from the highest to the lowest; the whole people are an interested, selfish, savage race of harpies and plunderers."

That he succeeded in Dublin was commonly acknowledged. His policy was cordially approved by King and Parliament. The favourite project of Pitt and the Duke, the tightening of commercial intercourse between England and Ireland, the project which Pulteney, over-sanguine, said would prove "as permanent a junction of the countries as if a bridge was extended from Holyhead to Dublin," came to nought. It fell an easy victim to the suspicion which has always killed measures designed for the happiness and prosperity of Ireland. That Pitt and the Duke were sincere in their support of the scheme, that they were prepared to yield always to the wishes of Ireland, nobody will doubt who reads the letters which passed between them. The project which Pitt desired for Ireland's benefit was ill-received, and Mr Flood declared in a motion that the four propositions, as passed in the Parliament of Great Britain, were "destructive of the liberties and constitution of Ireland." Grattan went further even than Flood. His speech, said the Duke of Rutland, "was a display of most beautiful elegance perhaps ever heard, but it was seditious and inflammatory to a degree hardly credible. The theory and positions laid down, both in his speech and that of Mr Flood, amounted to nothing less than war with England."

The Englishmen had done their best, and failed. There was nothing left for the Duke of Rutland to do save to deplore that failure. "It has afforded me," he wrote to Pitt, "infinite concern that a system which promised such mutual and lasting advantage, and which by your perseverance and exertion had been brought so near a prosperous conclusion, should on a sudden fail after it was committed to my conduct; but the arts which had been too successfully practised by a desperate and unprincipled faction have so disordered and besotted the understandings of the nation, and have so completely for the present destroyed their distinguishing faculty, that they are taught to call bitter sweet and sweet bitter." And so there was no more to be said.

The fourth Duke of Rutland possessed one rare gift of statesmanship: he could divine from the present what the future would bring forth. He saw the volunteer corps active and unchecked; he knew that it had an intention to address the French king; he was convinced that there was no limit to the madness of these armed legislators; and he saw that if this force, independent of the State, were permitted to endure, the existence of the Government was precarious. "Were I to indulge a distant speculation," thus he argued in June 1784, "I should say that without a Union, Ireland will not be connected with Great Britain in twenty years longer." He did not see the fulfilment of his just prophecy. He died

in October 1788, at the age of thirty-three.[1] He was succeeded by his son, John Henry, the fifth Duke of Rutland, the father of the subject of this work.

[1] This passage is taken from a sermon delivered by the Rev. George Crabbe in 1788, and is a good example of the poet's lapidary style :—

"It is most remarkable that one family should afford three individuals so eminently distinguished in so short a period, and those a father and his two sons: a father venerated and almost adored in this nation for his humanity and courage, and celebrated through Europe for his honour and military achievements; so that of every name which this happy kingdom is adorned by, the name of Granby has probably been most universally known, and has extorted praise and admiration even from the foes of, and the strangers to, his country. Of his sons, one, endowed with every amiable virtue, talent, and accomplishment, fell, at an early period, in the moment of an important victory, which gave life and peace to his nation, death and glory to him. His noble brother a few years survived him, arriving at the highest honours which a subject can enjoy in one kingdom, and being sovereign in another, where he filled the most exalted station in the most critical period with firmness and dignity; and, after raising expectation by his virtues, and exceeding hope in his success, he died at an age when, even among the eminent of mankind, talents only begin their promise, and our applause awaits the decision of time—he died, and left to his survivors admiration mingled with grief, together with the reasonable expectation that those who are heirs of his temporal possessions may inherit his virtues also, and leave untarnished to their successors the hereditary glory of their house."

CHAPTER II.

ETON AND CAMBRIDGE.

To such an inheritance, in such an environment, was John James Robert Manners born on the 13th of December 1818. His childhood was spent at Belvoir Castle, in the midst of a rarely amiable and united family. His father, the fifth Duke, was a *grand seigneur* of the ancient type, a scholar and a sportsman, a sound Tory, who in 1829 acquiesced against the grain in the emancipation of the Catholics, a friend and follower of the Duke of Wellington. Two legends still cling to his name, which, if they are not true in word, are truth itself in essence. It is said that when he brought his wife, a lady of the house of Howard, to the beautiful Carolean house which stood upon the heights of Belvoir, she burst into tears. "This is no castle," said she, with the memory of Vanbrugh's weighty masterpiece in her mind. His gallant answer was to pull it down; and when sixteen years later the house, built as the Duchess's fancy designed it, was burned to the ground, he betrayed no tremor of emotion. He was shooting

when news came of the disaster, and, says rumour, he did not miss his shot. He shared with his sons the manifold interests of his life. His letters show a cordiality and trustfulness which were never misplaced. His fortune, or rather misfortune, on the Turf was the common subject of condolence in the letters of his sons. Lord John, at the age of thirteen, already laments the failure of Cadland to win a race. The Duke returned his sons' sympathy by reading with them in the holidays such books as Robertson's 'History of Charles V.,' by initiating them early into the mysteries of politics, and by watching eagerly the progress of their studies. And if he was tinctured of letters, he was all untinctured of cant. "I am glad to hear," he wrote to Granby, his eldest son, "you have taken advantage of the quiet of Cadland to read Lord Chesterfield's 'Letters to his Son,' which I agree with you are admirable, and contain the best manual I know for a man of Fashion; and I do not mean when I say a man of Fashion a Dandy, whose sole delight is in trying to kill time in the scenes of the world of Fashion, but a man whose Society is desirable from his Intelligence, Good Breeding, and Amiableness of Disposition." Thus he would have his sons grow up men of principle as well as men of fashion. "The time will no doubt come," he wrote, also to Granby, "when as a Father you will know the long anxiety experienced by him, that his son should appear on the great stage of life, endowed with Honour, Integrity, Re-

ligion . . . I can only say earnestly and honestly to you *Macte virtute tua* . . . Precept may do a great deal, but Principle is better far, for where the latter exists, the former is unnecessary." His training was not wasted, and his sons grew up men both of principle and of fashion.

Lord John followed the education of his time and rank. After some years spent at Mr Everard's, Wick House, Brighton, he went in 1831 to Eton, a school still dominated by Dr Keate, the most famous headmaster who ever wielded a birch. That Keate should have won a larger measure of fame than any of his predecessors is not remarkable. He possessed a faculty of calling attention to himself, which was nothing less than genius. His small stature—he was not much more than five feet in height,—his red shaggy eyebrows, his strongly marked profile, which Kinglake said was sketched wherever there was a white-washed wall from Canada to Bundeland, his noble voice, his strict sense of discipline, easily distinguished him from his fellows. His severity was justified, both by the excessive kindliness of Goodall, his predecessor, and by the unwillingness of the Eton boys to submit to the stern governance of the rod. It is explained by the habit and character of the time. As William Cory says: "Our grandsires were forced to do honour to ferocity because of the Mutinies," and the squires of England had no desire to withdraw their sons from the coercion which they be-

LORD JOHN MANNERS.

At the age of 14.

(From a painting by Miss Carpenter at Belvoir Castle.)

lieved useful for others. A year after Lord John had been at Eton, Keate suppressed an open rebellion by flogging eighty boys, and did not finish the job until the small hours on Sunday morning. He found his reward in being loudly cheered, when he crossed the Long Walk the next day, and he left to a general chorus of regret. "Keate will be universally missed among the boys," wrote Lord John to his father on 30th April 1834, "and we all look forward to the next headmaster (Hawtrey) with dread."

It is not in such terms that boys are accustomed to take leave of harsh unconscionable tyrants, and even those who had felt the weight of Dr Keate's rod were able to admire his learning and his justice. Lord John, at any rate, had no ground of complaint. "I have not been flogged yet since I have been at Eton, for a great wonder," he wrote in 1832; and he records no subsequent punishment. For the rest, his progress at Eton was satisfactory, if not distinguished. At first he lived at Mrs Horsford's, and had Mr Selwyn for his tutor, and presently, changing both house and tutor, he lived and studied under the auspices of Mr Coleridge. This transference caused him a characteristic anxiety. Mrs Coleridge bade him change the tradesmen whom he employed while he was at Mr Selwyn's, and he refused to dismiss those who had served him without his father's command. "I wish," he wrote, "you would answer my note

as soon as you possibly can, on account of that momentous question, for I have a pair of shoes with great holes in each, and I cannot send them to one and will not to the other till I hear from you." There's a dilemma for a boy of fourteen!

The letters which he wrote home, indeed, make a clear revelation of his character. He was a tall serious youth, who at fifteen already measured 5 ft. 6 in, driven to a shy reserve by the most painful malady that can afflict a boy—a distressing stammer. Only those who have suffered from it can understand the embarrassment and seclusion enforced by a hesitating speech Lord John faced it with an imperturbable courage. He permitted it to disturb as little as possible his work and pleasure. When Coleridge, his tutor, advised him to leave Eton because his "stammering was worse," he was resolute in refusal. "My own opinion," said he, "is that I am decidedly improving; I have scarcely stammered at all since we have been at Paulton's"; and he won in the end by refusing to recognise the drawback and by speaking as much as possible in public. Though he was not distinguished among his fellows either in work or in games, he mounted what he calls the Eton ladder with rapidity, and records on one occasion that he was sent up for good three times in a term. He took a wholesome delight in letting off crackers and blowing penny whistles at Windsor Fair, "to the great annoyance of Dr Keate," and, "honoured with a hunter that

had been ridden at Melton," he hunted with Prince George in Windsor Park. "We killed two hares," says he, "and lost three more, one of which took to the River Thames, and so escaped." Studious by temperament, he learned with a fair diligence what Eton had to teach, and proved the soundness of Dr Jelf's opinion that "if a boy of parts chooses to work at Eton, Eton will do him justice, and he will do Eton justice."

If the range of reading was limited, it gave a boy an opportunity to get enough Latin and Greek to carry him through the University "George and I," wrote Lord John in 1834, "in school are reading Homer's 'Iliad,' Virgil's 'Æneid,' a selection of Roman prose authors, a selection of Greek poets and prose writers. With my Tutor I am reading Herodotus and George Sallust; in my leisure time I am reading the 'Revolutions in Europe, by M. Koch, translated by Mr Crichton (I think), which is a very capital history of Europe from the destruction of the Roman Empire to the abdication of Napoleon." From the very first he kept in view the profession of politics, and was doing his best to give himself the literary education which Eton withheld. At sixteen he was reading Burke on the French Revolution, and was looking into Hallam's 'Middle Ages.' In his second year at Eton he had set about making a little library, with Pope's works, beauties of Thomson and Cowper, Gray and Goldsmith for

a beginning, and a few years later the sale of a master's books gave him the chance of adding to his store. With an ambition lofty for his age, he purchased three volumes of 'The Adventurer,' a seventeenth-century edition of Quintus Curtius, Apollonius Rhodius, and the minor poets of Greece. Mathematics only he neglected, and it was but a year before he left Cambridge that he asked his father's permission "to begin Algebra and to try to get himself as forward in mathematics as he was five years ago."

The tone of the letters which passed between father and son proves how profound a change of manners the world has undergone in the last eighty years. On the one hand is perfect trust, on the other a loyal obedience. If the son regarded his father with a traditional respect, they were clearly bound the one to the other in the bonds of an amiable friendship. It would be hard to match nowadays the candour wherewith Lord John discusses with the Duke even his trivial expenditure. He presents his travelling bills with a precise exactitude. "Perhaps you will think 5s. a great deal for a postboy," he writes in 1832, "but the night was so foggy and bad that I don't think it was much. The total of the journey down to Eton is £1, 10s. 2d., not including the first chaise."[1] He protests against a compulsory

[1] The cost and method of travelling in the thirties are some indication of the change of manners to which we have submitted. There is all the difference in the world between the

levy of 30s. made by the Sixth Form upon the Fifth to purchase a piece of plate for Dr Keate, and gives it nevertheless. On leaving Eton, he tells his father, he is expected to present £15 or £20 to the headmaster and £20 to his tutor, a species of tip which would find little favour to-day. And while he guards no secrets from his father, he discusses the questions which engross them both with acuteness and discrimination. His interest in politics does not flag. In 1835 he fears that Abercromby will be elected Speaker, in spite of Sir Robert Peel's confidence, and records with satisfaction that they are betting 2 to 1 on Manners-Sutton. The set-to between Brougham and Lyndhurst in the House of Lords in the same year gave him as much pleasure as it was said to have given chagrin to the Whigs. He notes with regret that Lord John Russell will come in for Stroud without opposition. When he is home for the holidays he even informs his father that wheat in Grantham is flat—a strange observation for a schoolboy. And after politics it is

purchase of a through ticket and the complicated transactions set forth in the following accounts, which belong to the year 1834:—

From WANSFORD *to* LONDON.

	s.	d.
Coachman	5	0
Brandy and waiter	1	0
Dinner	6	0
Coachman	7	0
Hackney Coach	3	6

From LONDON *to* ETON.

	£	s.	d.
Chaise	0	14	0
Porter	0	0	6
Gate	0	0	6
Postboy	0	4	0
Chaise	1	1	0
Ostler	0	1	0
Postboy	0	4	0
Porter	0	1	0

And the total was £3, 8s. 6d.

his father's ill-luck in racing which perturbs him. "I must condole with you on your bad success at Newmarket," he writes; "a fatality seems to hang over all your proceedings on the Turf." The bitterest disappointment was a horse called Shylock, who proved to his owner a harsh investment. "Poor Shylock! I see he cannot win a race." Even when Flame "flared up uncommonly" at Epsom, as he wrote, the boy's rejoicing was tempered by the news that his father had lost his money both on the Derby and Oaks.

A loyal Etonian at the beginning as at the end of his life, he did his best to guard it against encroachment and innovation. The threat to bring a railroad "through these classic retreats, even through the playing-fields," persuaded him to invoke against the infamous proposal his father's weight and authority. Happily, the strong opposition of "masters, tradesmen, boys, and dependants" availed to save Eton from the vandals, and a public protest was unnecessary. With the same zeal he guarded, as we should expect, the customs of the place. "Montem passed off excellently," he wrote in 1835. "Everybody was in good temper and praedisposed to be happy, except that rascal of a reporter for the 'Morning Chronicle,' who, I hear, has abused everybody, His Majesty not excepted, and everything, in his account of it." Not only did he approve the ceremony of Salt Hill when he was part of it, but, as we shall presently see, he did his best, without avail, to save

it from the joint attack of the modern spirit and the equalising railroad.

Only one annoyance marred the happiness of his time at Eton. In March 1835, the house of a tradesman, called Fox, was attacked and partially demolished by a mob of boys. By a strange irony, Lord John was among those charged with the offence. That he was innocent need not be said; it was not so easy to prove his innocence. "I did not help in the attack on Fox's house," he wrote. "I have been trying to collect evidence among the boys in my favour, but have not as yet succeeded, and I am afraid it will be a very difficult task, as I was there at the latter end of the riot, just as the boys were going down, but the shop was shut up and the damage done. . . . I am afraid I cannot prove an *alibi*, as I was in the fair." The case dragged wearily on, and though the Grand Jury found a true bill against Lord John and six others, it was at last dismissed. The incident is only worth recording because it was a wild hasard which selected him for a culprit. The sense of honour and chivalry, which distinguished him throughout his life, was already active in him. Had he erred he would have been frank in confession. Among his father's letters was preserved a letter which Lord John wrote in contrition to John Wilder,[1] a master and benefactor of

[1] To John Wilder fell such an experience as few may boast. He remembered the Jubilee of George III., and as Vice Provost was present in 1887 at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

Eton, and which shows that, if he did wrong, he was not slow to repent. "Sir," he wrote, "on Saturday evening a party of boys, of which I am ashamed to say I was one, grossly insulted you and Mrs Wilder. I assure you, sir, that I did not perceive Mrs Wilder, and I trust that she will accept my sincere apology for the unintentional insult offered to her: at the same time, sir, I feel that my ignorance of the fact of Mrs Wilder being there does not in the least exculpate me, as regards my conduct towards you, which indeed admits of no palliation; and as I can hardly hope that my apology for it can or will be accepted by you, I will be, with your permission, in your pupil room after 4, or at any other time that may be most convenient to you, to receive any punishment which you may think fit to inflict. Till then, sir, I remain your humble obedient Servant, J. Manners. I should have, sir, apologised to you face to face, but for my hesitation in speaking." There is a dignity of style and purpose in this which are entirely characteristic of the writer, and which show that the high-mindedness which in later years was his genius existed already in his boyhood.

He left Eton in 1835, having won the good opinion of all. Coleridge, his tutor, was not using the language of flattery when he wrote to the Duke: "I verily believe I speak the strict truth in saying that Lord John has carried with him the affection and respect of more individuals in various classes in this place than any boy ever did before." He was entered

at Trinity College, Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner, with Mr Peacock for his college tutor, and forthwith set about reading for his entrance examination,[1] which might well have dismayed a deeper scholar. Even after a year's study, he faced the examiners with misgiving, and when it was over he was still sure that he had failed in Greek, and would not get into Trinity. His fate was happier than he feared. "To-day, after lectures," he wrote on 19th October 1836, "Mr Peacock informed me that I had done 'very well,' by which, I suppose, he meant I had passed." The years which he spent at Cambridge remained unto the end of his life a memory of happiness. He went thither with a full sense of the responsibility which seems to have weighed heavily upon all his contemporaries. "I do most sincerely hope," he wrote to his father, "that, whether I distinguish myself as a scholar or not, I may never for a single moment forfeit my character as a Christian and a man of honour." The few incidents of his career at Cambridge may be briefly stated. If he did not study for honours, he was never idle. He said himself, no doubt with truth, that few read

[1] This seems to have been no slight ordeal. Here are the subjects of examination as sketched by Peacock:—

The first two books of 'Euclid.'
The first three books of the 'Iliad.'
The first six books of the 'Æneid.'
The first two books of Xenophon's 'Memorabilia.'
Diatessaron, a compilation of the Four Gospels.
Paley's 'Natural Theology.'
Elements of Arithmetic.
Beginning of Algebra.

more during their two years at Cambridge than he. He followed Professor Smyth's lectures on the liberal theories of equality, rights of man, and the rest with appreciation, and hoped they would not be thrown away upon "the most violent Radicals, of whom, I am pleased to say, the number is small."

He passed his examination without discredit in January 1839, "fifty-first out of 180 who sent their names in." As he said himself, he was "through in no very distinguished place, but still through"; and he records with pride that his place was the higher because he translated the passage of Homer set him into English verse. Two months later he took his degree, and found pleasure in the public orator's compliment that his family had always been ready ἄρχειν or ἄρχεσθαι. But, as he knew full well, the good that he had got out of Cambridge could not be measured by scholastic examinations or oratorical compliments. In a letter addressed to his father, he summed up with a clear understanding of himself the advantages he had reaped at the University. "If during the two years and a half that I have been at Cambridge," he wrote, "I have gained no distinctions, and have squandered away, as I fear I have, a very large sum of money, I have still the consolation of thinking that I have acquired confidence and a certain knack of speaking in public which may be useful to me in after life. I have formed friendships of which I may indeed boast and be proud, have learned in some measure at least to

discipline myself, and increased, though ever so little, my stock of knowledge. You must pardon, my dear Father, all this seeming egotism, but I should have wronged myself if on the eve of leaving Cambridge I did not send you an account of good (negative as it chiefly is) which has accrued to me during my stay here."

Truly, he was fortunate in his friends, and those whose adoption he had tried he never lost. The "clique" to which he belonged was known by itself and others as "the rising generation," and was little less ardent in intellect and courage than that which ten years before had gathered about Tennyson. Foremost among them all was George Smythe—"the dearest friend I have" John Manners calls him,—a man of genius, to whose cradle the fairies brought every gift save the gift of success, who despised failure too heartily to be at the pains of avoiding it, and who permitted a native indolence to make his talents of no effect. Handsome and gay and debonair, he made friends as easily as he chose and lost them when he would by his carelessness. It is an eloquent tribute to the worth of them both that John Manners and George Smythe lived always in the bonds of amity until they were separated by death. If John Manners were the superior in character, the ascendancy of George Smythe's intellect was unquestioned. He was a born man of letters. He could not write a note without setting upon it the seal of distinction. Both roads of honour, literary and political, lay open

before him, and he travelled but a short distance upon either. He was, in truth, of those who are born to ill-luck, who have the *guigne*, as the French say; and the affairs of life prospered not under his hand. He was spoiled at the outset by an education which chimed not with his temperament. At Cambridge he was sent not to Trinity, but on the ground of economy to St John's, where he felt cut off from his most intimate friends. But nothing, not even the embarrassment of money, checked his enthusiasm, or dimmed the flame of romance which burned within him; and despite his enthusiasm, despite his romance, he was a man of moods, in whom cynicism alternated with sentimentality, a very chameleon, who took his colour lightly from his surroundings. He was a sinner, always ready to repent, and prepared with equal readiness to sin again. He could brook opposition as little as he could endure the folly of fools, and had he had his way a dispute at the Union would have ended in a duel. He fell in a moment from the highest spirits into the depths of depression. He looked always within, and, in the spirit of Byronism, "took delight in making himself unhappy, and plaguing himself with all sorts of blue devilries about the hollowness of friendship." Conscious of the strength of his intellect, he was yet haunted by a kind of humility. "I must most sincerely deprecate all such hallucinations as those under which you labour," he wrote to John Manners in 1839, "when you talk of my being your leader." And again: "I

could almost cry with a sense of my unworthiness to have so noble-hearted and so true a friend. It were vain to thank you." But for all his humility a leader he remained, at least of society, and, like many another, gave to life the talents which he might have devoted to the service of his country.

However, so long as he lived, his interests and ambitions were inextricably bound up with the interests and ambitions of John Manners, upon each step of whose career he had a profound and enlivening influence. His letters were piously treasured by his friend unto the end. Here is one endorsed by John Manners: "From G. Smythe on leaving Cambridge." It is written in a language which we hardly understand to-day, but sincerity shines in every word of it: "My dear Friend, I send you the accompanying books, because I cannot let you go away without acknowledging in some small measure the love which I have for your friendship, and my recollection of many kindnesses and many pleasant hours. There are some few lines in the first volume which I once wrote after a party at Fortescue's, when a kind rebuke from you on my low spirits moved and touched me almost to tears. God bless you, my own dear Friend, and believe me, Your loving and affectionate Friend, George Sydney Smythe." Such were the terms on which they parted at Cambridge. Their friendship, unbroken, was presently knit with an equal warmth in London.

It was George Smythe, then, who stood nearest of

all his friends to John Manners. Among the others, all presently distinguished in affairs, were Lyttelton and Clive, Newport and Baillie-Cochrane, Stafford O'Brien and Beresford Hope. If some of them were already men of the world rather than scholars, they were still eager to discuss the problems of history or to find answers for the perplexed questions of current politics at the Union or in one another's rooms. For the Union then and always John Manners cherished a feeling of profound gratitude, and since participation in its debates went far to cure his habit of stammering, the debt he owed to it was no slight one. When Smythe had a difference with the Union, John Manners deplored and understood his position. "I am quite sure Smythe and I look upon the Union in a very different point of view. I love it and reverence it, and would no more think of treating it slightingly than I would my best friend; he, unless I mistake greatly, despises it, and it is but natural he should do so."

Thus he wrote to Lyttelton, and the Union assuredly had never a more loyal member than he. As a school of oratory, that institution was doubtless as useful then as to-day; it did not encourage freedom of speech. A certain reserve was put upon its discussion by the authorities of the University, and the present was approached most often under the shelter of the past. Whatever the debate, John Manners and George Smythe spoke on the same side, as was but natural. They joined

in condemning the foreign policy of the Melbourne Ministry. Together they declared that the political character of Fox did not deserve our approbation; and from the same side of the House they argued that the conduct of James II. and his abdication of the throne did not justify the Revolution of 1688. And they took their oratorical triumphs with becoming gravity. "You will be glad to hear," wrote John Manners to his father (8th November 1838), "that I spoke for half an hour on Tuesday without stammering, and, as my friends were good enough to say, argumentatively and well. The subject was the Revolution of 1688. I spoke against it: I fear this will not please you, but I spoke from conviction, and not for the sake of defending a generally unpopular cause. Smythe, about whom you asked me one day at Belvoir, spoke on the same side with wonderful eloquence." Even Smythe, who in a mood of cynicism might laugh the Union to scorn, kept a sentimental place for it in his heart. "The Union," he wrote to John Manners in 1839, "is associated with so many passages in your undergraduate career, so many triumphs and successes, and above all as being the nursing mother of principles, which, I hope, will knit us through life."

The views of politics and literature entertained by boys are commonly accidental and seldom permanent. The influence of youthful surroundings is, as a rule, too strong for independence, and the charge of inconsistency, the last resort of the gravelled dema-

gogue, cannot be brought against him who, outgrowing the generous ill-understood Radicalism most incident to youth, assumes in later life a wiser Toryism. But neither John Manners nor George Smythe lived to incur this reproach from their enemies. The mind of each was peculiarly of a piece. They carried their boyish opinions into the more firmly settled period of middle life. The slight differences which divided them at Cambridge were accentuated with the years. That is all. While George Smythe, the abler politician of the two, was not averse from experiment, John Manners had already formulated in his mind a benevolent traditional Toryism from which he never departed. He had already passed beyond the region of uncertainty. "I cannot help envying one," wrote Lyttelton of John Manners in 1839, "with such strong and undoubted feelings on all social subjects, instead of being middle on many points as I am." We shall find in his early letters (or in the early letters of George Smythe) the seeds destined in a few years to bring forth a hundredfold the fruit of Young England in settled opinions. As early as 1838 he was gravely interested in the condition of the poor. A letter, dated 12th December of that year, might almost be a manifesto of Young England. "Your account of the labourers' wages in our part of England is most consolatory, but your general opposition of granting larger powers of relief to the Boards of Guardians can depend only on an 'if,' which is, I fear, a most rotten prop to rely on. A gentleman

told me the other day that in the west of England 8s. a week are large wages. I look at the north, and tremble—a hard frost, dear bread, trained bands, torchlight meetings, and the game is up. You will think I have become an old croaker, but I cannot help it; and every day the crash is deferred, the more tremendous will it be when it does come. Only think of the south of England sending her surplus to the overstocked north! Surely the grand aim of our statesmen (if we have any, which I doubt) ought to be the thinning of the manufacturing districts, and behold, the exactly contrary line of policy is pursued." Here we may see the beginnings of a policy pursued some years later with spirit and success.

Smythe's mind, on the other hand, was still in a fluid state. He had in him all the makings of what is called a practical politician. There were certain principles which he was ready to reconsider and revise—principles all untouched by the momentary enthusiasms which carried him away. In a letter addressed to Lord Lyttelton in 1839, he expounds his views of the moment with his wonted energy. He thinks it would be well to make an experiment in the ballot upon the *corpus vile* of Manchester, and he is not rigidly opposed to the disestablishment of the Church. He thinks that the people should be kept in good humour by boons, and the wiser the minister, he is sure, the smaller will be the boons. A kind of Mazarinism is his ideal. But he stoutly

refuses to agree with Lyttelton in seeing "Whigness" in Queen Victoria. She will end, says he, "as a Tory and something more," in spite of her ministers—a profound prophecy to be made in 1839.

However, in spite of differences, the two friends were generally of one mind. They read history with the same eyes; they worshipped the same heroes; above all, they shared a whole-hearted reverence for the Stuarts, and a passionate regret for the misfortunes of that unhappy house. Εἰκών Βασιλική was ever their table-book. They admired Marvell's "Horatian Ode," and found in the poems of Lovelace the proper expression of their ideals. In the true spirit of Toryism, they turned a deaf ear to the new melodies of Tennyson, and bitterly deplored the fact that Cambridge, the *alma mater* of Dryden and Milton, should be the nurse of "all this humbug." John Manners, in applauding Byron's championship of the heroic couplet, "quite trembled at remembering the wordy trash he had heard quoted by young men in the Union, and old ones in their rooms, for the purpose of proving that A. Tennyson is a poet, and that A. Pope was not one." Such were some of the pleasant extravagances of youth which the passage of time presently mitigated. And if the two friends agreed in their literary opinions, they agreed also, in 1839 at least, to call themselves Gladstonites. Smythe already had his doubts about Gladstone's ambiguous style. "It is certainly to me very perplexing and difficult," he wrote. "His meaning is so wadded

in and padded with smooth words that I am not very sure that I have attained it"—a sound criticism, which many years of ambiguity amply justified. But if the style was already perplexing, the substance of 'Church and State,' the work of one whom Carlyle, with less insight than Smythe, called "a solid, serious, silent-minded man," enrolled the young Tories of Cambridge under the first of Mr Gladstone's innumerable banners.

Meanwhile, in the summer of 1838, a sojourn at the Lakes had exercised a profound influence upon John Manners and George Smythe. In a fragment of autobiography, begun in the last years of his life and laid aside, John Manners has briefly sketched the episode. "The most salient feature," he wrote, "of the happy two years I spent at Cambridge was the long vacation of 1838, which, in company with Newport, now Lord Bradford, I spent at his father's charming cottage, St Catherine's,[1] above Windermere, reading with John Morse Heath. It was here I first fell in with Frederick Faber, and heard him preach in Ambleside Church. The magic of his voice and the charm of his society and conversation were

[1] The memory of this sojourn always remained with him. He revisited St Catherine's in September 1873, and thence wrote to Disraeli. "I delayed thanking you for your letter," said he, "until I could answer it from this romantic spot, whither we came last Tuesday. It has been to me like going back to boyhood. In this cottage (as it was then) Bradford and I spent the summer of '38, and from it explored nearly every nook and corner of what poor Faber called 'these unworldly lakes.'"

irresistible. I at least found them so, and his influence over me was great until he entered the Church of Rome." That Faber should have changed profoundly the minds of the young Cambridge men he found about him was inevitable. A fellow of University College, he was old enough to address them with authority; he was young enough to acquire their sympathy. He shared their lofty ideals of chivalry and divine Kingship. He brought with him from Oxford the romance of the movement, which its leaders believed was reawakening our lethargic England, and became henceforth a kind of missionary, whose duty it was to inspire the sister University of Cambridge with new ideas. He possessed, moreover, precisely the gifts which achieve an ascendancy over the minds of youth. He was an eloquent and impassioned preacher, a fearless talker, a deep and earnest scholar, and above all a poet of high imagination. Did not Wordsworth, his friend, complain when he took priest's orders that England had lost a poet?

And no better place could have been found for his influence to work in than the Lakes, rich in poetical associations, and still the home of poets. Wordsworth, good-humoured in spite of his sciatica, alarmed the Cambridge men by his "venerable appearance," and entertained them amiably at tea. If Christopher North, "the Admiral of the Lakes," was absent, Hamilton, the once famous author of 'Cyril Thornton,' was at Elleray. Thomas Arnold, who was hard by

at Fox Howe, seemed the one element of discord. "An ugly clever-looking man, something like Lord Aberdeen," he is described by John Manners, who records his opinion of the headmaster of Rugby with an honest candour. "I have been introduced to Dr Arnold," he writes, "my pet aversion, and very probably may see reason to alter, or at least to modify, my opinion of him, as I hear he is much liked by all who know him." Thus all things conspired to heighten the impressions of youth—the mountains, the neighbourhood of great men, the equal companionship of friends. But it was Faber who overshadowed poets and dons and friends alike. And never did eloquence find a better field to work in. Some thirty-five University men attended the little church at Ambleside, where Faber conducted the services. While John Manners and Newport read with Heath at St Catherine's, Smythe and Goulburn and Whytehead were at Keswick, and Sunday after Sunday they met at Ambleside to fall beneath the sway of the preacher. It is thus that John Manners confides his first impression to his 'Journal' on 22nd July 1838: "To Ambleside to hear Smythe's idol, Faber, preach; did not quite like his style of reading prayers; too inanimate; the high church idea of not presuming to invest things sacred with any human ornaments. Sermon on reading Old Testament as well as New, and all parts alike—eloquent, earnest, and gorgeous beyond what I had anticipated; expressions and similes drawn from nature, glowing and glorious;

he insisted that every word of the Bible was inspired by God, that we were able to understand its truths much better as children than as men; that it was blasphemous to prefer one part to another; and in the end inveighed against those who talked Scripture: altogether I was charmed, and highly gratified at being introduced to him by Smythe." Henceforth the High Church Party had no firmer adherents than John Manners and George Smythe, and their friendship with Faber is important, because not merely was it destined to give a shape and impress to Young England, but in later years it lost John Manners an election, and proved a formidable stumbling-block in the path of his political career.

If the influence of Faber was deep, it was instant also. A fortnight after John Manners had heard his first sermon, he and Smythe had already taken high resolutions, and foreseen a future policy. "We have now virtually pledged ourselves," wrote John Manners in his 'Journal' on 4th August 1838, "to attempt to restore what? I hardly know—but still it is a glorious attempt, and he is really well qualified to take the lead in it, but what rebuffs, sneers, and opposition must we expect: however, I think a change is working for the better, and all, or nearly all, the enthusiasm of the young spirits of Britain is with us." Here, indeed, is the first spark of Young England kindled by Faber's eloquence. And if the friends agreed in lamenting that the age of chivalry was passed, John Manners, at any rate, was disposed

to take alarm at the ferocity of Faber's political doctrine. When Faber wrote a sonnet praying for revolution, and ending with the words—

> "a brand
> And did it burn in all men as in me
> England should bathe in blood, and so be free,"

John Manners applauded the sincerity of the sentiment. He was less eager to accept his more closely argued iconoclasm. "I had a deal of talk with Faber," he wrote on 29th August: "his idea is that Church and State must first of all be separated; then for a crash to end in the supremacy of the Church. Eager as I am, I hardly know how to agree to this, and ventured a suggestion as to the necessity of postponing by all means in our power this internal crash, till the external one, which is evidently nigh at hand, has taken place. He admitted there was some reason in that, but thought the internal struggle would be soon over, though fierce and keen, and that it would leave England in a purified and consequently robust state. I wish I could be as sanguine." In this extreme policy, then, of the "internal crash" he did not follow Faber. But he was unshaken in allegiance to him, even though he "kicked" at his abuse of James II. "I only wish I could remember more Faberisms"—thus he concluded his entry,—"of a surety something must come of all I have heard this day." Thus spoke the enthusiasm of twenty years, with more warrant than youth and enthusiasm may often claim.

The friendship with Faber did not cease with the end of the Long Vacation. It was pursued with yet greater zest at Oxford and Cambridge. As the months passed, the friendship was heightened to a sort of reciprocal hero-worship. If Faber was set by John Manners and Smythe upon a pedestal of theological infallibility, they were to him the burnished mirrors of knighthood. They exchanged ardent letters; they dedicated sentimental sonnets to one another;[1] Faber gave one Bridges a commission to paint Lord John's portrait "standing in an old brown coat, with St John's vale in the background, half-length," and when it was finished, he looked at the picture, till, in his own words, "I have begun to worship it, and worship him." On either side the influence was open and acknowledged. Faber confessed to John Manners, in a long letter of autobiography, that he had never known quietness—not

[1] Of the many sonnets which passed between them I choose this for an example. It is addressed by Faber to J. M.

"I cannot live in dreams my whole life long—
I cannot gaze on ruined arch and aisle
And altar desolate—and then beguile
My weary soul with some old loyal song
Or tale of English honour. 'Tis not years
Have chilled my blood or made my spirit cold,
But ancient books, kindling new hopes and fears,
The awful features of the Church unfold.
Yet, while in this dear land sad hearts behold
That Church alone at her deserted prayers
Amid her empty niches, unawares,
Old truths revive and coward men grow bold:—
And shall my heart give way, while *thou* art by,
Thine own brave self our surest prophecy."

(St John's Coll. Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross.)

an hour—since he first met Smythe. "As I told him last summer," he writes—

> "thou hast broken down
> All mine old images, and did'st uncrown
> The glorious things that reigned in this my heart,
> Because thou art more glorious."

He kept a watchful eye upon John Manners' spiritual welfare, and was content to be guided by him in the affairs of the world. "I always go wrong upon politics," he says; "I will give them up now. You shall be my Pope in politics. If you ever gain one tithe of the power over my intellect which you have over my heart, Hildebrand himself might envy you."

The two Cambridge friends did their best to reciprocate the sentiment, each after his own guise. John Manners interpreted the ecstatic friendship of Faber with the level unperturbed constancy characteristic of him. His fidelity and admiration were unchanging. He neglected none of the offices of a friend. He was quick to respond, and though his letters to Faber are lost, it is evident that he did not fall below Faber's expectation. Yet after all it was life and politics that engrossed him far more effectively than theology. One day (13th April 1839) he records that he has written to Faber, "expressing an idea that the England one loves is composed of churches and monuments, and songs, and bits of history, and names; not merely the country as it is and its present inhabitants." Meanwhile, if Faber bade him to Oxford, he cheerfully obeyed the summons. "Now

next Sunday being Epiphany," writes Faber on 31st December 1838, "Newman preaches twice before the University. How grim the heads will look! He will probably never do it again so long as he lives. It is a mere chance: and I am engaged out to meet him that day, and you shall go, and we shall have him to ourselves afterwards. Write and say whether you will keep your Epiphany 'in Oxford,' as the phrase of Chroniclers is about Kings of old." Of course, John Manners "kept his Epiphany in Oxford"; also he fell under the sway of Newman, whom Smythe luminously described as "more simple than any man I ever met except the Duke of Wellington." And John Manners did more than this. He endangered his degree for what seems to have been a mere tyrannical perversity of Faber's. "I have received such a pressing call," he writes on 3rd January 1839, "rather than invitation to run over to Oxford for next Sunday, that I have been forced, as it were, to consent to that step, though it is more the act of a lunatic than of a quiet cold-blooded kind of an animal as I am supposed generally to be." If his degree were endangered, it was not lost, and thus he answered the pressing call without remorse.

Of the pious eloquence and the sentiment of chivalry dominating the correspondence between Faber and John Manners, a correspondence which did not cease until Faber was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1845, nothing but a specimen can give an adequate idea. Here is an extract from a letter from Faber, dated the Feast of St John the

Evangelist, 1838, which accompanied the gift of Newman's seven volumes, "a gift as well suited to your chivalrous propensities as to the clerical character of the donor": "When you begin your work, you will have to learn to be a mystery to all but those who love you—to keep that, which is your best and noblest nature, behind a veil, that its delicate holiness may not have the world's breath pass upon it. You will find men in your world selfish and sordid too. You will be weary with it all: and then you will seek among the friends of the Church that you may be more open-hearted among. But alas! some will tell you your views are not practical, and will counsel you to lay aside all your mysterious and transcendental notions. Others again, cold, false, ungenerous, will betake themselves to the Catholic Church as they call it, turning from their mother because the crown has fallen from her brows, not having the heart to love her because she is ruins and her pleasant things are taken from her. Oh! may your right hand forget her cunning, if you prefer not Jerusalem, your mother that is captive, in your mirth! Thus, then, in weary and dispirited seasons you will lack a refuge—a refuge from selfishness, a refuge in the deeps of ancient truth, which it is not your appointed lot to sound and fathom for yourself. Such a refuge, away from all party and controversial thoughts, you will find in these volumes; and as such I meant them. The voice is from the ancient days; but it sounds, where alone it ought to sound, in the aisles and among the crypts of an

English Church. Whenever you want thoughts akin to God and greatness you will find them here; and if they make you sit silent and apart awhile, what matter—rude and ungentle men will then be brought to fear what they have not heaven enough within them to love! The crown is fallen from our head: woe unto us that we have sinned! But are there none among us whose hands are pure enough to touch it and mighty enough to lift it up again upon our Mother's head? Are there here no valiant men and men of prowess, like David's chivalry, who for the love they bear the Church will break through the ranks of the enemy, and fetch her holy water 'from the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate,' when she longeth for it?" To keep an interchange of letters upon this high plane of thought and expression seems difficult enough. It is doubtless as rare to-day as the turbulent and sentimental friendship which inspired it. But thus was it sustained—fitfully at the last—for seven years, with a result which on neither side can be ignored.[1]

[1] If the influence of Faber upon Lord John was deep and lasting, Faber very speedily brushed aside the episode of the Lakes. His 'Styrian Lake' (1842) contained an epistle in verse to a young M.P., doubtless Lord John himself, and in these terms he referred to the past:—

"I mourn not, as thou mournest, o'er the fate
Of our own summer year of Thirty-Eight.
It came and went within us, like a breeze,
Chiming among our thoughts as in the trees.
It stirred us, as a breeze may stir the lake,
And thou art gazing yet on its bright wake.
A glory is no glory, if it last;
Thou art entranced, young dreamer! in the past."

What remains of this story of friendship and exhortation may be briefly told. It bore the shock of diverging views on politics: "It is the loyal heart, not the agreeing intellect," wrote Faber in 1842, "which will keep us for ever boys." It could not bear the shock of Faber's reception into the Roman Catholic Church. This reception was announced in a letter to A. J. Beresford-Hope, dated Elton, 15th November 1845: "My dear Hope," thus it runs, "all is over . . . I shall be received into the Church on Monday, and make my first Communion on Tuesday, and receive confirmation after Mass. I have sent J. Manners' picture to you; I hope you will find it a place in Connaught Terrace." [1] It is significant that his last thought was for J. Manners. It is significant also that, so far as is known, the two friends never met again. A letter dictated by Faber on his death-bed is the record of an unachieved wish. It is dated The Oratory, Friday, and gives no precise clue of its date: "My dearest John, You know what

[1] Augustus Stafford's comment on Faber's going over to Rome must have been disconcerting to John Manners, though it is wholly characteristic of its author. "Faber has advertised a sale of his goods and chattels at Elton," he wrote to John Manners in December 1845. "I was talking to the wife of one of our divines about his going over. 'Oh,' she said, 'I am not the least surprised at his turning Papist. Have you seen the catalogue? The man must be mad. 26 lb. of black pepper! Was ever such a quantity heard of in a small establishment—and Cayenne in proportion! I shouldn't be surprised if the fool had turned Turk! 26 lb. of black pepper!'"

a pleasure it would be to me to see you and bid you good-bye in person, but I feel also that it would be a great agitation, and that I must obey Dr Bence Jones. Your friendship is one of the brightest pages of a happy life, for if my life has been imprudently full of hard work, the work itself has been a pleasure, and there has not been a single remorse to mar it. I beg God to bless you ten thousand times, and to fill you full of happiness, and to make you an instrument of His Glory. Of course, it is a regret to me that you are not of my faith, but of that I can say no more. Probably if it had not been for my sins and for the lukewarmness of my prayers, God among his many mercies would have given me that also."

In spite of Faber's regret, in spite of the misunderstanding which presently followed Lord John to the hustings and shipwrecked for a while his political hopes upon the rocks of papistry, neither Lord John nor Smythe was ever in the slightest danger of leaving the Church of their fathers. To Smythe, as always, there came a blaze of wild enthusiasm, which presently died down to grey ashes. "If I could summon the pluck," he wrote to Lord John, "and get over the doctrine of a 'particular church' and its territorial rights, I would go over heart and soul to Rome, and heart and soul strive to pull down this rotten citadel of heresy—the Protestant Establishment—and bear a hand in raising upon its ruins a hierarchy—strong and stable. Otherwise I see no bulwark which can stand the assaults of the Printing Press and the

other damnable engines in sapping and modernising all good old prejudices." Lord John cherished "all good old prejudices" yet more warmly than his friend. He saw no bulwark in Roman Catholicism. And firm always in the doctrines of his Mother Church, defended what he thought true with the weapons of politics. The Rev. J. W. Blakesley, a tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, set forth, in a letter addressed to Lyttelton on 10th December 1838, the simple truth of the matter: "It is extremely curious, by the way," said he, "to observe what a very great influence the Oxford School is beginning to exert in Cambridge. It is quite obvious, however, in all cases that are most conspicuous (viz., Smythe, John Manners, and Hope, the two former of whom were bitten by one Faber at the Lakes during the rainy weather last summer), that the religious views have grown out of the political, and that if we strip off the hide of Newman we shall find Filmer underneath."

And truly the exploit which followed the taking of John Manners' degree at Cambridge was inspired neither by Faber nor Newman, but by Filmer himself. He was in Paris with Granby, when Lord Ranelagh, an Englishman in whom there breathed the true spirit of enterprise, broke in upon them with the daring suggestion that they should "adventure into Spain," and visit the headquarters of Don Carlos. Here was a scheme on a just level with Lord John's "Jacobite-Toryism," and the brothers eagerly embraced it. The cause of Legitimism was very near

the heart of the young cavalier, who looked upon James II. as the noblest of our Kings, a veritable Lear, betrayed by callous and designing daughters. That he and Granby would cross the frontier with none but pacific intentions he insisted ingenuously. Lord Ranelagh, already an inveterate and decorated Carlist, would not be "sorry for a breeze," cherished an ambition of becoming Commander-in-Chief or Prime Minister to His Majesty Carlos V., and was ready to risk his liberty and life in the good cause.

The journey, undertaken in the highest spirits, was a triumph of experience, though it did not change the dynasty of Spain. They left Paris on 29th June 1839, and travelled without a hitch until they came to within fifteen miles of Bordeaux, where a stern policeman confronted them. "At one of the inns between Tours and Bordeaux"—thus Lord John tells the story to Lord Newport—"the landlady presented us with some flowers, among which were some fleurs de luce or lis (I don't know how to spell them). Next day we stuck these up between two trunks, and so travelled on unquestioned and innocent of all attempts open or concealed against Louis Philippe; but towards evening we got to a ferry, and there a civil officer hinted in very intelligible terms to us that, although he did not suspect us (he had asked our names and country), yet those emblems of Carlism (the innocent flowers) might get us elsewhere in trouble, and told us to discard them, which we did: so much for Liberty"!

At Bayonne they placed themselves under the escort of Colonel Madrazo Esculera, a true Carlist, who led them stumbling through the darkness of the night over the mountains. "Just as day was breaking," writes Lord John, "our guides stopped, pulled out their pipes and brandy-flask, the Colonel cried, '*Viva Carlos Quinto!*' and we were in Spain." They spent a pleasant month among the Carlists, doing their best to overcome the obstacles of foreign speech, discussing Milton and the Oxford Movement with those they met by the way, feeding their Tory enthusiasm wherever they went, and becoming the sturdy champions of Maroto, the Carlist general, then freely and unjustly suspected of cruelty. The 17th of July was the day to be marked with a white stone, for then it was that the travellers were presented to the King, the Queen, and the Prince of the Asturias. The three English Lords, as the Spanish journals called them, were ready to kiss the King's hands, but he most honourably forbade this compromising action. For the rest, their reception was affability itself. "The Chamberlain introduced us," writes Lord John in his diary, "and then withdrew; their Majesties stood in the middle of the room, which was dimly lighted with candles placed behind them, so that all the light fell on us: the King told Granby that the Queen spoke English, whereupon he began to discourse in that language; but she speedily undeceived him, and the King laughed heartily. I most boldly assured H.M. in French that from my

own experience I could answer for a majority of the rising generation in England being on his side: this seemed to please him: the Queen told us how she crossed the frontier on foot, and the Prince tried his hand, or rather tongue, at English: in short, nothing could be more gracious or affable than they were, and I was much struck with the suavity and kindheartedness of the King's voice and manner."

One other glimpse they caught of the King, also at Oñate—a glimpse so vivid in Lord John's words that we can almost catch it ourselves. "The King and Queen went to church in the evening," he writes, "at the Convent Santa Anna, just outside the town. Here is a closely shaven lawn, on which was displayed all the fashion of Oñate: there were ladies in their becoming dresses and black mantillas, and officers in green coats and red trousers, in red coats and green trousers, in zamarras and blue trousers, in blue coats and pink trousers with red boynas, and blue boynas, and white boynas with tassells and without tassells; here and there a civilian in a hat; and a glorious mountain rising at the end of the lawn; and in the west such a sunset, with the great, naked, sugar-loaf mountain we pass under going to Durango rising black and stern in the midst of the gold and crimson lights, and Oñate lying in quiet gloom at our side." Thus Lord John carried back from Spain an impression of kingly majesty and divine right which not even the memory of Maroto, sallow-faced and menacing, subduing all about to furtive whispers, and "halloing

like a second Boanerges to his servant for chairs," could ever efface.

In his visit to Don Carlos, Lord John indulged his passion for Filmer and legitimate monarchy; and he was presently to show in the House of Commons and elsewhere that he did not forget the lessons of policy or patriotism which he had learned among the hills of Spain. Meantime he composed a sonnet in honour of Carlos V., and was hailed Lord Byron for his pains, and Lord Ranelagh received the Cross of St Ferdinand, third class. Their homeward journey was interrupted by an episode which assuredly brought balm to their romantic souls. But Lord John shall tell the story in his own words: "We proceeded smoothly enough till we fell in with the French *douaniers;* for a minute or so an ineffectual attempt was made to brazen the affair out, but the commissary soon relieved us of all hopes on that point by saying, 'Oh! gentlemen, I know you well enough; you crossed the frontier on the night of the 8th or 9th, and part of your luggage fell into our hands; you are very much suspected, and I have received strict orders to examine all your papers.' This was pleasant. Ranelagh remonstrated in vain: his sword and pistols, Granby's pistols, and a miserable little letter of the poor Carlist captain were seized; our passports taken, and ourselves marched into Urrema between two gens d'armes, who told us we had had a narrow escape the night we crossed, as they had received information of our intention, and were only

twenty minutes too late. Our faithful muleteers did not like the thought of being taken prisoners by the French at all, and the giant made me die of laughter by the semi-lugubrious semi-comic manner in which he pinched my arm, and whispered 'prigionero.' After a long hunt at Urrema our carriage was discovered, the things packed in it, the gens d'armes in the dickey, ourselves inside, and off we set for Bayonne . . . When we got there (about half-past nine) we were trudged up before the sous-prefect's secretary, and then dismissed to tea and to bed." Their imprisonment did not last long. Three days later they were on their way to Pau, and Lord John left the Carlists behind him with the characteristic reflection: "I see a good many points of resemblance between the fortunes of Charles V. and those of our Royal exile—James II. They could be drawn out in a pretty parallel."

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW GENERATION.

The journey into Spain brought to an end the years of Lord John's pupilage. At the beginning of 1840 he was established in rooms in the Albany, a member of White's, and the master of his own cab. Hitherto his life had been singularly fortunate. At Cambridge he had won the golden opinion not merely of his contemporaries but of his dons. The austere Whewell had paid him such a compliment as he can hardly have bestowed upon another. "I had rather be Lord John Manners," he told Lord Ipswich, "than any young man who has passed through the University." Peacock, his tutor, not to be outdone, attributed to "his example and that of others who resemble him the high tone of character and conduct that distinguishes the great body of the members of the aristocracy." In spite of his youth, he had already been asked to stand as a Tory for Cambridgeshire in a parliamentary election. He refused from no distrust of his views or talents. "If you fancy that I stay out of Parliament on account of my present

principles," he wrote to Lord Newport, "you are wrong, for Parliament is the place in which they must be developed and acted out; but I am too young, even legally speaking, to offer myself for Cambridgeshire, or any other shire." Smythe, agreeing with his resolution, thought he would be yet fitter after a little while to raise "the standard of ancient Truth."

Thus, though meantime he was patiently reading for the bar in Mr Hodgson's chambers, he was consciously aiming at a political career, and had not laid aside his literary ambition. He had followed the habit of the time in contributing verses to 'The Diadem,' one of the books of beauty which were then in the mode, and had already, with natural diffidence, seen his earliest efforts decently praised in the Press. Much to Faber's chagrin, he had sent an account of his Spanish trip to 'Fraser's Magazine.' The warning against publication came too late, and in any case would have been ineffectual. "Don't I foresee," wrote Faber from Oxford, "ungrammatical outbursts of rampant Carlism, Mrs Radcliffe's descriptions of Biscayan peasantry—the first 'Spain' after you have passed the Bidassoa, printed in huge letters,—notes of admiration after Zumalacarregey, painfully minute remarks on what's-his-name's blouse, dashes where his oaths should have come, skits on Espartero's strategy, *et hoc genus omne*." Faber's fears were ill-founded. The articles in 'Fraser's' were straightforward and workmanlike. They put the case of Carlism in plain and forcible terms, and gave

their author all the credit which he desired and deserved.

Indeed, he had brought from Cambridge other ambitions than the ambition of politics. A far deeper student of English literature than the most of his contemporaries, he had read and written much both of prose and verse. Like many others of the rising generation, he had fallen under the sway of Byronism, and accepted without reserve the generous impulses and some of the literary tastes of the author of 'Childe Harold.' The famous letter to Bowles, as I have said, had persuaded him that Pope was the true pattern and exemplar of poetry, that "certainly no poem that ever I read could come near to" the "Essay on Man." But his love of Pope did not disturb his appreciation of Shakespeare, and it accorded perfectly with his native conservatism that not even a sojourn in the Lakes, not even an acquaintance with Wordsworth himself, availed to interest him in the literature of his time. Alas, for the vanity of human wishes! He thought that Smythe was the man who could if he would make Byron's hope come true, that "there are younger spirits rising up in England, who, escaping the contagion which has swept away poetry from our literature, will recall it to their country, such as it once was and may still be." His heroes among the prose-writers were acclaimed with an equal faith and a clear discernment. To Bolingbroke he returned always with increased admiration and enduring profit. The author

of the ' Patriot King ' was, as we shall presently see, the first of his masters, and Clarendon's ' History ' he believed with perfect justice to be the wisest text-book of Tory politics. If he was Byronic in his literary judgment, he was Byronic also in his youthful vanities. He was as much pleased as was Byron himself when his doctor told him that he was losing weight. He had something of the self-consciousness and much of the hypochondria which were the common inheritance of his age, and he defied criticism by the pleasant candour wherewith he confessed his foibles even to himself.

Moreover, he was honest enough to yield to all the prejudices of youth—prejudices which the experience of a very few years enabled him to overcome. Not only did he walk most happily in the remembered past: he resisted at the outset the smallest innovation in fashion or manners. " My father refused to be introduced to D'Orsay," he wrote when a boy of twenty; " quite right. What can an English nobleman have to do with a foreign scamp like him ? " Yet he frankly surrendered his opinion when he fell, at Gore House, under D'Orsay's spell, and he cherished a sincere admiration for that engaging man of the world until the end of his life. Nor was his first impression of Disraeli, for whom his friendship, when once firmly knit, never wavered, wholly favourable. " Dined at Sir A. Grant's," he wrote on 17th February 1841: " Lord Burghersh, De l'Isle, Fitzgerald, D'Israeli, Colonel Maberly, Baron Gersdorff. D'Israeli

talked well, but a little too well." The doubt lasted for a moment, and for the forty years of their unbroken intimacy we can well believe that D'Israeli never talked "too well" again. This faculty of amiable revision was, in truth, characteristic of Lord John. He was quick to form instinctive judgments; he did not cling to them when he saw they were at fault. And if he was inclined to look askance at the unknown, his training and environment justify and explain the inclination. He knew himself the son of no mean house and no mean father, and he could not help testing the outside world by his own standard. "Right glad to see Belvoir again," he wrote after an absence: "the woods looking beautiful; felt proud, as usual, when stepping out of the carriage: 'my father's hall'—is ancestral pride so bad a thing as Juvenal and other worthies would make it to be? . . . Strange feeling that of being at home again, and having one's hot water in a kettle instead of a jug." Not even Juvenal would deplore the quiet persistence of simple customs, and the ancestral pride, which means a lofty standard of honour and the obligation of nobility, will survive the acrimony of many satirists.

No sooner did Lord John enter Mr Hodgson's chambers than he divided his time, as many others have done before and since, between Lincoln's Inn and the West End. During the day he drew conveyances, read Blackstone—"algebra," he thought, "was a joke to the legal language"—and studied

the law of Mortmain, which in later life he did his best ineffectually to abolish. In the evening he went "flying about to parties," as he told Granby, "simply because I have not the moral courage to say 'no.'" His desire, doubtless, chimed with his lack of moral courage. He got the best of life wherever he went. He fell in love and out of it with a speed and frequency great even for a young man in his first season. He danced, he dined, he went to race-meetings with all the zest of youth. Once when his father won the Leicester Cup they brought it back triumphantly in the carriage with them. Nor were he and George Smythe and Baillie-Cochrane, his most frequent companions, always as sedate as became aspiring legislators. They gave joyous, even noisy, dinners at Greenwich and Richmond. Together they heard the chimes at midnight, and turned to the best account their energy and high spirits. But the responsibilities of politics soon overtook them in their own despite, and had their friendship been less securely anchored, the first episode which engrossed them might well have wrecked it.

In October 1840 Lord Camden died, the Duke of Northumberland succeeded him in the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge, and the University proceeded to elect a High Steward to fill the Duke of Northumberland's place. The Tory Party instantly chose Lord Lyndhurst to represent it, and Trinity College replied by putting forward Lord Lyttelton, a young man of three-and-twenty, who

had taken his degree but two years before. Blakesley and many another Cambridge don objected to the University "being dragged at the wheels of party spirit through the dirt." They held that the election of Lord Lyndhurst would "identify conservatism with mere place-hunting." In Cambridge itself the supporters of Lyttelton were many and zealous. The Tories of the Carlton Club were resolute to bring in Lord Lyndhurst, who wrote from Marienbad to place himself in the hands of his friend, Mr Barlow. "Pray act for me in this business," he wrote on 22nd October 1840, "for I know I can rely entirely on your judgment and discretion. I *will not run any risk.* It would be very mortifying to me to be defeated. It would also be in some degree a blow to the Conservative cause—at least, it would be so interpreted by the Radicals. Pray consider this well, and don't let me be committed. It is fighting at great odds, as the loss to me (in the event of loss) would far exceed any advantage from the appointment. . . . But you are on the spot, and can judge better than I can here." [1]

The contest would seem to-day of small importance, especially as Lord Lyttelton was standing not for a party but in what his friends believed the interest of the University. In 1840 it aroused a vast deal of enthusiasm and bad feeling, both in Cambridge and London. Lord John threw himself into the struggle on his friend's behalf without hesitation or fore-

[1] 'A Life of Lord Lyndhurst,' by Sir Theodore Martin. Second edition, p. 390.

thought. For him it was a struggle of principle against politics. "Hurrah for the former!" he wrote in his journal. And rightly did he describe the differences of opinion which followed as a "jumble." At the outset he was confident that his friends would be on his side. "I have just heard from Lyttelton," he wrote to his father on 14th October 1840, "announcing his determination to stand on non-political grounds. The masters of Trinity and Magdalen, Whewell, Heath, &c., all support him. May I canvass you?" The Duke of Rutland was resolute for Lyndhurst, and explained his views clearly to his son. "I am sorry indeed," he wrote, "to range on opposite sides with you in the High Stewardship contest on more grounds than one. It is all very well to say that it is not a political contest. The Whigs consider that it is so to the letter, and will shout Pæans of Joy on that very account, should they win with the help of the Conservatives, who leave their party in this quandary." To Lord John it "seemed very wrong flying point-blank in the face of his father," but where principle was involved he was stoutly determined, and he answered the Duke with some warmth. "If Lord Lyndhurst's Committee," he wrote on the 20th of October 1840, "choose to make it a political affair, why, I must suppose that in common with all the Cambridge Bishops but *two* (I believe); with all the resident Trinity fellows but one; with all the masters of Harrow; with Dr Hawtrey; with Arthur, Charles, and Alfred Hervey; with Monckton Milnes, Mr

Selwyn, Lord Braybrooke, and others, I must be contented to be set down as a Radical—so be it: from the first, though, of course, I did *not* anticipate the painful position I should be placed in with regard to you, I foresaw the unfair use which would be made of names, and prepared myself for no slight misconception and annoyance."

If he regretted his momentary disagreement from his father, he understood perfectly the Duke's point of view. They were separated by a generation, and looked at life with different eyes. The Duke thought with some justice that "one so young as Lyttelton should not place himself in opposition to a man of so much Experience, Age, and Talent as Lord Lyndhurst. . . . But Youth and good Judgment are often at variance with one another." Lord John could resent to his father with perfect good feeling and a certainty of not being misunderstood Peel's interference in an election which should not have concerned him. He had heard of a meeting of Lord Lyndhurst's friends, he said, "at which a strong letter of Peel's was read to the purport that Lyndhurst's election was dearer to his heart than anything else. What, not content with alienating Oxford, must he now disgust Cambridge by meddling where he has no right to meddle?" But when George Smythe, his equal in age and as he thought in sympathy, espoused the cause of Lyndhurst, the two friends came as near as ever they did to a quarrel.

At the beginning Smythe said he thought he would

vote for Lyttelton, "because it is a duty to friendship." At the same time, he resented bitterly and honourably the attacks which were made upon Lyndhurst's private life, not by Lord John, who was incapable of so great a meanness, but by indiscreet partisans. "The morality argument, social or political," he wrote, "is always an abomination, only fit for the Publicolas and Junius Brutus's of the Press." As the attacks on Lyndhurst increased in venom, it became easier for Smythe to make up his mind. He resolved to vote for Lyndhurst, regretted bitterly that "his hands were so tied by his letter to Lyttelton as to prevent his chastising Milnes," and wrote what he called "a very angry letter to John Manners." "One sole thing I beg of you," said he; "pray see, as Chairman of Lyttelton's Committee, that my vote is properly recorded against him." Lord John sorrowfully deplored his friend's anger. "Alas, alas!" he wrote in his journal, "of what different stuff did I fancy him composed! Have I been bowing down and worshipping such a weak idol as that!" There, indeed, is the worst of hero-worship. The smallest jar topples the hero from his pedestal. A brief lapse from perfection is enough to fill the worshipper's mind with distress, and the one consolation is that it takes but a word or a smile to restore him to his place of pride.

Lord John threw himself into the losing fight with all the energy that was in him, and his arm was strengthened by the thought that in supporting

Lyttelton he was supporting the best interests of the Church. As Chairman of the Candidate's Committee, he rallied the voters, arranged for their carriage from London and elsewhere to the Senate House, wrote words of exhortation daily to the 'Courier,' and had the satisfaction of knowing that, if he lost, it was because the odds were too heavy against him. To his journal he confided a vivid description of the final scene. "Well, it's all over now," he wrote on 17th November. "I went to Cambridge this day week to Magdalen College; next morning went to the Senate House early and voted; stayed there all day; my Father came in about 2 o'clock; it was very nervous for me when he voted, the Undergraduates cheered him loudly; they hooted the bishops that voted for Lyttelton. . . . The majority is increasing every hour. Hawtrey and Dr C. Wordsworth came in the same chaise for us, but we were quite beaten; Lyttelton and myself stood together, hearing the groans, with which every voter for him was saluted. . . . George (his brother) delighted at our defeat. . . . On the Friday morning it was all over. Lord Monteagle gave the last vote (on our side) at 3 minutes before 10; the groaning was tremendous. . . . I took leave of Lyttelton and his glorious lady; 'tis like romance."

I have laid some stress upon this election for the High Stewardship, because it revealed very clearly the independence of thought and action which was always Lord John's. When once he had made up

his mind as to which was the right cause, he pursued it with a righteous indifference to the opinions of his friends. His character, always resolute, could not but be strengthened by a contest in which he was ranged upon one side, his father and George Smythe on the other. It gave him, moreover, a foretaste of the political animosities which were to make up a large part of his long life, and was a kind of preparation for the electoral battles in which he and Smythe were presently to engage. Smythe was the first to find a seat. In January 1841 he went down to Canterbury in opposition to Wilson, a somewhat truculent Whig. His contest was distinguished by a loyal speech which he made in defence of the Queen, then by no means a favourite of the Tories, and by a thoroughly characteristic attempt to force his opponent to a duel. The duel was not fought, but the eloquent defence of the Throne was everywhere well received, and had an excellent effect on the Tory Party.[1] When the day of the poll came, Smythe found himself gallantly supported by his friends. Lord John's account of the first election at which he assisted reveals a state of things which would seem strange indeed to-day, and proves that they took the fight in a proper spirit of gaiety.

[1] Smythe thought very ill of his audience. "I spoke about the Queen last night," he wrote to Lord John on 5th January, "as a Non-Juror would have done, and the same dullards cheered me as cheered Bradshaw." In the autumn of 1839 Bradshaw had grossly attacked the Queen at Canterbury, and had paid for his insolence by being called out.

"On Saturday, this day week," wrote Lord John on 6th February, "posted with Loftus, Cochrane, and Captain Ryder Burton to Canterbury. Found dear Smythe in good spirits and health. On Monday was the nomination; we marched to the place first; 'twas dreadful weather, snowing and cold, and we were kept some time. At last the proceedings commenced. Smythe made an excellent telling speech, and his opponent's proposer and seconder acknowledged he would do them no discredit if elected. We had the show of hands, and afterwards marched round the town in anticipated triumph. . . . In the evening we joined the Committee, who allotted us various duties. Loftus and I were sent to a public-house, where speeches and songs were the order of the evening: nothing could equal the fun Loftus was. He spoke, joked, sang almost at once. The Chairman began proposing my health as Lord Beresford, but Loftus whispered him just in time; after this we marched down to a public, where two voters were kept safe; they were beastly drunk; I never saw a viler scene: a slight row in the street gave us an opportunity of tugging away: the mystery, the iniquity, brutality, debauchery, good humour, and queerness of these proceedings were very remarkable: half killed with smoke, brandy and water, and filth. I got to bed before 2—up the next morning by half-past 7: poll began at 8. At first we were rather nervous, but soon all was right: at midday the High Street was crowded, and fears

of a row obtained ; some chaps blackguarded Cochrane for a row during last night, and one wanted to fight him. Whenever Smythe appeared he was positively mobbed, so popular had he made himself : at last 4 o'clock struck, and the account made his majority 163 : much larger than his most sanguine friend ever hoped for. Then from the Committee room he spoke and thanked them. Truly our dinner this evening was a right merry one. The next day came the declaration, and the triumphal procession : all Canterbury seemed 'purple and orange.' For nearly five hours did we march through and round the ancient city. When, banners and all, we entered the Cathedral Close, and the bright sun shone cheerily out upon the old tower and the array, I can't tell how happy and how proud I felt. . . . A merry dinner we had, though it was rather marred by a peace officer appearing with a summons against Cochrane." The triumph no doubt brushed away for a time the misgivings with which he took his first step in politics. "Smythe," wrote Lord John, "said he would give half his allowance not to stand for Canterbury, for politics look so different when you get near them from what they did at a distance. 'Tis sadly true, but what would he do without them ? "

Lord John's own turn was not long in coming. In June 1841, Lord Melbourne's Ministry, having been beaten by 36 votes on its budget, which proposed to reduce the duties upon sugar and timber, and to substitute a fixed tax upon corn for the sliding scale

then in force, refused either to resign or to dissolve. Like some other Cabinets, Lord Melbourne's had usurped the power which should have been vested in the House of Commons, and had converted itself into a Committee of Public Safety, inactive and supreme. Though it sacrificed the main provisions of its budget without shame or retreat, it succumbed at last to a vote of no confidence, and a General Election followed immediately Lord John was at first in some perplexity about a seat. Cambridgeshire was dismissed from his mind as too costly; besides, he had weakened his position in that county by the energy wherewith he had supported Lord Lyttelton's candidature for the High Stewardship. Grantham, which he himself would have preferred, was forbidden by his father, who saw a constant embarrassment in its proximity to Belvoir, and Lord John began to fear that he "would be shelved." In the end Manners-Sutton of Kelham came to the rescue with the offer of Newark, and thither Lord John went on 16th June to begin his canvass.

He entered upon his first election under the best auspices, with his father's enthusiastic encouragement, and with Mr Gladstone for his colleague. "Hurrah for our side!" wrote his father on 19th June. "You seem to be going on admirably, and Charles Thurston writes me word that you have done yourself great credit by your address. It was very lucky for you to go down under the tutelage of so experienced and distinguished a per-

son as Mr Gladstone." Nor was the appreciation all on one side. Mr Gladstone found perfect satisfaction in his companion. "As a candidate," he wrote to his wife, "Lord John Manners is excellent, his speaking is popular and effective, and he is a good canvasser by virtue, not, I think, of effort, but of a general kindliness and warmth of disposition, which shows itself to every one. Nothing can be more satisfactory than to have such a partner."[1] The canvass went briskly on to the music of bands, the waving of flags, and the breaking of heads. Lord John's tact and amiability carried him through the ordeal, though he believed that he ought to have been ashamed at himself for "taking especial pains to please the ladies." At the end of the canvass no doubt remained as to the issue. The good feeling was unanimous, and this, his first campaign, was diversified by many pleasant incidents, which he liked to remember unto the end of his life. "One old Lady," wrote Lord John in his journal, "insisted upon my accepting her great-uncle's volunteer sword and cap, which he wore in Scotland under the old Marquis in 1745, which she has sent me accordingly in red silver paper." The Poll justified their sanguine expectations: Lord John was ahead at 3 o'clock, when Gladstone passed him, and at four the numbers were :—

Gladstone, 633 ; Manners, 630 ; Hobhouse, 394.

Thus ended in triumph Lord John's first election—

[1] See Morley's 'Life of Gladstone,' 1905, vol. i., p. 238.

in triumph and a fight, wherein many windows were smashed in the Market Place.[1] The farmers nearly tore their new member to pieces in their enthusiasm, and the chairing, which took place on the morrow, was entirely characteristic of a somewhat boisterous time. "Hundreds of farmers," wrote Lord John, "flocked in from the Vale about Belvoir; the cars were beautifully ornamented—and one drawn by four greys,—bands, flags, &c. The sun shone out (it had rained all day), everybody, even such Blues as we saw, looked happy, and it was really a triumphant chairing. I managed the bowing well, but when we returned to the Market Place, the deafening cheering, and the madness of the farmers, the fierce excitement quite bewildered me." The madness of the farmers was easily intelligible. For, as Gladstone said, they were returned as Protectionists, and as Protectionists they took their seats in the House of Commons to support Sir Robert Peel. On 29th August the Government was beaten on the Address by 91 votes, and Sir Robert Peel replaced Lord Melbourne as First Lord of the Treasury. During the brief remainder of the Session, Lord John, to cite his own words, "honestly applied himself to the oar, which his father's kindness and his own inclination had tied him to." He voted loyally for Sir Robert Peel, and made his maiden speech on 31st August.

[1] As a curiosity it may be mentioned that the total cost of the election was £1,329, 11s. 3d., thus charging upon each the sum of £664, 15s. 7½d.

It was a just protest against Louis Philippe's detention of Don Carlos. Lord John did not defend Don Carlos or plead the cause of legitimacy; he merely pointed out with what force and eloquence he might that a French king had no right to emprison a prince, whom half Spain believed to be the rightful heir, as though he were a common felon. His recent visit to Spain enabled him to speak of Don Carlos, not as a mere stranger, but as a monarch whom he had visited in his camp, and with whose converse he had been honoured. This personal reference heightened the interest of the speech, and might have inspired the speaker with confidence. But at the beginning Lord John was "so nervous that Smythe, who was next him, turned away his head and thought he had broken down." His recovery was instant; he said precisely what he had set out to say, and was cordially received. Above all, he had found his place in an assembly which he was to adorn for many years; he had taken (so to say) the measure of his audience, and never again in a long career did he betray the smallest sign of nervousness.[1]

The session, brief as it was, was devoted to the cause of the people. Lord Melbourne had promised in the Queen's Speech a discussion of the laws regulating the trade in corn. He had called attention with the deepest sympathy to those who were then

[1] Some of the papers reported Lord John's speech as made by Lord Ranelagh, on the pretence, no doubt, that none save Ranelagh would say a word in defence of Don Carlos.

suffering from distress and want of employment. It was characteristic of Lord John that he wished to study, with his own eyes and ears, the problems of industry, which were destined to be the subject of debate. No sooner, then, did Parliament rise than he arranged with George Smythe to visit the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. He was not prejudiced in favour of the mill-owners. He had a natural sympathy with the labouring classes. He had marked with approval the speech in which his friend, Henry Baillie, answering Mr Cobden, slashed the Master Manufacturers, and proved from returns that, as the exportation of manufactures increased, so did the wages decrease, while the death-rate ominously mounted. The reading of More's '*Utopia*' had persuaded him to deplore that there were "few among our richest men who look upon their property as a sacred trust for others." "Must our manufacturers be curbed?" he asked. "Would to God they could!" Such was the frame of mind in which, under the guidance of Mr Lindsay and with George Smythe as companion, he set out for the North.

At Manchester their visit first was to the Grants, whom Dickens has painted as the Brothers Cheeryble, "most exquisite old men," Lord John calls them, who displayed with pride their printed calicoes and stuffs for summer waistcoats, and boasted that they could now print six colours at once. At Mr Roberts's iron-works they saw steam-engines in

all their stages, of six wheels apiece. There 700 men were employed, and the weekly wages bill was £1200. A German embroiderer, Schwabe by name, was yet more generous to his men. He paid them 30s. a week, or £2, or even more, though at the moment there was little work to do, was a sound Tory, wished things to remain as they were, and had no prejudice against the Corn Laws. At Preston they went from one cotton-spinner to another, found them equally obstinate in politics, and marvelled most at a large factory in the country, distant from Preston about five miles. "The man, Mr Bashall," writes John Manners, "has built a town, a manufactory, a house where he lives, a modern feudal lord, having, in fact, an absolute dominion over his men, who rent their cottages at 3s. a week from him; this is doubtless a great improvement on town manufactories; the cottages are well-built, 2 storeys with 2 rooms in each, large windows, a back-yard, pure air. . . . One woman we spoke to seemed fully aware of her advantages, saying, 'In a town, sir, there's as much out, as there is in.' Mr Bashall is working full hours, his rooms are 280 feet long. There are 20 holidays in the year, he does not work at night —that prevents the rooms being ventilated. . . . He was dressed in a common working sort of dress, and seemed to have no wish beyond his factory."

Thus John Manners saw manufacturers of every type and diverse opinions. Mr Ashton, one of the

richest Whig "Millocrats" in Lancashire, he found "a jolly, unassuming, clear-headed, and kind-hearted man." He, like Bashall and the Grants, had a colony of his own, treated his men well, and bitterly resented Lord Ashley's conduct, who, he said, went near none of the best mills, and got his information from the worst Radicals. Lord John praised without reserve his "humanity, sound sense, moderation, and good feeling." Mr Ashworth, the well-known Quaker, on the other hand, was filled with bitterness against the existing state of things. Fresh from a dispute with Sir Robert Peel, he attributed all the ills the people is heir to, not to low wages—the average he paid himself, 9s. a week, was less than that paid by his neighbours,—but to the Corn Laws. "The hot-bed intellect," displayed in Mr Ashworth's school, alarmed Lord John, and when he declared that Mr Ashworth was fuller of despair than any of his rivals, he answered with bitterness: "I have 10 children growing up, and can I bear to see them ruined to keep the purses of the landlords full?" In brief, Ashworth was of those, and they were many, who would have waged inextinguishable warfare against agriculture, if for a moment the prosperity of the farmers hampered the prosperity of his export trade.

It was the Grants who made the deepest impression upon the mind of Lord John, and he has left a description of them in his journal, which is worth giving at length, and which the curious may

compare with the invention of Charles Dickens. "Back to Manchester," writes Lord John on 25th October 1841, "and at 1 o'clock in Mr Frank's carriage to his factory, about 10 miles off; the children by the roadside as we passed, called 'Hurrah for Grant!' They have some miles of the valley of the Irwell, and a very pretty place it is. There is perhaps no other such establishment as this in England: they spin, bleach, and print: anything more perfect I never saw, and the girls and men all looked very healthy and clean too. . . . When it was dark we went into John's house, a neat snug place, and were presented to Mrs Grant, a cosy fat Scotchwoman. Daniel, on taking leave of his brother, said, 'Good-bye, love,' and we got to William's house rather late for dinner: the dinner and evening passed off merrily, and the care the two old gentlemen took of us and of one another, was very great. Brother William proposed his toast, and brother Daniel tried to keep him quiet, and at midnight, having imbibed more port wine than was good for us, we departed to bed."

The next day was memorable also. "When I came downstairs," continues Lord John, "I found Mr William smoking a cigar in the breakfast-room, ordered to do so, he said, by his doctor. Brother John, who had ridden over from Nuttle, showed us round the grounds, and, when we returned, there was the old gentleman sitting in the porch with his feet on a mat, dispensing his charity to half a

dozen men. When they were going away, John said, 'I doubt, brother, whether you are doing good by this.' 'Brother, brother,' answered William, 'the men can't starve you know; they would work if they could;' then turning to me to explain, 'it's the mill up yonder, sir, has stopped; no, they mustn't starve, and if we, who can afford it, don't feed them, they will get fed somehow else, and that perhaps wouldn't be so well.' . . . I was never more touched than during the old man's history of himself, which he gave us in the most simple natural way possible. Their father was ruined by the American War, and, with his eldest son, walked up from Scotland with a letter of introduction to old Arkwright to get him bound apprentice, but Arkwright wanted a premium, which old Grant could not give, and they were thrown out. One day, as they walked melancholy along, they came to the valley which is now their own. 'My father,' said the old gentleman with tears in his eyes, 'knelt down and blessed the valley, it was so fair to look at; and when I first bought it I built yonder tower on the top of the hill as a remembrance of that day.'

"Well, at last, a charitable manufacturer at Bury took him apprentice; he was then fourteen; there were two other apprentices with premiums, but he gradually passed them, getting up early and working late, and being every now and then rewarded with £5, which he carefully treasured up, for even then, he said, he always looked a step ahead. At

last they offered to take him into partnership; but no, he had his three brothers, and they were to be his partners, so he got into a draper's trade at Bury, and from his knowledge of cottons, &c., soon took the lead and kept it, realising a large sum of money; but, while he throve, it was otherwise with his brothers. One of them was ruined at Glasgow; so he went down there, paid every bill, gave his brothers a dinner, at which one after another he took them into partnership, and from that day to this, said he, 'we have had but one purse, one banking account, and what each wants, that he takes:' this is the outline of this beautiful history. Oh, and his father and mother both lived to see their children's prosperity. What a life has that man's been! From the boy wandering penniless by the banks of the uncontaminated Irwell—then without a chimney in its valley—to the princely manufacturer-merchant, owning that very valley, and filling remotest corners of the globe with the products of his industry and wealth, and still more wonderful, retaining all the guilelessness and simple-heartedness of childhood."

That was one side of the medal. The reverse was less amiable. Everywhere they went, in the very shadow of prosperity, John Manners and Smythe saw signs of the profoundest misery. Stockport, Mr Cobden's constituency, seemed to them a city of the dead. They wandered sadly through its deserted streets. Every fourth house was closed, and they were not surprised when a fellow in a fustian

jacket cried out, "Do you want a borough, gentlemen? This is to be let or sold." No sound was heard in the town save the funereal tolling of the great church bell, and the contrast of Stockport with the happy valley of the Grants was complete. Bolton, in the neighbourhood of Mr Ashworth, was in yet worse case. There they came upon a lane in which every cottage told a tale of distress. "In no one of the houses we went into," writes Lord John, "was there a blanket, in some no fires; in the bedrooms upstairs, an old mattress would be all the bedding and furniture of a family. One woman, who seemed to be a shade better off, when asked what had become of her blanket, said she sold it last week for 4d. after she had gone without food for two days. In one of the most desolate stood a portable pulpit, and from this, in the cold evenings, the hopeless wretches, who had lost all hope on earth, and against whom the Church doors are shut, would try to win some comfort. We did what we could to relieve them, and as we left one cottage some squalid haggard being would rush to us, and pray us to visit his or her misery, yet in all this we heard of no threats, hardly a murmur; they had got a stage beyond active despair. Poor devils! There was no work for them to do, nor any prospect of work, and radical employers, like Mr Ashworth, 'laid it all to the aristocrats.'" The ascription did little credit to their intelligence; nor did it, for a moment, deceive Lord John. And

it illustrates the bitter animosity cherished by the manufacturers of 1840 against the rival industry of agriculture.

The visit to Manchester is of the greatest importance in Lord John's life, because it deeply influenced his political sympathies, and helped presently in giving shape and form to the policy of Young England. Moreover, the sights that he saw of good and evil affected a brain and heart already devoted to the popular cause. He left Manchester, it is true, more favourably disposed to the masters than he expected to be, and he was convinced that he and Smythe had impressed upon the employers of labour a sounder view of the aristocracy than they had hitherto entertained. But he saw clearly enough that Radicals, like Ashworth, were bitterly attacking a class whose power and influence they hoped to usurp. "It's all very well," he wrote to his brother Granby, "for the Manchester Radicals to rail against an aristocracy, but between you and me there never was so complete a feudal system as that of the mills; soul and body are, or might be, at the absolute disposal of one man, and that to my notion is not at all a bad state of society; the worst of this manufacturing feudalism is its uncertainty, and the moment the cotton lord is done, there's an end also to his dependants' very subsistence: in legislating this great difference between an agricultural and a trading aristocracy ought not to be lost sight of."

The aristocracy of the land, indeed, shared its prosperity with and alleviated the adversity of its tenants and labourers. It did not turn them away to starve when profits were small and work was lacking. There was a solidarity of feeling and interest between them, which carried them safely through hard times. The fierce competition of Manchester permitted no pity. Where it had become a religion to cut the prices of the foreigner, there was a sanctity in low wages, and a slack season meant inevitably starving workmen. Even the question of child labour seemed to the despots of Manchester, who believed themselves benevolent, to admit of no discussion. There must be Free Trade even in human lives, and Lord Ashley was ignorant, they insisted, if indeed he were not actuated by malice. It was a state of things which baffled then, and baffles now, the acutest statesman, and it is small wonder if it left Lord John and George Smythe in a dazed bewilderment. Lord John looked to the Church for peace and assuagement. He prayed for the advent of another Laud. "This is clear," said he, "nothing but monastic institutions can christianise Manchester." Alas! his sanguine temper was doomed to disappointment.

George Smythe, inspired by a gayer romance, seemed to his companion "to have run aristocracy-of-wealth mad." He looked at Manchester through a mist of ancient glory. It pleased him for the moment to regard the cotton-spinners, who sent forth their argosies of cheap goods to the ends of the earth, as

the legitimate heirs of the Elizabethan adventurers. And he composed a ballad, which though conceived in dust and grime, has the true ring about it, and celebrates the Merchants of Old England in a brave and rollicking measure :—

"The land it boasts its titled hosts—they cannot vie with these,
The Merchants of Old England,—the Seigneurs of the Seas,
In the days of Queen Victoria, for they have borne her sway
From the far Atlantic islands, to the islands of Cathay,
And, o'er one-sixth of all the earth, and over all the main,
Like some good Fairy, Freedom marks and blesses her domain."

And then, that the pinched thousands of Bolton and Stockport might not be forgotten, he ended upon a graver note :—

"But not of this our Sovereign thought, when from her solemn throne,
She spoke of the Poor, and what they endure, in her low and thrilling tone,
And offered a prayer that Trade might bear relief through the starving land,
To the strong man's weakened arm, and his wan and workless hand."

Nor were Lord John's journal and George Smythe's ballad the only literary results of their visit to Manchester. It is impossible to mistake the inspiration of certain chapters in 'Coningsby.' When the hero of that work, convinced that the Age of Ruins was past, made up his mind to study the enterprise of

Lancashire for himself, he travelled the same road, he saw the same sights as Lord John and Smythe. That Disraeli had heard the story, now tragic, now romantic, which his enthusiastic friends had brought back from Manchester, is very certain. He profited by it after his own manner, and set forth their experience with an added pomp of his own. "From early morn to the late twilight," he writes, "our Coningsby for several days devoted himself to the comprehension of Manchester. It was to him a new world, pregnant with new ideas, and suggestive of new trains of thought and feeling. In this unprecedented partnership between capital and science, working on a spot which Nature had indicated as the fitting theatre of their exploits, he beheld a great source of the wealth of nations which had been reserved for those times, and he perceived that this wealth was rapidly developing classes whose power was imperfectly recognised in the constitutional scheme, and whose duties in the social system seemed altogether omitted." The hand is the hand of Disraeli. The thought is assuredly the thought of the New Generation.

In the meantime politics had not wholly engrossed John Manners. The interest in English literature, awakened at Eton and fortified at Cambridge, had taken a firm hold of him. His friends were no less eager than himself to dip their pens in the ink-pot. George Smythe and Cochrane, Beresford Hope and Faber, Lyttelton and Gladstone all sought to express

Yet it is not without an interest of curiosity. The influences of Pope and Byron, of Sir Walter and the ballads, are apparent in these modest experiments. And Lord John does not conceal his opinions of life and policy from his readers. His preferences for Strafford and "Thorow," for King Charles the Martyr, for the Carlists, who were fighting in Spain the cause of the Legitimists, are all openly declared. The longest poem in the book is a plea for the restoration of the Church to the position which once it held unchallenged. But whatever their topic, the verses strike a note of chivalry in a grey world; they plead for ceremony and romance at a time when the making of money seemed of far greater importance than a gracious life. And if the texture of their thought was romantic, romantic also were their style and vocabulary. There is an archaic flavour in every page of the little book entirely consonant with the tenets of what Faber called the Albeit School. "I am so glad you put *albeit* into your sonnet," wrote Faber to Lord John in a passage of banter. "It occurs in every poem G. S. S. ever wrote; nearly every one F. W. F. ever wrote; and it is not infrequent in your own productions. It is a very unprotestant word. Put it in right and left. Esoterically we will be the *albeit* school; Catholics *albeit* we are Anglicans; free from Rome *albeit* near to antiquity; Jacobites *albeit* sub-Guelphians; mysterious to others *albeit* with no secrets to each other; faithful *albeit* all about us are unfaithful;

boys in heart *albeit* men in years; lakers *albeit* not of the lake school." With more to the same purpose. And though it be all written in jest, it defines with some truth the poetical attitude of the friends.

'England's Trust' was received by the world in a friendly spirit, and reviewed with approval. And to-day it is chiefly memorable because, in Lord John's own words, it contained "two lines, which clung to him through life like a burr." Never again was he able to shake them from him. Radical orators could always make them the poor whetstone of their wit. They are so familiar that they seem hardly to need quoting:—

> "Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
> But leave us still our old Nobility."

They were used against him upon a hundred election platforms. When, in 1847, he stood for Liverpool, they were quoted to bring him into ridicule. They helped to defeat him when he opposed Rothschild in the City of London. The conspicuous services which he rendered to the country were forgotten by his enemies in the vain repetition of these misunderstood lines. For misunderstood they were by hundreds who had no excuse to offer for their misunderstanding. That the nobility he meant was the nobility of mere titled nobodies should have appeared too preposterous for the belief even of interested Radicals. The lines are an answer

to those foolish ones who "clamour for 'equality,'" [1] and the Nobility which Lord John rightly professed before all things was the Nobility of Man, the Nobility of Character. George Smythe, who was with him when he wrote the lines, and had no doubt as to their meaning, did his best to persuade him to justify himself. "Say a word, if you can," he wrote in 1849 when John Manners was candidate for the City of London, "at the declaration of the poll, about the couplet, that it was writ at 20, and that your idea of 'Nobility' applies, as I know it does, more to the 'statesmen' in Cumberland, or the yeoman of the South, with Squire everywhere, and the artisan, who does among us (according to our conditions of merit) what the feudal barons did in vindication of their *virtue* and manhood, than to modern Peers, and the Brummagem coronets of successful chicane, or sinister intrigue." On public as well as private grounds Smythe implored him to repel the attack of his foolish adversaries. "But, dearest J. M.," he wrote in another letter, "quite apart from this London election, I want you badly to take the opportunity of meeting this couplet, as it is stuck foremost in your adversaries' van, and it tells against the age. Not for *now*, but for the future, and yourself and favourable fates."

But Lord John was obdurate in silence. Through-

[1] "Must we then hearken to the furious cry
Of those who clamour for 'equality'?"
In answer to this question was the couplet written.

out a long life he "declined to explain, defend, or retract" his much-belaboured verses. To one retort only was he provoked, and that to Lord John Russell. It may have been bad, he said in effect, that a boy should write a foolish couplet; it was far worse for an old man after many years to throw it in his teeth. The reasons of his silence are not far to seek. He thought it unworthy that he should be asked to excuse himself to those who took a defence of virtue and courage for a piece of abject and senseless snobbishness. If the Radicals utterly misread his lines and his character, they had no right to an explanation. At the same time he blamed the carelessness of expression which thus laid him open to misinterpretation, and it was, I think, partly a feeling of penance which enjoined silence upon him. Those who knew him knew what he meant; those who knew him not might slander him if they chose. Not many months before his death Victoria, Lady Welby, in a letter written to Lord John himself, sets the truth far beyond the reach of doubt. "I see the speech-makers have been quoting you again," she wrote on 15th May 1906, "in the line about nobility. Of course no one who knows you—who has ever read the plain message of your face—could possibly for a moment mistake the sense in which, even in all the inevitable crudeness of youth, you could alone have written those lines. Your whole life has been a transparent witness to your reverence for the 'old nobility,' the dignity of man and the

true humility which goes with it. Most surely, that lost, all else not only may, but must die. One longs that some of those who do *not* know you should be reminded that the letter killeth and the spirit giveth life: that to credit *you* with such a literalism as that is only to confess the traducer's own infection by the lower influence. To him the long tradition of *noblesse oblige*, and on a higher plane the truth that the man who is divine is also servant of all, speaks nothing." No word need be added to this defence, which is unassailable, and yet which will deter no witling from making merry over the couplet, which he has not troubled to read in its context or to understand. It is, in truth, a sad proof of the pertinacity of error that after seventy years a defence is still necessary.

CHAPTER IV.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

THE return of Sir Robert Peel to power in 1842, backed by the solid majority of 76, marked effectively the reaction against the dominance of the Reform Parliament. The Whigs, rudely awakened from their dream of finality, knew at last that they were not "tenants for life." During the ten years of their omnipotence they had done little else than serve themselves. For the people, whose clamour assured their triumph in 1832, they had achieved, and they had intended to achieve, nothing. Such ambitions as they cherished were the ambitions of their own class. If in the past the agricultural interest had been too deeply considered, it was high time the cotton-spinners took their turn. The Reform Bill, in brief, had assured the victory of Manchester. The principle of *laissez-faire* was elevated to a gospel. To buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest seemed for the moment to be the whole duty of man, and nothing was wanting to the British conquest of the world but an abun-

dant supply of cheap labour. Throughout England women and children were employed, to save expense, in mines and mills. The facts set before the House of Commons by Lord Ashley seem hardly credible to-day. Infants of six dragged heavy loads by means of a girdle and chains; grown men ruptured themselves by piling loads upon their children's backs. For twelve hours a day girls and boys, who had not long learned to walk, toiled underground in a close and fetid air. And the manufacturers felt little shame for the tortures which they inflicted. Were they not getting their labour cheap, and was there not a sanctity in cheapness?

Lord Ashley's moderate Bill in defence of the children eventually passed the Houses of Parliament, though not under Ashley's auspices, and not without many and harsh protests from the champions of Manchester. It would be impossible to match elsewhere the cynicism of those who would willingly have continued the infamous and profitable system. One of them declared that he "would not be answerable for the peace of the country if the Bill passed." Charles Villiers, not himself a manufacturer, but a friend and colleague of Cobden, openly complained that "the Bill would deprive many children of a livelihood." That its rejection would have deprived them of life did not matter much. Livelihood, while it lasted, was the important thing, and so children of six were sent underground for twelve hours at a stretch for the sake of economy. And the masters

refused to see in child labour one great cause of unemployment. How should men find work if their wives and children could do it for a fraction of the cost?

The Reform Parliament did nothing, then, to improve the lot of the working-man. It fondly believed that it had done its duty when it had passed the Poor Law Amendment Act. This Act, as Carlyle said, was "the chief glory of the Reform Cabinet." The one recipe needful to cure the woes of England was "the refusal of outdoor relief." In all the pride of their interested benevolence the Whigs had invented the Workhouse, a place where they might hide the broken victims of the competitive system. Carlyle has eloquently described the working-men of Britain, as they appeared to his vision in 1842. "They sit there," he wrote, "these many months now, their hope of deliverance as yet small. In workhouses, pleasantly so named, because work cannot be done in them. Twelve hundred thousand workers in England alone; their cunning right-hand lamed, lying idle in their sorrowful bosom; their hopes, outlooks, share of this fair world, shut in by narrow walls. They sit there, pent up, as in a kind of horrid enchantment; glad to be imprisoned and enchanted, that they may not perish starved." A dismal picture, truly, whose accuracy may not be gainsaid, and a patent disgrace to the spirit of the Whigs which painted it upon the fair page of England.

That England was growing richer year by year could not be disputed. She was at the beginning of her great prosperity. She was fast becoming the workshop of the world. She sold her cottons by the mile to anxious purchasers. She was inventing new machinery and new fabrics every day. She could make velveteen out of cotton with such skill as would deceive a practised eye. She had discovered for herself the value of shoddy. And while her manufacturers increased in wealth, her workingmen sank deeper and deeper into the mire of want. Though, as we have seen, John Manners encountered many excellent masters in Lancashire, the other side of the medal was not hidden from him. Not all masters were wise and beneficent, and work, if it were well paid while it lasted, was irregular and capricious. It was, moreover, an era not merely of cheapness, but of change. The increase of machinery was ever causing the discharge of old hands, in spite of Cobden's reckless assertion, that machinery did but find new fields for labour. Nor did the cynical employment of children, already noticed, help the miserable out-of-works to get employment. The result of all this was that wealth and poverty were closer neighbours than they had ever been before. England, rich and fertile, gathered her harvests in vain. In vain she built factories and set her miraculous machines a-whirring. It seemed beyond the power of master and man to correlate their energies. So that the labourer starved

in the midst of plenty, and the workhouses were far too small to hold all of those who sought their shelter.

In brief, the one absorbing problem, which politicians and philosophers set themselves to solve, was how to better the condition of England. The condition of England! It was a grim subject, which held in its grip session after session of Parliament. Each party found in the prevailing penury an opportunity of strengthening its own prejudice. Cobden and the Anti-Corn Law League, entrenched behind a narrow dogmatism, were sure that, if only corn were admitted free of tax, England and Manchester would blossom like the rose. The panacea was simple enough, and since it would have the effect of lowering wages, it endeared itself to the great middle-class, which still believed itself supreme. The advantage of Cobden's creed was that its brevity equalled its clearness. In Peel's phrase, the Member for Stockport considered that "the commercial prosperity of England, and the prosperity and happiness of mankind in general, were dependent upon the increase of cotton-mills." And as cotton-mills throve best where wages were low, it followed, as night the day, that cheap bread was the one thing necessary for salvation.

Mr W. B. Ferrand, on the other hand, a Yorkshire squire, and John Manners' colleague and lifelong friend, boldly attributed all the miseries of England to the greed and selfishness of the manu-

facturers. His eagle eye detected an immoral alliance between the Poor Law and the factory system. There was a deep-laid design, he was sure, concocted between the wealthy cotton-spinners and the Poor Law Commissioners to undo the country. The proprietors of large estates, he declared, set the very best example by their conduct towards the suffering poor, while the manufacturers made vast fortunes by the sweat of their labourers. In a speech which he made in 1842, and which excited the Anti-Corn Law League to a wild fury, Mr Ferrand resumed all the charges that had been advanced against the manufacturers. He insisted that many of them, especially those who supported Mr Cobden's agitation, industriously evaded the Laws enacted to suppress the truck system. In a passage which seems to have inspired a chapter of 'Sybil,' he pictured the working men and women receiving money-payment for their wages in one room, and then driven into another in which they were compelled to spend every farthing in the purchase of food and clothing. He charged the Leaguers with enhancing the price of wheat by wasting 100,000 quarters a year to "daub their calicoes with flour paste." He described the fraud of Devil's Dust, obtained by grinding old and tainted rags to powder, and presently mixing them most fraudulently with wool. When such statements as these were made, Cobden trembled for the dignity of the House. He trembled in vain.

Although there were in the North of England many honourable manufacturers, as all those knew, who, like John Manners, had visited Lancashire, the principles of ill-paid labour, of making cheap and selling dear, had had their logical result. The fierce race for wealth, the too easy belief that the favoured class of cotton-spinners could do no wrong, had inevitably induced a callous temper and the love of shoddy. Of course there was exaggeration on either side. Neither Cobden nor Ferrand spoke upon oath. But unhappily war was definitely declared between the countryside and the factory, a war of classes as well of interests, a war which, conducted by the Anti-Corn Law League with far more skill than scruple, ended in a vast access of wealth, it is true, and in the dislocation of England's largest and most ancient industry.

The Chartists made a third party to the quarrel. They stood aloof from either combatant. If they did not ally themselves with the champions of protection, they refused to inscribe upon their banners the cry of "cheap bread." They knew well enough that that cry was not raised for their benefit. They had the sense to perceive that the League was supported by the omnipotent middle-class, and that cheap bread meant low wages. They had not the sense to understand that their condition would not be bettered by changes in the constitution. In other words, they professed as simple a faith in a millenium as the Whigs themselves. All would

be well, they were told by their leaders, if only they obtained annual Parliaments, payment of members, and the other points of the Charter. In the matter of numbers, they came easily first; they surpassed the others also in the violence of their methods. They were ineffective because they were ill-advised, and because the remedies which they proposed bore no relation to the evils from which they suffered.

However, their courage was undisputed, and more than once they approached in their thousands the House of Commons itself. In 1841, for instance, they brought to Westminster their gigantic petition, signed by 3,515,752, who demanded the six points of the Charter as the only possible means of redressing their grievances. It was borne upon the backs of sixteen stalwart Chartists, and its presentation by Mr T. Duncombe, M.P., might have foiled the courage of any demagogue less brave than he. Arrived at the solemn portals, the petition was found to be too large to be carried into the House; so it was broken up, and came piecemeal into the presence of the Speaker. That there was a genuine movement of distress, wholly unconnected with the Corn Laws, behind this protest by the Chartists, few were found to deny, except those who were blinded by the optimism of Manchester. Many independent Tories, in truth, such as Mr Disraeli, gave the petition a chastened approval. They admitted freely that the working-men had abundant reason to complain, though they estimated at their

proper worth the sad remedies which were devised. After all, empty bellies are not filled by a change of franchise, and there are many problems which even annual Parliaments can never solve.

Thus England was the hapless victim of an unrest, caused by broken promises and industrial transition. The Whigs' dream of a golden age had not come true. The partial transference of political power from the landed gentry to the manufacturers had not profited the working-man. He saw himself the dupe, as always, of ambitious Whigs, and was resolved, if he could, to have his revenge. And the distress, which increased about him, was aggravated by a melancholy succession of bad harvests. A blight seemed to have settled upon England, which the noisy eloquence of a thousand agitators could not cure. It is not surprising, therefore, that the country fell a prey to riot and lawlessness. Cooper, the Chartist, was tried for conspiracy and sedition. We hear of Camp meetings of his followers on Pendle Hill. In August 1842 Lancashire and Cheshire were ablaze, and the flame of discontent spread as far as Warwickshire in the Midlands and Glasgow in the North. Armed mobs destroyed what factories were open to their approach, and drove the workers into the street. Stockport was plundered, and part of Manchester laid in ruin. Everywhere there were collisions with the military, and bloodshed still further exasperated the popular fury. And as rebellion travels swiftly, like a disease, there

were few corners of the United Kingdom which escaped the infection. Ireland took the opportunity of a general disquietude to clamour for repeal, and Wales, with her Rebecca Riots, redressed at the toll-gates an obvious injustice.

Parliament did what it could to cure the disease and failed. How should it succeed, when, instead of ministering to a diseased soul, it attempted to plaster a lame foot? Economic session followed economic session. There was no talk of anything save Corn Laws and children in factories and the condition of England. When Peel first found his majority, he was full of hope; and he failed, as he would have failed even if he had not breathed the very spirit of compromise, because the evils which he thought to mitigate lay beyond the reach of politics. Once already he had surrendered to the enemy. He was destined four years hence to repeat his defection. At present he was bent upon satisfying both sides, upon reducing the price of wheat and yet retaining an efficient measure of protection. Moreover, like many another Tory Minister before and since, he had come into a heritage of extreme difficulty. The Whigs had bequeathed him a handsome deficit. On the other hand, he profited vastly by their unpopularity. Not a few, who had zealously supported the Reform Bill, now turned anxiously to Peel, in the hope that he might bring back strength and efficiency to the government. England, in brief, had reacted, as she then had the power of

reacting, against the excesses of middle-class egoism which followed the Reform Bill of 1832.

The Queen's Speech of 1842 clearly expressed what the most of Englishmen were thinking about. "I recommend also to your consideration," thus ran an important clause, "the state of the laws which affect the importation of corn, and of other articles, the produce of foreign countries." Peel was then no blind worshipper of the cheap loaf. "The true question," said he, in terms which seem strangely familiar to us, "is not what is the price of bread, but what command the labouring classes have over bread, and what command they have over the enjoyments of life." He was firmly opposed to the total repeal of the Corn Laws, which would merely increase the distress of the manufacturing districts by adding to it the distress of the country-side, all the bitterer, because the two interests were not opposed but identical. He, therefore, proposed a sliding scale, on the principle of retaining a duty on corn, which varied inversely with the price of corn in the home market. Such moderate Whigs as Lord Melbourne, who was honest enough not to attribute all the woes of England to the Corn Laws, were in favour of a moderate fixed duty. In Melbourne's eyes the sliding scale now appeared a mere outrage upon good sense. "Nothing," said he, "could be more absurd and ridiculous; it exceeded all that was found in romance, all that we met with in Rabelais."

Cobden's comment was at once briefer and more ferocious. He dismissed the proposals of Peel as "an insult to the sufferings of a people." Not even Peel's astounding budget of 1842, which imposed an income tax for the first time and abated the duty on 750 articles, availed to bring political peace to the country. The agitators continued their campaign with renewed energy. Cobden hoped to achieve the victory of Free Trade by the holding of tea-meetings, and the liberal manufacture of faggot votes. And all the while, the breach between the people and the governing class grew wider and wider. In the noisy clamour of opposing factions there seemed little chance for the voice of wisdom to be overheard. "Chartism with its pikes, Swing with his tinder-box, spoke a most loud though inarticulate language." Even Carlyle, the prophet, could think of no better cures than education, which since his day has been proved a failure, and emigration, which we have employed all our ingenuities to check. The one hope of salvation seemed to be an approach of one class to another, the substitution of the ancient solidarity for the battle of warring factions. For the Whigs any sympathy for, any understanding of, the people was then, as always, impossible. The attitude of the enlightened Benthamite, who addresses the "worker" as "my good man," was fatal to an alliance. But there were in the House of Commons certain young Tories, whose highest ambition it was to humanise the

people, to extend their hand to the labouring-classes, not in patronage but in friendship, to revivify the Church as the centre of English life. In this ambition, as laudable as it was romantic, we may trace the germ of Young England, the one notable experiment in popular Toryism of which the nineteenth century was witness.

Thought knows no barriers; against the movements of the intellect no frontiers are set by land or sea. Ideas travel by some impalpable path, like news through trackless desert or tangled bush. The movement of 1830, known in France as the Romantic Movement, had been felt vaguely, half-consciously, in every corner of Europe. In the country of its origin it had no other end than the revival of the Arts, which languished under the sway of an effete and classic formula. If we leave Victor Hugo out of sight, we shall find not one of its leaders who cared a jot whether Charles X. or Louis Philippe sat upon the throne of France. Poets and painters alike professed an aristocratic contempt for politics. To the most of them the Liberal monarchy meant little or nothing. Their ambition was to make new discoveries of word or colour, not to solve the problems of government, a task in their eyes fit only for the *bourgeoisie*. The one tyranny they resented was the tyranny of the Abbé Delille. When "Hernani" was performed for the first time, it was the bold *enjambement* in the two first lines which roused the champions upon either side to the frenzy of

battle. Thus the French proved, as they prove always, their artistic detachment from the prose of politics.

To England, romance came in another guise. Its first task was to revivify the Church. That which is known as the Oxford Movement was as definitely a movement of romance as the revolution which Victor Hugo inaugurated, and of which Théophile Gautier unfurled the oriflamme. The religion of England, like the poetry of France, was entangled in formulæ. The priest had renounced his high office to become the adviser or the magistrate of his parish. The churches were opened for a few hours on Sunday, and kept all the week under lock and key, as monuments of architecture or superstition. Kenelm Digby, writing in 1823, describes "a cathedral in England closed upon Sundays, with the exception of a small part of the choir; the nave and great body of the building converted to all intents and purposes into a museum, to afford amusement to the curious, and emolument to the verger." Everywhere there was a lack of interest, a fear of enthusiasm, and it was to supply this lack, to mitigate this fear, that the leaders of the Oxford Movement wrote their hymns, composed their tracts, and preached their sermons. Indeed, so strong in them was the spirit of revolt, that they were carried far beyond the aim of their ambition, until some at least reached the gates of Rome itself.

The object of Young England was not dissimilar.

It would if it could have breathed the spirit of enthusiasm into the torpid body of party politics. That it was intimately related, through Faber and Newman, to the Oxford Movement is evident. And though its end was political it found an inspiration in literature. If it owed something to the stirring of French romance, it did but resume what properly belonged to it. It was only right that France should repay England the debt which Gray and Coleridge, Byron and Scott had laid upon Victor Hugo and his followers. Young England, at any rate, represented by John Manners and George Smythe, drank at the same source which refreshed the romantics across the Channel. Byronism was in their very blood and bone. They had grown up in a generation dominated not merely by 'Childe Harold' but by the legend of its author. They had steeped their minds in the romances of chivalry. They had bowed a willing knee before the lofty seat whereon Sir Walter Scott sat enthroned. They had listened eagerly when he had sung the praises of the leal and courtly cavaliers. With his eyes they had gazed upon mountain and waterfall, and had found the untutored landscape of crag and moorland nobler than the chastened formality of the eighteenth century. And there were certain authors, as I have said, to whom they were specially beholden, authors who tempered politics with literature. Of these came Clarendon first, Clarendon, who interpreted the sentiments of the Royalists and pleaded

the cause of their hero, Charles I., with a moving eloquence.

Next in their regard came Bolingbroke, who, if he despised Filmer and was not sound on the question of Divine Right, yet had a fervent faith in patriotism for people and monarch alike. It was Bolingbroke whom they had quoted when they spoke at the Union; they copied extracts from his writings into their commonplace-books; they were ready to give a practical interpretation of his doctrines in their own careers. They, too, would support the cause of the people against the narrow privilege of the Whigs; they, too, believed in the rôle of great men, who observe with distinction and advise with knowledge, who are "the guardian angels of the country they inhabit, busy to avert the most distant evil, and to maintain, or procure, peace, plenty, and, the greatest of human blessings, liberty." They, too, would prepare themselves with what skill they might for the hardest of all trades—the trade of government. Gladly they echoed the sentiment of Bolingbroke, that "the service of our country is no chimera, but a real duty." If they wished to strengthen the throne, it was because they saw that "though we had preserved the armour, we had lost the spirit of our constitution, and that, therefore, we bore from little engrossers of delegated power, what our fathers would not have suffered from true proprietors of the royal authority." It was the first of their tenets to hold

fast Bolingbroke's definition of patriotism, a quality "founded in great principles, and supported by great virtues." The lofty commonplaces of 'The Idea of a Patriot King' are, in fact, the commonplaces of Young England. Forgetting themselves and their immediate fame, Lord John Manners and Smythe were content to recall Bolingbroke's vision of a Patriot King, who not merely reigned, but governed; of a wise Minister, "who considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government; but as a day that is affected by those that went before and must affect those which are to follow"; of a free people governed by a Patriot King; of a people whose true image is that of a patriarchal family, "where the head and all the members are united by common interest and animated by one common spirit." Such was the gospel of politics, deduced by Young England from the literature of the past, and preached with all Disraeli's amplitude and authority in the pages of 'Sybil.'

But if one book were chosen as the breviary of Young England, that book would be Kenelm Digby's praise of chivalry—'The Broadstone of Honour.' Composed in the spirit of prophecy, it was already twenty years old when it came to be the handbook of this new school. It was dedicated to the gentlemen of England, whom Peel delighted to address, even when he did not represent them. The author with a proper pride described it as "a

noble and joyous book," and noble and joyous it is, even though its nobility is not without pomp, nor its joy unalloyed with phantasy. As you read it, you cannot but reflect that for Kenelm Digby 'Don Quixote' was written in vain. Here once more all the romances of chivalry are summoned to the aid of glory and virtue. To teach enthusiasm, sadly gone out of fashion, to insist that "while chivalry and childhood shall be left, imagination and piety shall not have spread their holy wings totally to fly the earth"—these were the aims of Kenelm Digby. His book of examples and doctrines—'The Broadstone of Honour'—was "like that rock upon the Rhine where coward or traitor never stood, which bears this proud title, and is impregnable." With an archaic eloquence he preached the high doctrine of chivalry, and exhorted the gentlemen of England to be worthy their order in dignity and religion, in virtue and accomplishment. In a world given over to the making of money, he professed a love of what is useless. "The absence of affluence," he was sure, "is no misfortune, and the inheritance of a virtuous name is of more value than all the treasures of the East."

He was half afraid that law was not, as a profession, consistent with the order of gentlemen. He knew that with the Greek and Latin languages every gallant man should, if possible, be acquainted With Montaigne fresh in his memory, he ransacked the classics and the literature of the Middle Age to

show how an Englishman should live with honour, and die with cheerfulness. And he found in the champions of Young England his most willing pupils, because two of his beliefs were pre-eminently theirs. In the first place he had a perfect faith in the efficacy of religion to reform the evils of the age. "Or il n'y a que l'esprit réligieux qui puisse guérir cette maladie," he quoted from Joseph de Maistre, and instantly ranged John Manners on his side. In the second place he admitted that the aristocracy and the people formed a natural alliance. "So far from intending any approach upon the lower classes of society," he wrote, "I pronounce that there is ever a peculiar connection, a sympathy of feeling and affection, a kind of fellowship which is instantly felt and recognised by both, between these and the highest order, that of gentlemen. In society, as in the atmosphere of the world, it is the middle which is the region of disorder and confusion and tempest." Thus he expressed the idea which underlies popular Toryism at all times and in all places.

Equipped by such studies as these, sensitively alive to the romantic tendencies of the time, Lord John and Smythe had entertained the hope, even at Eton and Cambridge, of sitting side by side in the House of Commons, the leaders of a new party. Each of them had declared, with a becoming modesty, that he would gladly follow the leadership of the other. When Lord John had some difficulty in finding a seat and Smythe was already the elect

of Canterbury, Smythe was urgent to encourage his friend. "Do, dearest John," he wrote, "complete a vision of old days, when I beg that we may sit by each other in the new parliament. It will be an incentive to mutual attention and attendance, and a new bond in a friendship, as firm, I believe, as can ever have existed." Moreover, not only was the design of a party clear in the minds of both, they had each in his own way formulated his opinions. Above all, Smythe was for the monarchy. "I believe the government of the One is for the good of the many," he had written to Lord John in April 1842, "the government of the Few for the good of themselves, the government of the Many for the good of the One. From Monarchy results the Commonwealth. From oligarchy—oligarchy, from democracy—a tyranny." He knew also, that he could not follow his friend in his devotion to a revivified Church. "Your views," said he, in the same letter, "more Catholic because your practice is far more Catholic than mine—

> "'With all the proofs thou art so meekly giving
> Of the grave inward life which thou art living,'

are sure to be gentler than mine. But as my roots in truth are fewer than yours I cling to those which remain with a grasp more desperate and determined."

Lord John, meanwhile, was doing his best to advocate a happier, more humane life for the people, in which advocacy, as in Smythe's monarchical

GEORGE SMYTHE.

Seventh Viscount Strangford.

(From a painting.)

principles, were also the germs of Young England. He had already, in 1842, seen that a *jacquerie* was imminent in England. "Surprised I am not," he wrote to Lord Lyttelton, "nor shall be sorry if it has the effect of opening the eyes of our governors and rich people to the tremendous volcano on which they are dawdling; the mists are rapidly rolling away, and the alternative will soon present itself—a democracy or a Feudalism." Thus he comes back always to a simple faith in a restored feudalism. In a letter written to his brother Granby, 10th September 1842, he sets forth at some length a policy which was always near his heart. "What I meant," said he, "by wishing us (the Tories) to follow the example of the French Legitimists and assimilate our cause with that of the people, is easily explained. Let us show the people, *i.e.*, the lower orders, by adding to their comforts and pleasures in the only legitimate way a legislature can do so,—*viz.*, by voting money to build public baths, to keep up, or rather to restore, public games, to form public walks, that we are their real friends. Let us give them back the Church holy-days, open the Churches and Cathedrals to them, and let our men of power in their individual capacities assume a more personal and consequently a more kind intercourse with those below them. In a word let society take a more feudal appearance than it presents now. That's my vision; it may be a wrong one; but if, as I believe, the Whig one of giving the people political power

and prating to them of the rights of man, the glories of science, and the merits of political economy, is wrong, I can see no other way save the old and worn-out one of '*laissez-faire, laissez-aller,*' which I should fancy these summer troubles have effectually destroyed." Clearly, then, Lord John and Smythe had been seeing visions and dreaming dreams long before the hope of an independent party took shape in their minds; and they brought into the partnership presently inaugurated in Paris, not merely a tangle of vague ideas and the promise of allegiance, but the sketch of a living and consistent policy.

In the summer of 1842 John Manners and George Smythe had met at Geneva. There in the leisure snatched from the study of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' they had discussed the deadlock of partisan politics, and had revived the hopes and ambitions of Eton and Cambridge. It seemed to them that the only chance left them of emerging from the mob of obedient voters was to make their ancient dream come true of a separate party. Even in the session of 1842 the unanimity of themselves and their friends had not escaped notice. "If we keep together," wrote Lord John in his journal on 28th June 1842, "we might be formidable; considerable attention is even now paid to our movement." Lord John himself did not for the moment take a cheerful view of politics. He believed that salvation lay in the Church, not in the House of Commons, and strangely enough his friend and colleague Gladstone

agreed with him herein. "Some days ago," he wrote on 7th July 1842, "I came home from the Duchess of Buccleugh's breakfast with Gladstone; he said he had no faith at all in political remedies; that it all depended on the Church, and on this hope he seemed sanguine: how strange it was to hear the man, who had been gallantly and earnestly battling for his new political creeds, quietly admitting them to be *nauci, nihili, pili.* Does Peel think the same?" It must have seemed stranger still to Lord John in after years; meanwhile Gladstone's scepticism was but another reason for attempting to bring back politics within the realm of reality.

The conference at Geneva, then, had an immediate consequence. Smythe, empowered to speak for Lord John, as well as for himself, met Disraeli and Baillie-Cochrane in Paris, where the discussions continued with liveliness and success for some months. That the group of young Tories should have turned to Disraeli in their resolution to form a party was but natural. Disraeli was like themselves a Tory, who cherished a firm faith in the people, who resented bitterly the Doge-like policy of the Whigs, and who had accepted unfalteringly the doctrines of Bolingbroke. To Disraeli they had already given a willing support. They had cheered his speeches; they had admired the independence of his generous sentiments; they had guided their first steps in Parliament by the light of his experience. That Disraeli was gratified by their confidence is evident from his

letters. He had already approached them in the summer of 1842 with a sympathetic proposal. "D'Israeli wishes us," wrote Lord John in July, "to form a party with certain general principles, not to interfere with acceptance of office. He says even six men acting so together would have great weight. I think a great deal about our present and possible future state; perhaps there never was a House of Commons in which there was so much young talent frittered away."

And there was another strong reason why the young Tories of 1842 should have sought the aid and counsel of Disraeli. When George Smythe and Cochrane met him in Paris, Disraeli was enjoying an irresistible prestige. He had won the battle of youth, and had given no single hostage to the encroaching years. Though he was approaching forty, and thus might have seemed elderly to the young statesmen of twenty-four who sought his alliance, his energy and invention equalled theirs. Moreover he was spurred by the added impetus, which they knew not then, of disappointment and wounded vanity. Society had accepted him after a brief struggle; he had been excluded from the office which he believed due to his talent. But he was in Paris, easily forgetful of Peel's neglect, and fêted for the sake of his wit and his intelligence by King, nobles, and ministers. It was precisely the situation which he knew best how to manage, and which most loudly appealed to his pride. He felt

that the eyes of Paris were upon him, and gladly was he exercising his enchanted gift of being dazzled by his own splendour. The letters which he wrote home to his sister during his autumnal sojourn in Paris, are the letters of a happy boy. With the naïveté of twenty he felt and rejoiced that he was more highly privileged than the others. He was received by the King at St Cloud; he banqueted with him at the Tuileries; he "passed for the first time in his life an evening in the domesticity of a Court"; he made "the tour of a palace with a King for his cicerone"; he told the monarch precisely what he wished him to think of English politics and English parties. In a letter addressed to Lord John on 3rd December Baillie-Cochrane sketched Disraeli's triumph in the proper spirit of gaiety, if not without a certain malice. "Disraeli's salons," he wrote, "rival Law's under the Regent. Guizot, Thiers, Molé, Decazes, and God wots how many *dei minores* are found in his antechamber, while the great man himself is closeted with Louis Philippe at St Cloud, and already pictures himself the founder of some new dynasty with his Manfred love-locks stamped on the current coin of the realm." What wonder, then, if living in this atmosphere of joyous adulation, Disraeli was in the humour to devise or to support new schemes of political aggrandisement?

Never did a party come to its being under happier auspices. For Smythe and Cochrane it was indeed a season of triumph. They were young, they too were

in Paris, and they approached their mission with a gay solemnity. What time they could spare from feasting at the Rocher de Cancale with Gronow, Auriol, and the dandies, they spent in grave discussions with Disraeli upon affairs of state. It was an adventure after George Smythe's own heart. Few men have ever loved the game of politics better than he did in his youth, and he acted the part of go-between with a skill and coolness which made success certain. He was determined at all hazards not to fail. The party should be formed, no matter under whose leadership, and rather than that it should come to nothing he was determined to make whatever concessions were necessary on either side. It was in these terms, then, that he announced the result of his early conference with Disraeli in a letter written to Lord John after his return to London, and dated 19th October 1842: "And now, to quit all painful topics, you must know the Dizzies were in Paris, and Cochrane. As at Geneva, you gave me *carte blanche*, I entered heartily into arrangements. But although we were all anxious and all friends, you have no idea of the difficulties we had to encounter. *We have settled, subject to your approval, to sit together, and to vote together, the majority deciding.* Beyond this we have settled nothing, because I have no authority from you, in relation to individual details or to political principles. As to the bond of self-denial and refusal of office, Cochrane and Disraeli were violent for

it, but I saw objections, which I will give you *viva voce*, and it remains on this footing, that any such overture shall be communicated to the party acting together, although it shall be in the option of the individual offered to refuse or to accept."

It was by a strange irony that Disraeli, changing his former opinion expressed above, should now be adverse to the holding of office, and Smythe in its favour. It is true that Smythe, going over to the other side, was the first to possess an official portfolio, yet Disraeli must already have heard the premonition that he was to be Prime Minister. The letter continues thus: "*Most private.* Dizzy has much more parliamentary power than I had any notion of. The two Hodgsons are his, and Quintin Dick. He has a great hold on Walter, and 'The Times.' Henry Hope (who will come in soon) is entirely in his hands. He was in Paris, and I had an opportunity of judging. You understand me? We four vote, and these men are to be played upon, and won, and wooed, for the sense in which we esoterics may have decided. I am now going to write to Henry Baillie, to try him first, by proposing that he should *sit with us*. We can judge, by seeing how this will take, how far he can be admitted into our counsels. Cochrane is very difficult to manage, and when he is not so, I am. Never was so much cry with so little wool, as to make even the little preparation we have made, subject always to your satisfaction. Cochrane is a little alarmed at the extent of Dizzy's influence.

His object was more a party of you, me, and him—exclusively. But that will always be, and being together from personal attachment. The more I see of Cochrane, the more I like him. He is a noble creature. Still, to be of power, or fame, or even office, we cannot have our party swell too much, or be too much *liés* with Disraeli. You see, Kok does not know him well, and sometimes dreads his jokes, and is jealous of his throwing us over. But even if he did, it is always better to *be in a position* to be thrown over, than to be *nothing at all*. How do you think the plan marches? I should hope you would like it beyond anything, as it is entirely formed in the fulfilment of the ideas which you charged me with at Geneva. God bless you, dearest John Manners; I will write to you again more about myself and Cochrane's self, &c. &c. as soon as I get an answer to this most important letter."

Unfortunately Lord John's letters to Smythe are missing, and we know no more concerning his reception of the news from Paris than a brief entry in his journal can tell us. "Smythe has written me," says Lord John, "what he truly calls an important letter, announcing to me the formation of a party, which for some months has been agitated, the idea of which was fostered by 'The Courier' scheme. At Paris he, Cochrane, and D'Israeli agreed that they and myself should form an esoteric party, to decide a course to be taken on all important political questions, to sit together and vote together

in the House. I note this down, for if we succeed, and Smythe seems sanguine, or if we fail, which I think very likely, it will be equally amusing: this, then, is the germ of our party—no particular principles, but a hotch-potch, each surrendering his own to the majority." Meanwhile the difficulties of the situation were yielding to discussion. Smythe insisted with what force he might upon the exclusiveness of the party. "It is at present arranged only that you, I, Diz, and Kok shall vote," he wrote on 22nd October, "and Henry Baillie, if he will come into the plan." Quintin Dick, Henry Hope, Hodgson, Milnes, and the rest were to vote with the party "out of personal attachment to Diz," but were to have no share in its management.

John Walter's position was at once formidable and delicate. Disraeli boldly proposed him for leader, and Baillie-Cochrane, with a certain naïveté, believed that they might attain a vast deal for a small sacrifice. "We have struck out one super-excellent idea," he wrote to Lord John, "viz., to make Walter of 'The Times' take the nominal leadership of our section. I say *nominal*, for it is certain that we shall always over-rule his opinion, should it be necessary to do so, and thus at a small sacrifice . . . we shall obtain a certain control over the columns of that paper, and shall at all events be sure of good reporting." This suggestion, the fruit, of course, of Disraeli's experience, was instantly repelled by Lord John. "Cochrane and D'Israeli seem rather

going ahead," he wrote on 7th November. "He writes word that they have settled upon Walter as our leader, whereupon I have to-day fired off a letter strongly against so stupid a choice." Though Walter did not become leader of Young England, it is a clear proof of his kindliness and good sense that he showed the party every consideration in the columns of 'The Times,' and made his house the meeting-place of the conspirators.

Many a recruit was proposed and rejected. Smythe thought that Beresford-Hope "would never do," and Smythe was right, for Beresford-Hope bitterly deplored the proposed alliance. "The co-operation of such men as D'Israeli," he wrote to Lord John, "though he may be clever, will not be of permanent good to any one, as he has not character to support." Bateson, a young Irish landlord, a friend of them all at Cambridge, had a better chance. "I think he will vote with us," said Smythe, "and not seldom," as indeed he did. "But I do not think he would commit himself to the merging of his own notions in the chance upshots of our quintuple lottery." From the first Smythe was in favour of a rigid exclusion. They were very few whom he would admit into "our Venetian Cabinet." Two things only he dreaded. On the one hand he was afraid of jealousies and personalities. "I have already nicknamed us the Diz-Union," he wrote to Lord John on 22nd October 1842, "in two several letters to Dizzy and Kok, to warn them against the dangers of dissidence,

obstinately persevered in, and above all things, of war against one another's *amour propre* as typified in the slang of their sectarian principles." On the other hand he feared more than anything in the design "imperfection of organisation." He implored Lord John to urge Disraeli's return to town at least a month before the meeting of Parliament. There were still many details of conduct and management to discuss. And he did not for one moment despair. "If once we get in swing," he wrote, "I do not doubt we shall go on bravely and," added he with a touch of that agreeable cynicism which was never long absent from his letters, "may hope to have our heads turned, which I take to be the great aim of Individualism in Politics."

The danger and the difficulty were Disraeli. Despite the admiration which the young Cambridge men openly expressed for his dominance in debate, and his superb knowledge of the world, they were not sure of his sincerity, they knew not how far they might trust him. Between Disraeli and Smythe there was, no doubt, a perfect understanding. Smythe, in spite of his twenty-four years, was already worldly-wise. He was of those who know neither youth nor age. The thoughts and opinions of his boyhood's letters are the thoughts and opinions of a man. He could meet Disraeli on equal terms and appreciate the movement of his subtle oriental brain. Lord John and Cochrane, on the other hand, had not yet rid themselves of the simplicities of youth. There

was something in Disraeli which transcended their experience. His grand manner perplexed and even frightened them. His one great failing, a lack of humour—he was witty always,—persuaded him to exaggerate his importance in their presence. Not long after the party was inaugurated in Paris, Cochrane's enthusiasm began to cool. Disraeli's imagination outran his discretion. He saw himself already the leader of an influential party, whose importance should be acknowledged on either side the Channel. He appeared to think that his intercourse with Louis Philippe would materially advance the views of his friends.

The cautious Scot took fright. "I can too readily perceive," wrote Cochrane, "that the growing importance which he feels, and the impression which he conveys to others of his great personal influence in the House is calculated to embarrass all our movements, because no man can indulge in such contemplations of self-aggrandisement without at last, in the words of Thiers, 'prenant ses vœux pour des réalités,' and if he returns to England, as I fear me much he will in the hope and expectation of finding himself at the head of a large party, who are willing to intrigue against the Government, instead of a combination of personal friends anxious for mutual sympathy and support, as I understand it, such expectations can but terminate in disappointment and much injury to all parties concerned . . . D'I.'s head is full of great movements, vast combinations, the importance of numbers,

THE RIGHT HONBLE. B. DISRAELI, M.P.
1852.

(From the picture by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., at Hughenden.)

cabinet dinners, the practice of dissimulation! in fact of the vaguest speculations, the mere phantasmagoria of politique legerdemain. As I tell him, and must reiterate, supposing his views carried out, that the Quintin Dicks, the Dick Hodgsons, and the Dicky Milnes, all these several Richards *cum multis aliis* of all nations, climes, and ages in number sixty should combine, give us the fulfilment of our hopes that we vote together steadily, and pursue the even tenour of our way, above all petty jealousies, party views, and interests, how are our projects promoted? Why the moment a party exceeds that number in which personal sympathies and affections bind men to each other, and induce them to make sacrifices of views and opinions for the advantages of combination, why that instant the principle of disillusion is called forth, and the toy falls to pieces amid ridicule and contempt." Thus a distrust of Disraeli and his grandiose schemes invaded the mind of Cochrane, and not even John Manners, by nature little prone to suspicion, wholly escaped it. Some six months after Young England had begun its work in the House of Commons, he was still the victim of unrest. "Could I only satisfy myself," he wrote in his journal, "that D'Israeli believed all that he said, I should be more happy: his historical views are quite mine, but does he believe them?" That his doubts were ultimately resolved and atoned for by a lifelong friendship of equal firmness and fidelity will be seen in the sequel.

Meanwhile the young Cambridge men had their way. The party of forty or sixty was not formed. The four friends resolved to sit together, and to attract what others they could by a fearless exposition of their views. To say that they professed a practical policy would be to misunderstand them. They did not aim at a policy; they professed to cherish ideals. Like all groups or parties, call them what you will, that have left their mark upon history, they found their origins in the past. They believed devoutly in the force of tradition. They sought in the seventeenth century for light to lighten the darkness of the nineteenth. And thus they showed themselves, as I have said, the legitimate heirs of the romantic movement. They worshipped ancient customs as devoutly as Gautier and Gérard de Nerval worshipped ancient fashions. A love of antiquity was in the air. Such societies as the Camden and the Roxburgh were doing their best to bring back into the world a knowledge of our old forgotten splendour. The Eglinton Tournament, with its joustings and its Queen of Beauty, preceded Young England by three short years, and was a symptom of the prevailing passion. It was so lively an incentive to the movement that some account of it must be given here. A sign of the reviving chivalry, it was at once a triumph and a disaster. It concentrated in itself the hopes and ardours of those who thought that salvation lay in the past. It was designed with all the wisdom and foresight

possible. The list of the lords and ladies who gave it its lustre contains the great names of the age. Lady Seymour, the fair grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was the Queen of Beauty. The Lord of the Tournament was the Earl of Eglinton himself. Prince Louis Napoleon, the man of destiny, played a gallant part in the tourney. Though it was a pageant of the aristocracy, it was watched in spirit, if not in fact, by all the eager inhabitants of England and Scotland. The subject of lively gossip at the time, it remained for many a long year in the minds of men as a landmark of the age. The year of the tournament, 1839, seemed for ever memorable. Many days before the pageantry itself began the whole country seemed afoot. Carlisle was so closely packed with the happy men and women who were on the road to Eglinton, that it was difficult to get in or out of the ancient city. Kilmarnock had never known an equal excitement in all its long history. The park at Eglinton was a vision of chivalric splendour. The Queen of Beauty was enthroned in a natural amphitheatre, surrounding the tilting-ground. The azure banner of the Lord of the Tournament was planted before a blue and yellow pavilion. The encampments of the Knight of the Burning Tower, the Knight of the Dolphin, the Knight of the Ram, sparkled in the sun. In the words of an enthusiastic chronicler, it was "a spectacle of living glory."

And then the rain fell. At the very moment

that the Lord of the Tournament came forth to do homage to the Queen of Beauty, the sun was suddenly over-clouded, and a savage downpour marred the beauty of the pageant. The procession, which was to have been the marvel of the age, was never marshalled, and though the tourney was opened by the Knight of the Swan challenging the Knight of the Golden Lion, those who followed them fought in a quagmire. The Banquet and the Ball, which were to have brought to a fitting end the triumph of the first day, were not held. How could they be held, when the banqueting-hall was a swamp and the ball-room a pond? In vain did the Knights prove their gallantry beneath the shelter of the castle; in vain did Prince Napoleon tilt afoot against the Knight of the White Rose. The August rain, which a few years later was to wash away the Corn Laws, washed away the tournament, and the Lords and Ladies, departing sadly, carried back to London a vision of what might have been. Yet the Eglinton Tournament was not held in vain. For, despite its bedraggled trappings and its mud-besmirched armour, it proved that enthusiasm might bring the past back to life, and it has its influence on the generation which preached the lofty gospel of Young England. It was in accordance with the intelligible doctrine of the Tournament that Lord John palliated the extravagance of the Queen's Fancy Ball, which he attended in 1842 as Sir Kenneth in 'The Talisman.' "Now am I altogether wrong," he wrote, "in thinking

that good may come from all that enormous waste? Many hundreds of the higher orders have been led to look into the domestic histories of their forefathers, to adopt their picturesque dresses, to learn something of their manners." There is exemplified one article of the creed of Young England, an article which held up those who accepted it to the unreasoning ridicule of a material age.

And if Young England was stoutly anchored to the past, secure, so to say, in the moorings of feudalism and chivalry, its members were as firmly attached to a belief in the Church and its influence. Without this belief they would have asked in vain for the support of Lord John. This was made clear from the outset. "The moderate Oxford principles, D'Israeli agrees with me, would be an excellent bond and test of our church views." Thus wrote Cochrane, and again: "D'Israeli really very earnest and sincere, nor need you be afraid of having your interests sacrificed. We have decided that the High Church doctrines must be our standard of Christianity—this must please you." Smythe translated the same truth into his own cynical terms. "Dizzy's attachment to moderate Oxfordism," said he, "is something like Bonaparte's to moderate Mahomedanism." But the Church, as Young England envisaged it, was not a Church of the higher classes hemmed in with disparting pews, the object of Lord John's peculiar detestation. It was a Church of the whole people, the centre of a revived religious life, a general

and diffused worship, in which rich and poor, high and low, should join devoutly. Thus from a beneficent aristocracy and a reawakened Church a continual stream of blessings should flow. England, once more merry, should rejoice again in a happy and prosperous peasantry. Nor in the common prosperity should "the hives of manufacturing industry" be neglected. We have already seen how the activities of Manchester touched the imagination of the two friends, and it was part of the scheme that Church and aristocracy should carry their blessings even into the darkest corners of dusky Lancashire. The workman, freed from the fierce struggle of competition and protected against the dishonour of the truck system, should share with the peasantry the universal cakes and ale, and minister in his own good fortune to the welfare and prosperity of England. And it will seem hardly credible to-day that they thus espoused the cause of the people without thinking whether their championship would profit them by a single vote.

Young England, moreover, was inspired by a noble imperialism. It looked beyond the clash of parties to the glory of the Empire. "The name of Englishman," said Lord John, "should be one of prouder import, and bear a more quickening spell than that of Whig or Tory." And truly with neither of the parties in the state had these young men, who saw visions and dreamed dreams, a profound sympathy. Though they loudly disclaimed

the intention of making a prepared attack upon the Prime Minister, they were in reality farther from Peel than from Melbourne. Full of hope, and strong in the belief that all things were possible to youth, they took their own road and fought their own battle. It was Lord John who struck the first blow. In the last days of 1842 there appeared a pamphlet, under the title, 'A Plea for National Holy-Days,'[1] which set forth in glowing terms one among the first principles of Young England. Deploring "the national idolatry paid to wealth," Lord John deplored yet more bitterly that nothing was done to lighten the burden and mitigate the dulness of the working-classes. There had once been sports and maypoles on the village green; now holy-days were denied to the unhappy peasant on the ground either "that he did not want them because he was too steadily industrious, or that when he got a holy-day, he made a beast of himself." So Lord John quoted 'The Book of Sports,' and praised the happier methods of the past.

"Merry England," he wrote, "continued to merit her epithet as long as the Stuarts reigned over her; and it is a remarkable fact, that the first of the Hanoverian dynasty who identified himself with English feelings, King George the Good—he who said it was his wish that every Englishman should read his Bible,—also wished to restore the sports and games to his people, of

[1] 'A Plea for National Holy-Days,' by Lord John Manners. London: Painter. 1843.

which Puritan bigotry and scornful latitudinarianism had deprived them." For John Manners, to restore the ancient joyousness was a religious duty. "The wisest earthly policy that I know," he wrote, "is that which brings earth nearest to heaven, and that is to be found only in obeying the Church and observing her ordinances; and if, as in this matter of holy-days, the temporal and eternal welfare of the poor are equally promoted by her heavenly wisdom, what marvel?" Nor in his advocacy did he forget the duty of defence. "I apprehend," he wrote in a characteristic passage, "that in a military and national point of view, we have more to fear from the physical and moral decay of the serfs of wealth than from that of the tenants and the dependants of the Church; and that if it be the duty of a paternal and religious government, as I suppose most will admit it to be, to foster by all means the national strength, which is the national defence, and to ward off all that may impair it, it becomes now the duty of the government to raise the depressed condition of the working-classes, by returning to the everlasting, because Christian—ever applicable, because Catholic—measures of our wise forefathers."

The pamphlet was received with enthusiasm on the one hand, with a certain ridicule on the other. Smythe was generous in applause, though even he protested half-heartedly against what he thought Lord John's excessive "Puseyism." For the rest, his approval was warm and warmly expressed. Thus he wrote on 29th

December: "You have gone and done it! I have only just been able to-day to get your pamphlet, as I have only come back from the Deepdene three hours ago. It is not only far the best thing you ever wrote, but it is the best modern pamphlet I have ever read." Thus spoke the voice of praise. The scoffer was no less eloquent. To him it appeared fantastic indeed, that in the very moment of Manchester's triumph, when the whole duty of man was directed and limited by political economy, a Member of Parliament should advocate a return to the simple sports of our forefathers. And Disraeli did not forget the "National Holy-days" when he drew Lord John as Lord Henry Sidney in 'Coningsby.' The passage is familiar to all. "'Henry thinks,' said Lord Everingham, 'that the people are to be fed by dancing round a May-pole.' 'But will the people be more fed because they do not dance round a May-pole?' urged Lord Henry. 'Obsolete customs!' said Lord Everingham. 'And why should dancing round a May-pole be more obsolete than holding a Chapter of the Garter?' asked Lord Henry." Yet none knew better than Disraeli the depth of genuine feeling which underlay Lord John's plea, and if he smiled at the maypole, he represented with perfect clarity the height of his friend's aim, the justice of his endeavour.

"Lord Henry," he wrote in the same novel, "represented to the Duke that the order of the peasantry was as ancient, legal, and recognised an order as the order

of the nobility; that it had distinct rights and privileges, though for centuries they had been invaded and violated, and permitted to fall into desuetude. He impressed upon the Duke that the parochial constitution of this country was more important than its political constitution; that it was more ancient, more universal in its influence; and that this parochial constitution had already been shaken to its centre by the New Poor Law. He assured his father that it would never be well for England until this order of the peasantry was restored to its pristine condition; not merely in physical comfort, for that must vary according to the economical circumstances of the time, like that of every class; but to its condition in all those moral attributes which make a recognised rank in a nation; and which in a great degree are independent of economics, manners, customs, ceremonies, rights, and privileges." These are Lord John's opinions set forth by a master of exposition, and in the confidence of these opinions Lord John took his place among his friends in the Parliamentary session of 1843.

The success of Young England was great and immediate. The four friends, Disraeli, John Manners, Smythe and Cochrane sat immediately behind the Treasury bench, since as yet they had no declared feud with Peel. Though they admitted none other to their intimate counsels, they were supported informally by a group of energetic and distinguished young Tories, men all of them of spirit and indepen-

dence. Henry Baillie, Smythe's brother-in-law, Ferrand, the scourge of the manufacturer, Borthwick, as staunch a Carlist as Lord John, Henry Hope, the master of Deepdene, Stafford O'Brien, a gentleman and scholar, of whom more presently, Monckton Milnes, "the cool o' the evening," all these gave the intrepid few an intermittent support. There was no compulsion upon any of them to vote with the party, and even the leaders strenuously reserved to themselves the right of private judgment. Their influence was recognised from the first. Their zeal and sincerity were unquestioned. They attended the House assiduously, and they spoke without fear or hesitancy.

"Our *partie carrée*," wrote Lord John in his journal on 18th April 1843, "is still in existence after many dangers. Disraeli is a very easy man to get on with, and incomparably clever; we had many coquettings with newspapers, and it seemed once as if 'The Times' was to be our organ; if young Walter was to have come in for Nottingham, he was to have joined us." They enlivened a dull and querulous session with speeches touched always by literature, and inspired by a genuine sympathy for the oppressed. The House of Commons had succumbed, not for the first or last time, to a fit of ill-temper. Peel was widely unpopular, in spite of his compact majority. To "the condition of England" the problem of Ireland had been added. The country was torn by religious

strife; in brief there was an excellent opportunity of distinction for a small party, which had neither wish nor care to conciliate the Government. When Lord Eliot proposed an Arms Bill for Ireland, Young England cried aloud for conciliation. "Pitt would not have come down with an Arms Bill, and an Arms Bill alone." Inspired by the example of Sir John Hanmer, who had made a successful experiment in Home Colonisation, and had converted "a moss, unhealthy, wet, and miserable," into allotments of five, ten, or even twenty acres, they favoured a policy of Land Allotments, which they were sure would do the peasantry more real good, and better promote their happiness, than the foundation of half a hundred philosophical institutions.

From the very beginning they took up the cause of the people, not for the meanest of motives that there might be profit in it, but because they thought the cause a righteous one which it was their duty to espouse. With one defection—the defection of Smythe—Young England valiantly supported Lord Ashley's attempt to shorten the hours of labour. They spoke and they voted for a day of ten hours, and twice they defeated the proposal of twelve working hours. They had arrayed against them all the forces of Manchester, all the prophets of political economy, and the acrid eloquence of John Bright. Lord John's own speech was clearly argued and excellently sustained. "Let the question, then, be divested of all extraneous matter," he

said in a characteristic passage, "and what did it come to? Were the representatives of the people of England of opinion that twelve hours, instead of ten, are a fitting duration for the labours of English matrons and young children? That was the question, and the solution of it seemed to him easy; but then came the Hon. Members for Manchester, Stockport, and the rest, and pleaded two propositions in bar; first, that the commerce and manufacturers of this great Empire would be destroyed, unless these mothers and children were allowed to work twelve hours a day, and, in the next place, that the wages of the work people would be reduced. With something like indignation, with something like contempt, he begged to ask was this possible? . . . It was saying to this country—it was affirming in the face of all Europe—that the whole secret of our vast manufacturing power lay in the one hour before sunrise, and in the one hour after sunset, which we snatched from the poor people of England." The case could not have been more concisely or more vigorously expressed, and it is no wonder that the honours of debate rested with Lord John and his friends.

The fight for humanity in the manufacturing districts made Lord John Manners and Lord Ashley for a while the closest allies, and of Lord Ashley something must be said here. Their alliance existed for one purpose only. Beyond the factory walls they were bound together by no sympathy, by no

natural tie of friendship or understanding. John Manners was a High Churchman; Ashley was an eager Evangelical. John Manners was content to get what he could of joy and pleasure from life; Ashley delighted only in self-abnegation. He fought for the oppressed with a frigid restraint, and thought that in devoting his days and nights to the service of the helpless he had performed the duty for which he had been born into the world. The very narrowness of his mind stood him in good stead. He was a philanthropist and no more. He seemed to think that happiness itself was a crime, that any spark of joyousness must be extinguished as soon as it was perceived. Even in his youth he apologised for the scanty enjoyment which came to him. "I have passed a most happy time at the Lodge," he wrote, after an evening with William IV. "Such a round of laughing and pleasure I have never enjoyed; if there is an hospitable gentleman on earth it is His Majesty. I was so jovial that I almost forgot myself, but now I say with Job, 'It may be that I have sinned and cursed God in my heart,' but I trust not. I was harmless in my mirth." I have no doubt that he was harmless in his mirth; I cannot believe that even under the benign smile of William IV. he was jovial for an instant.

Of humour he was wholly bereft; he knew not the meaning of what is called "culture." Though he had taken a first-class in classics at Oxford, he speedily forgot what scholarship was. He was in-

different to poetry as he was blind to the visible world. He saw only a little patch of good, that might be tilled, and he tilled it all the worse because he saw it with blinkers on. While others looked without, he looked always within; and found there very little of which he could approve. Thus he became at last the slave of his egoism. "The time that statesmen like Fox, or Peel, or Gladstone spent with Homer, or Plato, or Cicero, or Dante, or Shakespeare," his latest biographers write, "Ashley spent talking to himself, and talking about himself. He was like a man who might contemplate a noble space of sky or landscape, but chose rather to stand as a menace before a mocking mirror." [1] Is it strange that he rarely put off the burden of misery and depression?

Thus it was that he viewed all things from the standpoint of pietism. In 1842 a Tractarian was proposed for the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. Ashley was up in arms at once. Such a scandal, he thought, must be averted at all hazards. A fitting Evangelical was chosen as a candidate, and supported sedulously by all his kind. But Cardwell, in urging the new candidate's claim, was indiscreet enough to speak of his "poetical attainments and critical acumen." This mightily displeased Ashley, in whose opinion the one thing necessary for a professor of poetry was sound Evangelical principles. "I would vote for Sternhold or Hopkins, Nicholas Brady or Nahum

[1] 'Lord Shaftesbury,' by J. L. and B. Hammond.

Tate," he wrote, "against a whole host of the mightiest geniuses in the art of verse, were they candidates upon the same principles for the office to which Mr Williams aspires." And the opinions which he held himself he was eager to impose upon others. He knew so little of toleration that he was ready to quarrel with all who refused to accept not one but all his fads.

Year by year his isolation increased upon him. There was hardly a human being who could bear his precise, his universal exactingness. He disliked the politicians of all parties, and believed that they all disliked him. "The League hate me as an aristocrat," he once wrote; "the landowners as a Radical; the wealthy of all opinions as a mover of inconvenient principles. The Tractarians loathe me as an ultra-Protestant; the Dissenters as a churchman; the High Church think me abominably low; the Low Church some degrees too high. I have no political party; the Whigs, I know, regard me as leaning very decidedly to the Conservatives; the Conservatives declare that I have greatly injured the Government of Sir R. Peel. I have, then, the approval and support of neither." He felt confident not even of the working people. He thought they would go next, and they did. Where, then, was he to turn? He could find sympathy nowhere, and he would not abate by a jot his stiff-necked, unconquerable pride. Though he never ceased to save from tragedy those who sought his protection, he

will be remembered always as the most darkly tragic figure of his generation. With such a man as Ashley, John Manners could hardly live in the bonds of amity. Yet he supported him and his policy with a fervent unfailing loyalty, and recognised unto the end the stern, high-minded, unattracting qualities of his colleague.

In the debate upon Lord Ashley's motion, Young England, as I have said, saw one defection. Its members acted in perfect union when they demanded that the British Cabinet should protest against the imprisonment of Don Carlos. Legitimists all, they made the cause of the ill-treated monarch their own. Don Carlos, foiled in his attempt to recover the throne of Spain largely through England's questionable interpretation of neutrality, had retired to Bourges in France. There, as we have seen, he was kept an unwilling captive to further the policy of Louis Philippe. Again and again did Lord John and Peter Borthwick intercede in his behalf—without avail. It was in keeping with the generosity of his nature and sentiment that Lord John should demand the enlargement of a prince, whose aspirations he respected, and in whose camp he had been honourably received. It was in keeping also with the principles of a humanitarian government, which would have raised an outcry of indignation against the capitivity of a single Pole, that it should regard with indifference a purposeless insult put upon an unhappy King. And after many ineffectual attempts to obtain a measure of redress, Lord John, on 27th

April 1844, "asked the House to join with him in imploring Her Majesty's gracious intercession on behalf of the Royal victim of liberal oppression."

His case was a clear one, and he handled it with lucidity. At the outset he left policy out of the question, "because he ventured to believe that if justice and honour demanded the adoption of a certain course, true policy would not be found opposing it." He pictured Christina, "the sad Erinys of her time, retiring with regal pomp to Madrid," while Don Carlos, "who refused to join in her cruel schemes of ambition, still lingered a captive at Bourges." With excellent effect, he quoted Juvenal :—

> "Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum
> Si vis esse aliquis. Probitas laudatur et alget."

His argument was certainly difficult to combat. "Don Carlos," he said, "was never at war with France, never at war with England, and by the laws of France, by the common consent of all countries, a man who had never injured them, from whom they dreaded nothing, had a right to liberty." Nor could England with justice evade her responsibility. "In every stage of that series of events which ended in the captivity of Don Carlos at Bourges, we, the English people, had part ; it was we who destroyed the liberties of the Basques ; it was we who despoiled the Church in Spain ; it was we who called into dread activity that revolutionary spirit,

which is still devastating the Peninsula." He made no secret of what he believed to be the true cause of the oppression. "Avow the real motive," he said, "proclaim it to the world that you detain Don Carlos, not because he has offended or injured you, not because he had offended or injured France, not because he had failed to bear his unjust captivity with heroic resignation, not because his liberty would be dangerous to the peace of Spain, but because he has ventured to oppose the tyrannical sacrilegious spirit of liberalism." And so with confidence he turned from the heartless, cruel, and faithless Liberalism of the day, and asked the gentlemen of England to disown all connection with it. It was a remarkable speech for a young man of twenty-five to make, and it was treated in the House with the respect which it claimed. Not only did Sir Robert Peel rise at once to answer it, but Lord Palmerston thought it worthy his attack. Lord John himself was vastly pleased with its effect. "We made a great push for Don Carlos," he wrote in his journal, "and I made the best speech I have yet made, I believe; and in return he has sent me the order of Charles III., more than I deserved." His humility was not justified. He deserved more than the order of Charles III.; he deserved the added reputation which his speech gave him in the House and country.

Ever since Lord John had begun the study of the law in Mr Hodgson's chambers, he had made researches in the history and effects of Mortmain,

which he believed not merely increased religious animosities, but intercepted the natural flow of charity. The abolition of this hindering law was an enterprise which aroused all the sympathies of Young England, and on 1st August 1843 Lord John made a closely reasoned speech in favour of its repeal. The most ambitious and effective speech that he had made hitherto, it resulted in the appointment of a committee and in the bringing in of an abortive bill founded on the committee's report. Complete master of his subject, Lord John had no difficulty in making out a good case. "It was only after this House declared," said he, "that the poor should not be taught, that ignorance should not be instructed, and that the unemployed should not be set to work by public generosity, that he asked them to carry that principle to its legitimate extent, which alone could justify them in acting on it, and while they refused to be munificent as a state, to throw every facility in the way of private munificence." In an historical survey, erudite and well-balanced, he admitted that restrictions were necessary in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., and urged that the ancient necessity no longer existed. The Mortmain Act of George III. was opposed by the Church, the Universities, and the charities of the Kingdom. And he asked, at a time like this, when on the one hand there is a decrease in the comforts of the lower, and a constant increase in the luxuries of the upper-class, "are we to be met with the cant

and worn-out objection against perpetuity? . . . Were they to be told that it was necessary to prevent lands being tied up in perpetuity in order to encourage the spirit of commerce, and that it was unwise in any way to damp the ardour of industry and enterprise?"

Being always the enemy of fanaticism, he met what may be called the religious objection with characteristic candour. "It would be said," he went on, "that if the Mortmain laws are relaxed in favour of the Church of England, they must also be relaxed in favour of the Church of Rome and of Dissenters. He would frankly avow that he was prepared to meet that objection by denying it to be one. The Roman Catholics and Dissenters had been placed upon a footing of political equality, and why not with reference to this subject?" His equanimity ill-accorded with the spirit of the time. His proposal was approved by Sir James Graham and the Government, and though, as I have said, a committee was appointed, it was not for forty-five years that he saw the victory of his opinions in the Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act of 1888, and its amendment three years later.

Meanwhile Young England had won the esteem which they deserve who force their honest views upon a House of Commons, rigidly divided into Tories and Radicals. Its severance from Peel was complete and generally acknowledged. In September 1843 Lord John met the statesman who should have been his leader, and was properly embarrassed,

"On my arrival at Longshaw," he wrote, "I was quite startled to find Peel and Croker; it was certainly awkward, and the former seemed to be conscious of it. I'm sure I was." When Lord Sandon denounced Mr Disraeli and his friends for their opposition to the Government, 'The Times,' defending what it called the Magna Charta of the House, asked indignantly if "gentlemen of some sense and talent were not to be allowed to express their opinion upon points, whether of foreign or Irish legislation, without being taunted and silenced?" And not only among the politicians was Young England gathering fame. The members of the party had the sad satisfaction of paying all those penalties which notoriety incurs. They were pictured in the illustrated press. They saw a journal, in whose conduct they had no share, called after them. Their views were caricatured both in prose and verse. Mr Thackeray, who was not likely to sympathise with their aspirations, parodied "the New England poits" in 'The Diary of Jeames de la Pluche.' The lines "Upon my Sister's Portrait," by the Lord Southdown, are in the right vein:—

"The castle towers of Bareacies are fair upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea:
. . . . . .
I stood upon the Donjon Keep—it is a sacred place,—
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race;
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field,
There ne'er was nobler cognisance or Knightly warrior's shield."

And Jeames's comment is apposite enough: "All Young Hengland, I'm told, considers the poim bewtifle. They're always writing about battleaxis and shivvlery, these young chaps." Some verses of Monckton Milnes, whose avowed support gave him the right to laugh, are directed with excellent effect against Lord John himself. "Lines to a Judge" they are called, "by a culprit actuated with Young England sentiments." A fragment will show their style and purport:—

"Oh! flog me at the old cart's tail.
I surely should enjoy
That fine old English punishment
I witnessed when a boy!
I should not heed the mocking crowd,
I should not feel the pain,
If *one* old English custom
Could be brought back again!"

These are some of the tributes which wit paid to talent, and they are enough to prove that Young England had taken its place in the life and politics of its country.

The year 1844 was the year of Young England's zenith. Disraeli's 'Coningsby,' a novel of genius published in June of that year, expounded the views of "the rising generation" with a spirit and clarity which do not belong to political orations. Smythe as the hero, Lord John as Henry Sidney, Cochrane as Buckhurst, became familiar to thousands who took little or no interest in parliamentary reports. A few months later George Smythe made his trumpet-

call in 'Historic Fancies,' a brilliant medley of prose and verse, ecstatic praises of Jacobin and Jacobite, an equal glorification of aristocracy and people, with the ballad in honour of "The Merchants of Old England." Composed in the true spirit of Young England, it was dedicated to Lord John Manners and was thus a public pledge of the friendship which yoked them one to the other.[1] Moreover, an opportunity was now given to the three friends of explaining their doctrines to the country. There were springing up in the manufacturing districts, as if in direct response to the teaching of Young England, Athenæums and Athenic Institutions, where clerks and mechanics picked up what intellectual culture they could, and enjoyed "the old English manly sports" whose praises had been hymned by John Manners. That the leaders of the new party should be invited to the pleasant task of encouragement was but natural. In August, John Manners addressed the members of the Athenic Institution at Birmingham, urging them to neglect neither field sports nor the study of literature, and deploring the decay of feudalism, a happy system, under which the

[1] The terms of the dedication echo so closely the enthusiasm of the time that they may be cited here: "To the Lord John Manners, M.P., whose gentle blood is only an illustration of his gentler conduct, and whose whole life may well remind us that the only child of Philip Sydney became a Manners, because he is himself, as true and blameless, a Philip Sydney of our generation." There in a few lines are the chivalry of the movement and its deep reverence for tradition.

Barons and their retainers "were accustomed to sit at the same table and partake of the same fare." With eloquence he preached to his favourite text—the cordial amalgamation of all classes. "In days long gone by," he said, "when the unhappy separation of the classes which now existed was not known in the land, there was far more peace, more real happiness, and more real security for all classes, than had existed or could ever exist under such a class system as now prevailed." The truth of which statement is not lessened by the sad reflection that it shows no way out.

But it was at the "grand soirée" of the Manchester Athenæum that the party achieved its greatest triumph, and not without difficulty. Young England had at last emerged from fame into notoriety. W. B. Ferrand, the fierce exposer of Devil's dust, and a close adherent, had made something of a scandal in the House of Commons by charging Sir James Graham with "procuring a false report for the purpose of crushing a member of the House." After a melodramatic debate, Ferrand asserted "the sacred prerogative of a free-born Englishman" to express his opinion, and retired. The House, resolving itself into a court of honour, despite the protests of Lord John and Smythe, declared Ferrand's statements calumnious, and absolved Sir James Graham. Nor did the "scene," as it would be called to-day, end there. Smythe, as a result of the heated discussion, challenged Roebuck to a duel, and was

charged with breach of privilege. The continued opposition to Peel, moreover, had alienated the stern supporters of the Tory party. Disraeli above all seemed insubordinate to the old-fashioned, and it is not surprising that the Duke of Rutland and Lord Strangford took alarm at their sons' friendship with him. To them it seemed little less than monstrous that John Manners and Smythe should stand on the same platform with Disraeli in the sight of Manchester and of England. The King of Hanover, convinced that these *soi-disant* Tories would, little by little, without knowing it themselves, join the mob of Radicals and cut-throats, urged the trepidant fathers to a protest. "It is grievous," wrote the Duke of Rutland to Lord Strangford, "that two young men such as John and Mr Smythe should be led by one of whose integrity of purpose I have an opinion similar to your own, though I can judge only by his public career. The admirable character of our sons only makes them the more assailable by the arts of a designing person. I will write to John to-morrow, and I shall inquire of him whether there is any truth in the report of his having engaged himself to a great dinner at Manchester under the presidency of Mr Disraeli." [1]

The Duke wrote to Lord John, who had no difficulty in reassuring him. Instead of a political dinner it was to be a literary tea, and Disraeli was to take

[1] See 'Lives of the Lords Strangford,' by E. B. de Fonblanque (p. 225).

the chair as a literary, not as a political character. At the same time it is a strange comment upon the esteem in which Disraeli was presently held that he should be called "a designing person" by the father of one who was afterwards his greatest friend, and that proximity to him upon a platform should be held dangerous. However, to Manchester they went in October 1844, and, as if conscious that they were on public trial, each one of them surpassed in eloquence even the expectations of their colleagues. The speech of Disraeli, who took the chair, was brilliant in imagery. That the artisans and mechanics of Manchester applauded it rapturously suggests that the standard of culture has been pitifully lowered during the last sixty years. The orator quoted the poets in English and Latin. He pronounced a eulogy of Athens, which he apostrophised in becoming terms: "Beautiful triumph of immortal genius! Sublime incentive to eternal fame!" Having told Manchester that she had "dethroned Force and placed on her high seat Intelligence," he declaimed with excellent effect the celebrated passage about knowledge. "Knowledge," said he, "is like the mystic ladder in the patriarch's dream. Its base rests upon the primeval earth—its crest is lost in the shadowy splendour of the empyrean; while the great authors that for traditionary ages have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending on the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the com-

munication between man and heaven." And then, descending for a moment from the empyrean, he declared with truth that "the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity," and to them, said he, "I give that counsel which I have ever given to youth, and which I believe to be the wisest, the best—I tell them to aspire." Few speeches, indeed, are more intimately characteristic of speaker and movement than this one, and the enthusiasm of Manchester is easily intelligible.

Lord John, who followed, descended not an inch from the lofty platform on which Disraeli took his stand. Deploring the political rancour of the time, and its distinctions of class and party, he said that what he and his friends aimed at was "to soften the harsh tendencies of toil and wealth by the gentle means of literature and art." Though he acknowledged the benefit of literary and scientific instruction, he pleaded most urgently for recreation and amusement. He did not believe that "a man, after working twelve or fourteen or perhaps fifteen hours a day, could or would sit down to recreate his mind with a course of mathematics or a lecture on geology." And then, to prove that he respected his audience as highly as did Disraeli, that he would not speak down to the members of the Manchester Athenæum, he told them of the admirable work being done by the Camden Society, and of the new vision of history which was being shown to the world. "In a social

and political point of view—political, I mean, in its most legitimate and least party sense," said he, "I rate highly the good which may accrue to this country from having its past history, not a mere record of the Kings who reigned and the battles they fought, but the history of its inner life, the habits, thoughts, and tastes of its people, the real aims and objects of its governors, laid faithfully before us, because I am every day more and more convinced that half the mischief which is done to a country like this by its legislators and rulers is done from a misunderstanding of its past history." Thus he made clear the historical aspect of Young England, and urged his audience to encourage the arts, "to render obsolete the taunt that manufactures must produce a dry, harsh, unpoetical, material spirit."

If Lord John strove to breathe into his audience the spirit of antiquarianism, George Smythe dazzled the eyes of its mind with the visions of a poet. It was his speech indeed that bore away the palm. Even the pictured rhetoric of Disraeli paled before it. The ecstatic applause of Manchester re-echoed in all clubs and places where politicians meet. The speech was nicely adapted to arouse the enthusiasm of an assembly "attended by distinguished men, presided over by genius, and graced and adorned by beauty." It was marked by the pleasing extravagance of the time. The orator began by paying a lofty tribute to literature, for which he prophesied an auspicious destiny, because, said he, in the future

"it will not lean upon the reed of patronage; it will not be patronised by monarchs; it will not be fashioned by nobles; it will not be confined to classes. It shall be free, independent, universal, and, above all, tolerant, as your own free, independent, universal, and tolerant commerce." He eulogised in moving words a statesman who had been sacrificed to "the absurdities, the barbarities, or, what is even worse, the vulgarities of our party warfare," who was branded and proscribed as an adventurer, and he asked, certain of his answer, "who will hesitate to exclaim with me, 'Oh, for one hour of George Canning.'" Nor is there any doubt that in deploring the fate of Canning, he was pointing the moral for those who flung the word "adventurer" at Disraeli also. Thereafter he celebrated the triumph of free commerce, out of which spring free letters. He drew a vivid parallel between the Mayence of the fifteenth century and the Manchester of his own day. He asserted that civilisation was one hour nearer its meridian, "because here, even at this very hour, we are proclaiming the banns of a marriage, which represents the primeval alliance between the spirit and the matter. . . . It is a marriage between an industry which has conquered the world, and overspread it 'as the waters cover the sea,' and an intellect which is young, which is of the people, and which, by God's help, shall continue pure." Though it is in a style already antiquated, it is the true authentic stuff of oratory.

His friends were filled with enthusiasm. "Smythe's eloquence was really surpassing," wrote Lord John to Cochrane, "and electrified the audience. They rose like one man, or one woman, when he had finished, and gave him a burst of cheers: it was a spontaneous tribute to unwonted eloquence." Even the reluctant fathers were proud in the end of their sons' performances. The Duke of Rutland was satisfied that "not a syllable of party feeling or politics was uttered even by the arch-president at the meeting." The King of Hanover himself, who was sure that such institutions as the Manchester Athenæum would only "make the lower orders too big for their boots," did not withhold his praise from Smythe's speech. And Lord Strangford, who a few days before would have forbidden his son to take part in the enterprise, was now enchanted. "My father was in a splendid humour," says Smythe, in a letter addressed to Disraeli as "dear Cid and Captain," "and did not seem to have read our speeches with any other feelings than those of pleasure." Thus the meeting was a private as well as a public victory for the three young statesmen, and it might well have seemed that their party had reached the table-land of success.

Alas! it still stumbled on the shifting slope of failure. The oratory of Manchester, which seemed to all ears the pæan of its praise, was in truth the swan song of Young England. In two or three months dissension had crept into its slender ranks

and a complete disruption was not long in coming. Ireland, always a disparting subject, revealed a violent and unexpected antagonism. On 3rd April 1845 Sir Robert Peel proposed to increase the endowment of Maynooth College. The proposal was part of a system which has ever been the bane of Ireland. The Prime Minister, having tried repression, thought the time had come to try a soothing policy. He therefore brought in a Bill whose purpose was to raise the endowment of Maynooth from £9000 to £29,000 a year. The mere suggestion put the staunch Protestants on the alert. Petitions poured into Parliament signed by thousands, who saw in Peel's action a deliberate attempt to relight the fires of Smithfield. The debate which followed was remarkable on many grounds, and especially because it seemed to unchain in an instant the ancient allegiances. Men spoke and voted as their consciences told them and in defiance of party bonds. Radical was severed from Radical. Tory flouted Tory in complete forgetfulness of their common sympathies. The result was, what is very rare in parliamentary discussions, a great deal of plain and honest speaking. Disraeli, who no longer concealed his enmity to Peel, made it the occasion of a brilliant movement in the campaign which drove Sir Robert Peel from office.

To read the speech which he delivered on the second reading of the Maynooth Bill seems to-day like consulting a dictionary of familiar quotations.

There is hardly a passage in it which does not ring in our ear like the voice of an old friend. "The right hon. gentleman tells us to go back to precedents; with him a great measure is always founded on a small precedent. He traces the steam-engine always back to the tea-kettle. His precedents are generally tea-kettle precedents." And again: "Why, 'Hansard,' instead of being the Delphi of Downing Street, is but the Dunciad of politics." He attacked the proposal not only with flouts and gibes but with marshalled argument. The grant in his view was not only such a one as the gentlemen on the Treasury Bench were not entitled to bring forward; it was a mean, a meagre, and a miserable grant. "If the Roman Catholic priesthood are to be educated by the state," said he, "it must be something greater than the difference between £23 and £28, something higher than the difference between three in a bed and two." That Lord John and Smythe should espouse warmly the cause of Maynooth was but natural. Though neither the one nor the other was ever tempted, as I have said, to be disloyal to the communion in which he was born, the friendship of Faber and Newman had made hostility to the Roman Catholic Church an impossibility for them. The opinions set forth in the Oxford Movement, had been a basis of Young England, and neither Lord John nor Smythe was capable of fanaticism. Moreover they had both in 1843 voted for remedial measures in Ireland,

and were still in favour of the concessions, which a Tory Minister, such as Strafford or Tyrconnel or Mr Pitt, would not have hesitated to propose.

There was no sign of flouting or flippancy in the speech which Lord John delivered to support the scheme. He knew and felt that it was a most difficult matter to shape out a clear course of action "in this wreck of parties, this general confusion of men and principles, when you, as you fix your speech-permitting eye on the Member who is fortunate enough to catch it, know not on which side he is to speak." Lord John, "a loyal son of the Church," established his case, as always, upon an historical retrospect. "The English Church," said he, "acknowledges the validity of Roman Catholic orders, acknowledges that Church as an authorised administrator of the sacraments, and as a true, though not altogether blameless, portion of the Church Universal." He repudiated the contention that the endowment of Maynooth put the Irish Church in jeopardy. "The cry is raised," said he, "the Church in danger. Yes, sir, I admit that it is, but it is not from this grant to Maynooth, nor yet from the Vatican, not yet from the Jesuits that the Irish Church is in peril. It is from herself, from her own self-willed disobedient laity, that she suffers and is in danger: they, who would discard every note of a Church, and, isolating themselves from the rest of Catholic Christendom, fraternise with the Puritans, and denounce Priestcraft with the

Presbyterian." So he quoted with excellent effect the eloquent words which "the martyred Laud" spoke on the scaffold: "Poor Church of England. It hath flourished and been a shelter to other neighbouring churches, when storms have driven upon them. But, alas! now it is in a storm itself, and God only knows how and when it shall get out. . . . It is become like an oak cleft to shivers with wedges made out of its own body."

As a churchman, then, Lord John was free in conscience either to support or oppose the grant. It was as a statesman that he came to a decision upon it. Refusing to trace the glory, the renown, the magnificence of the English monarchy to the Dutch conquest of 1688, he claimed a liberty to act in 1845 as though William the Third had died Stadtholder of Holland. Since the State had decided by the Penal Laws that the Irish Roman Catholic priests should be educated in Ireland, it was upon the State that the responsibility of that education lay. "It is very easy," said he, "to cry out a 'failure'; to brand a rural priesthood as ignorant turbulent bigots; to exclaim against the dirt and disloyalty of Maynooth, and to draw a touching comparison between the manners of the old foreign-educated priests and those of the existing 'race': nothing easier; but I own, to my mind this failure, in the first place, is not so palpable, in the second, if it be such as you describe it to be, I think it probable that the right hon. gentle-

man is right in laying the blame rather at the door of St Stephen's than at that of St Patrick's." As one who would, if he could, accredit a Minister to the Vatican and receive a Nuncio at St James's, he desired to treat Maynooth and the Irish Roman Catholics in a generous confiding spirit, and having in conclusion made an eloquent plea for charity, he demanded that the government should treat the English Church also in a spirit equally generous, equally confiding.

George Smythe followed on the same side in a speech as full of flouts and gibes as Disraeli's own, and memorable because, in discussing Mr Gladstone, it described "that cloud of variegated phraseology in which he wrapped and enshrouded his mysterious divinity . . ."—words which in the full course of sixty years diminished not a jot of their truth. But for Young England Maynooth was something more than an opportunity of strenuous debate. It marked the end of one among the most keenly interesting movements in modern politics. Disraeli declared long afterwards that Maynooth was the death of Young England. It was not its death; it was the signal of its death. The movement, indeed, was born with the seeds of dissolution already in it. The three leaders were travelling at different paces to different goals. It was impossible, therefore, that they should hold together. Lord John, austere in principle, rigid in practice, had a firm faith in the cause of the people, and believed moreover that

the cause of the people was knit up inextricably with the cause of the Church. He took his stand upon the principles of Oxford. Religion was a reality to him. He thought the country might find salvation in the re-establishment of monastic orders and in the ultimate union of all the Churches. To him, then, the religious aspect of the movement was all-important. As a necessary concession Disraeli accepted his views, but obviously he could not share his colleague's pious enthusiasm. Smythe, writing in September 1843 from Deepdene, sketches Disraeli's attitude with a certain malice. "Of 'gloomy Dis.' I do not see much," he writes, "as he is engrossed in the twofold occupation of conciliating his 'Proserpine,' and magnetising that Jupiter, our host. This last is the most comical of performances to me looking on, as Dis. attempts to explain, mysticise, adumbrate, obscure, evolve Puseyism to Hope who hates it, first, because he is a 'Philosopher' and hates all religion, and secondly, because his brother likes it. Dizzy endeavours to rob it of all its religion, and to assure Hope that his brother does not understand the real and genuine and esoteric principle—this to me, who know something, if also for myself I believe little, of Catholic verity, is irresistibly droll."

George Smythe, indeed, came midway between Lord John and Disraeli. He had neither the religious single-mindedness of the one nor the other's sense of affairs. He was a man not of political con-

victions, but of political ideas. He could invent policies and make them plausible for the moment; he could not hold fast to them. He was sensitive, like a chameleon, to momentary influence. He took his colour from the last of his friends. Possibly had it not been for Faber, the Oxford Movement had never have touched him, and his cynicism let the opinions which lightly came, as lightly go from him. It is not strange, then, that he was always distrustful of himself, that he found a pleasure in underrating his sincerity and his talents. In the same letter wherein he pictured Disraeli explaining Puseyism, he writes to Lord John "of keen and grateful and passionate reminiscences." "I cannot help feeling," he says, "(to another it might seem presumption to say so) that there is a position given us, by which we may be of good to the poor masses in this country. This is a grave and great responsibility which I the more sensibly feel perhaps, that I have not those other supports which spiritualise your resolution, and sustain your purpose. Now that one is more or less out of the hearsay of party vanities and small asperities, this thought strikes me very often and strongly. That you, who deserve it, should be instrumental in doing good to others, should be so chosen I can understand. But I recoil, and shrink in misgiving and trepidation, when I feel myself as it were associated and borne along in so mighty an enterprise." Such was the George Smythe whom Lord John knew and loved. The

George Smythe whose wit and cynical humour delighted Disraeli was wholly different in temper and ambition. The very diversity of his character made it difficult for him to keep in step with two colleagues, each of whom saw only one aspect of him ; and it is not surprising that in a brief career of politics he professed many and incompatible opinions.

And there was another reason why Young England could not long survive the shock of practical affairs. Its leaders were not men of the same age and ambition. It was impossible that Disraeli should be content to work long with Lord John and Smythe. He was already a man of forty, who knew that if he was to enjoy a political career, he must make his way to the front bench with all possible despatch. The leadership of a clique might help him for a season ; he must follow the road whither his genius led him, solitary and unaided. It was Young England which began the discomfiture of Peel. It was Disraeli alone who gave that politician his *coup-de-grâce.* Lord John and Smythe, on the other hand, were young enough to regard the future with indifference. Boys of twenty-five, they valued their opinions far more highly than their personal aspirations. Yet, though the society of Young England was formally broken up, its members remained staunch in friendship one to the other until the end of their lives. Lord John was the loyal and constant ally of Disraeli through good report

and evil. His trust in his friend's leadership never wavered, and until Disraeli died in 1881, Lord John fought faithfully at his side. And not even political animosities nor the harsher breath of scandal weakened the ties which bound George Smythe to his two friends. When his ancient colleagues passed him in the race, he rejoiced, for indeed he was incapable of jealousy. The memory of his boyhood's comradeship with John Manners never faded from his mind, and he sent to Disraeli a message of wit and courage from his death-bed. Therefore, if we look at Young England from a lower plane of vision, we shall see that the movement was profitable (in a worldly sense) to all those who took part in it. Not merely had its members won that celebrity which seems to be the essence of politics: they had satisfied reciprocally their political necessities. If on the one hand Disraeli had taught John Manners and Smythe the rudiments of practical affairs, they, on the other, had assured Disraeli the ultimate support of the great houses, without which in 1844 no statesman could hope to triumph. Thus union was rooted in disunion: if Young England perished as a party, it never ceased to be a cenacle of warm-hearted devoted friends.

Nor did its influence end with its disruption. Many of the dreams which the young idealists dreamt came true at last, and Lord John at any rate lived long enough to see many hopes turned to realities. The Tory democracy which he saw

with his mind's-eye did not wholly elude his vision. And even beyond the sphere of politics the effect was felt of the high chivalry, of the passion for the past, which moved him and his friends. It is to Young England that many of the novelists, once the idols of the people, now dim in remembrance, owed their inspiration.[1] 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' for instance, takes its place in the direct line, with many rivals. And the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, which for good or evil profoundly changed the current

[1] Young England was, indeed, the begetter of much literature, and especially of Disraeli's famous trilogy. How intimately the leaders of the party exchanged literary confidences may be seen from the following letter which Disraeli wrote to Lord John on the publication of 'Sybil.' It is dated 12th May 1845, and was written at Grosvenor Gate. Thus it runs: "I was deeply gratified by your letter of this morn. There are very few persons indeed whose criticism, especially on such a subject, would be estimated by me as much as your own, or I should not have given myself the pleasure of sending you a copy, which I did not do out of idle ceremony. You have clearly apprehended and expressed what I wished to convey, and have so entirely entered into the scope and spirit of my design, that I will now indulge the belief that I have not failed in my aim. I agree with you as to the catastrophe; it is a decided, but almost an inevitable fault. We call up spirits from the vasty deep, but they are something too vital to get rid of at the end of a third volume. I was very pleased that you recognised the moor where we were companions. Do you remember your mounting the Druid's altar? Mrs Dis. was frightened at your audacity. I think it gave me the idea of Walter Gerard's rostrum. The Abbey was drawn from Fountains, and is as faithfully delineated as passing observation and memory will enable me. It is a much vaster and grander ruin than Bolton, tho' in a site far less picturesque. I took my idea of Mowbray Church from Ripon, which was at hand."

of British painting, would not have taken its backward course without the strengthening example of Oxford and Young England. These relationships, plain for the historian to see, naturally escaped the ardent ones, who lived and fought for the new ideas. Yet when the party, founded on the pleasant intrigue of Paris, fell to pieces, Lord John Manners, at any rate, had nothing to regret. He had joined his friends an unfledged, silent member; he left them a practised speaker, an adept in all the forms of the House. He had won his guerdon too of appreciation and applause. After the meeting at Manchester he visited Wordsworth. "I had the great satisfaction of receiving his thanks for my public conduct," he writes, "perhaps the reward I most covet." Assuredly he who had wrung approval from the austere and aged patriot of Grasmere might be convinced, without boastfulness, that he had not thought and striven in vain.

CHAPTER V.

THE CORN LAWS AND AFTER.

If Young England had been able to weather the storm of Maynooth, no amiable party was strong enough to withstand the hurricane which burst upon political England in the autumn of 1845. Signs were not lacking of the coming tempest. The agitation of the Corn Law League, conducted with skill and energy outside, had not been without an influence within the House. Among members of Parliament there was a general feeling of unrest. The old landmarks which had divided Whig from Tory were speedily being broken down. New combinations were formed, hostile in sentiment and ambition to the ancient factions. The sudden growth of the railways had created a commercial class which aimed at acquiring an ascendancy over the territorial aristocracy. None saw this more clearly than did John Manners. "The gentry of England," he wrote to his brother on 24th August 1845, "must have sunk very low indeed, if they fall down before King 'Udson as their mainstay

and protector: but we live in strange times, and certes he appears to possess brass and energy as well as gold: but from the Plantagenet to the Hudson is a great step, and all in five years!" Yet, despite a vague anxiety, there was in the summer of 1845 no ground for panic. Bread was cheaper than it had been for five years, cheaper than it was destined to be for thirty-five. Speculation for the moment, and in spite of elation, seemed to have driven the Corn Laws from the busy mind of the public. Only Cobden was sure that the fruition of his hopes was at hand. "They are going to repeal the Corn Laws," he wrote before the rain spoilt the harvest, "mark my words, at a season of distress. That distress may come; aye, three weeks of showery weather when the wheat is in bloom or ripening would repeal these Corn Laws."

Nor had Cobden long to wait for the fulfilment of his prophecy. The autumn rain of 1845 rained away much else beside the harvest and the potato-crop. It rained away the scruples of Sir Robert Peel and with them the Corn Laws, which for many a year had supported British agriculture, and had proved a bone of contention to political parties. No sooner was the failure of the harvest certain than the Cabinet was hastily summoned. The town, in forgetfulness of its railroads, ceased to grumble, and lent a ready ear to the many rumours, which were caught up and exaggerated in the clubs. That Peel was not at one with his colleagues was evident from the

meetings which were held and dismissed during the month of November. One thing only was certain —Peel had yielded to a panic fear. The Duke of Wellington said he "never saw a man in such a state of alarm. He was hardly himself—the potato disease seemed to occupy his whole mind." Yet the difficulty which confronted him was not insuperable. Had he believed that Ireland was on the verge of starvation—and sufficient evidence was lacking—he might have admitted the free importation of foreign corn into England by Order in Council. This, indeed, was the policy which he would himself have carried out, but it met with the opposition of Stanley and the Duke of Wellington, and was dropped in favour of that artifice of impotence—a departmental commission.

And then on 22nd November Lord John Russell burst upon the world with his famous Edinburgh letter. It was a time of renunciation, and Lord John Russell cheerfully abandoned the fixed duty upon corn which he had advocated for many years. So wide a sway could the failure of the potato-crop exercise over the minds of men! Lord John Russell followed Sir Robert Peel, humbly and without a struggle, into the camp of Cobden. Truly the honoured divisions of party had disappeared. Peelite and Radical knew but one rivalry, how they should range themselves most effectively at the enemy's side. "The government," thus Lord John Russell brought his letter to a close, "appear to be waiting

for some excuse to give up the present Corn Law. Let the people afford them the excuse they seek." The result of this sudden intervention was more Cabinet councils, at which Sir Robert Peel revealed his purpose, not merely of suspending the Corn Law, but of abolishing it for ever. To this policy Lord Stanley refused assent, though he had not been unwilling to meet the panic by a temporary expedient, and Peel, foiled of the desired unanimity, placed his resignation in the hands of the Queen.

Upon Lord John Russell fell, perforce, the duty of forming a government, a task not easy, because his policy agreed with Peel's, and he was asked to change not measures but men. And it was on the choice of men that the ill-omened project was wrecked. It is true that Peel declined to give Lord John Russell a sketch of his proposed measure and a promise of his support. But the new ministry might have survived that initial blow. What it could not survive, was Lord Grey's reluctance to serve in the Cabinet with Lord Palmerston as Foreign Minister, and Lord Palmerston's energetic refusal to take any other office. In vain did the minister for a day attempt to reconcile the animosities of his colleagues. "He endured the mortification," says Disraeli, "of confessing to his Sovereign his inability to serve her, and handed back with courtesy the poisoned chalice to Sir Robert," who thus for the third time became Prime Minister of England.

The influence of the intrigues upon the *disjecta*

membra of the Tory party, upon the resolute men who objected to the trickery of politics, was twofold. In the first place it persuaded them to doubt whether the failure of the potato-crop was complete, as well they might from the scanty facts which had been adduced in support of Peel's sudden conversion. Disraeli, who was in Paris, expressed his views to John Manners with characteristic frankness: "What is going to happen? After living three months in profound solitude in a Flemish wilderness, really never having conversed with a single being or even read a journal, I arrived here a fortnight ago, and found myself in a political atmosphere of fever heat. The King sent for me the day after my arrival, and from that moment I have conversed with none but ministers and ambassadors, of all parties and all countries, and all equally distracted. As I see you are at Melton, furiously hunting, this will reach you. Where is G. S. S.? I have not heard from him for months, and expected to find him here, but in vain. Has he gone on to Stamboul? If not, and in England, I wish you would send him a line and beg him to write to me, or come over. I heard last night from a good quarter that the Whigs had resolved to decline the enterprise. The King inquired whether Gladstone, who is not compromised in 'the four Cabinet councils in one week,' could not lead the *personnel* of the Commons, with the Duke in the Lords. It is quite clear that the feeling in favour of protection

is much stronger than was supposed by many, and that it will be impossible to carry repeal. Conjecture is quite baffled here in high places. In lower ones there is a general opinion that Peel will retire in triumph; but this appears a superficial conclusion, and I cannot but believe it highly improbable. At all events he has lost his prestige. Every resignation weakens a minister, and is almost as foolish a thing as frequent Cabinet councils. No one will now talk of a Walpolian Government, yet he might have completed his term. I am told that a month ago Thiers said, 'If it be a *real* famine, Sir Robert will be a great man and will command his party; but if it be a *false* famine, and he tries to play tricks, he is lost.' Now I think it is a false famine; and the question is not ripe eno' for his fantastic pranks. He is so vain that he wants to figure in history as the settler of all the great questions, but a parliamentary constitution is not favourable to such ambitions; things must be done by parties, not by persons using parties as tools; especially men without imagination or any inspiring qualities, or who rather offer you duplicity instead of inspiration. Pray write.

"P.S.—The King inquired a great deal about Gladstone of me. It was evident that his name had recently been suggested to his Majesty by some high quarter. I told the King that he was quite equal to Peel, with the advantage of youth."

The letter does not show the writer's usual

prescience. The famine, alas, was not false, and Peel was destined once more to command his party. Yet Disraeli's sanguine errors were shared by his friends. "The famine," wrote John Manners to Lyttelton, "is wicked moonshine; Lord John Russell should be ashamed of having basked in it, and the prospects of next year are glorious." His father was sure that whatever the extent of the famine might have been, more had been made of it than dignity or fairness required. "Wonderful times," he exclaimed, "when potatoes are converted into a political engine!" And if many refused to believe in the gravity of the famine on the mere word of a minister, there were still more who insisted, in the second place, that none had less right than Peel to abolish the Corn Laws. The failure of the crop in Ireland was obviously not a cause but an excuse for that statesman's change of opinion. To open the ports of Great Britain some years hence to foreign corn was not the easiest way of satisfying Ireland's immediate craving for potatoes. Nor was it for the sake of the poor and hungry in Ireland or elsewhere that Cobden had marshalled his forty-shilling bludgeons. The Member for Stockport had no illusions about the purpose of his agitation. He confessed that the working-man neither attended his meetings nor signed his petitions. "We have carried on the agitation," said he, with commendable candour, "by those means by which the middle-class usually carries on its movements. We have

had our meetings of dissenting ministers; we have obtained the co-operation of the ladies; we have resorted to tea-parties, and taken those pacific means for carrying out our views which mark us as rather a middle-class set of agitators." Such was the organisation which Peel, the leader of the gentlemen of England, adopted for his own.

Moreover, Peel had recently declared his belief that "the abolition of the Corn Laws would produce great confusion and distress." He had reassured his anxious supporters with a definite pledge that he "had not contemplated and did not contemplate an alteration in the present Corn Laws." This was in 1844, and had he been sincere in his altered views he would have given his support and the leadership of the Commons to Richard Cobden. "For my part," said Disraeli, "if we are to have Free Trade, I, who honour genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the member for Stockport, rather than by one who by skilful parliamentary manœuvres has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party." Against the infinite intrigues and manifold suspicions of 1845 no party could stand firm, and Young England made no attempt to rally from Maynooth. George Smythe, an opportunist still, went over to Peel, and became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He assured his father that in politics he had only one idea—"what opinion is likely to turn up trumps, and to that I have attached myself with

the instinct of a Dalgetty." He owned that there was much to be said against repeal, but for him the worst of the pro-agricultural line was that he "would be in the same boat with Disraeli," and no boat could carry them both. Besides, he had seen through "the imposture of the great game between Whig and Tory—the solemn farce wherein they fence with buttons on their foils, and, seeming adversaries, play the cards into each other's hands." He thanked God that the play was nearly over, and that Peel was snuffing the candles. But like many another, he espoused with ardour the principles which he had first adopted in the spirit of prudence, and within a year he is found denouncing Protection as "fatuity" with the best of them.

Disraeli, on the other hand, stood firm. The turning of Peel's coat was but another occasion for the attack, which he sustained with unexampled and justified bitterness unto the end. John Manners at the outset held a place midway between Smythe and Disraeli. He examined the problem with characteristic thoroughness and with a certain diffidence. He disapproved of Peel's disaffection as fiercely as any of them. "I think Sir Robert Peel," he wrote to Lyttelton in January 1846, "is corrupting the intellect and ambition of the country, and unless checked in time will at his death or decay hand over the management of Church and State to political eunuchs." But he could not for the present admit the exaggerated importance which either

side put upon the Corn Law or its repeal. For him it was merely a fiscal question which barred the way to the discussion of matters of far greater weight in Church and State. He owned that he disliked what he called the "greasiness of the Free Traders," but he shrank in horror from the oft-repeated demand, "under which King, Bezonian? speak or die." And there was one other reason why he could not hasten to his decision. So long as a doubt remained, a sense of chivalry forbade him to fight too vigorously for his own order. No one belonged more intimately in interest and sympathy to the agricultural party than he, and all the more sternly he disapproved an over-statement of the case. In brief, he wavered, and thus explained, in a letter to his father (dated 10th December 1845), the ground of his uncertainty: "To one who, like myself, believes the Corn Law question to be unimportant, unimportant that is *per se*, the prospect is very dreary—England divided into two hostile camps about an object as worthless of the terrible struggle as Menelaus's wife. That the country is to be saved or ruined by a repeal of the Corn Laws, Cobden on the one side, Tyrrell on the other, may believe, I can't."

So to liberate his soul rather than to arrive at a dogmatic conclusion he contributed to 'The Oxford and Cambridge Review,' the chosen organ of Young England, two articles upon the Aristocracy and the Corn Laws. As an impartial exposition of a troubled case these articles are not without a value

to-day. Well might Lyttelton complain that the writer was "singular in not pronouncing positively for any one course." Lord John set forth the alternative courses which the Country Party might follow and left his readers to choose between them. On the one hand he noted the moral effect which the gentlemen of England could produce if they came forward to achieve of their own free will what not Russell nor Cobden nor Peel could do without them. "But this step, if taken," he wrote in an eloquent passage, "must be taken with unblanched cheek and gallant bearing. It is the brave venture of men who, uncompelled, for their country's sake, leap, Curtius-like, into the gulf: there must be no murmuring, no complaining, no voting against the first reading of a bill, staying away on the second, and voting for the third; no unnecessary abuse of others, no petulant attempts to render the sacrifice, if it be one, as little gracious as may be. If carried out in this way, the aristocracy and gentlemen of England may rely on their resolve being appreciated by the people."

The other course, whole-hearted opposition to Free Trade, was yet more arduous and fraught with greater danger. If the Country Party stood firm, it must trust to itself alone for arguments and for votes. The advocates of Protection had been deserted by their ancient leaders. "No!" exclaimed Lord John, "if they are determined to—

'stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last,'

they must trust to no present statesman's aid, whatever may be the case hereafter. Their own energy, their own eloquence, their own statesmanship, must conduct them through the storm; and if all these should fail, after a few years, to win for them the victory, a recollection of the odds that there were against them, and a consciousness of having done their duty according to their convictions, may console them in defeat." That was the policy more nearly consonant with his own temper, as he presently proved to the world. As yet he had not found himself. He saw no adequate reason for the internecine strife, which he deplored, and he ended upon a suggestion of compromise. "Had we any hope"—thus he concluded his argument—"of being listened to in the storm that is blowing over the whole surface of English society, we would gladly urge on the combatants now in presence, to seek an adjustment of their quarrel, but as it is we can but retire from the now useless position of mediator, in the hope, and with the prayer, that after Englishmen have discovered how difficult it is to conquer Englishmen, they will remember that they are brethren, and each be content to sacrifice somewhat on the shattered altar of their common country."

Not only did he retire from the position of mediator; he was half-disposed to retire altogether from the House of Commons. Perplexed by the intelligence which saw the weakness of all parties and felt the strength of none, he gravely meditated a sudden

defection. His friends did their best to resolve his doubts, and few with greater spirit than Augustus Stafford, whose letter of wise encouragement, written from Blatherwycke on 21st December 1845, is worth citing at length: "My dear John, Don't say no, but stand up for the old and tried notwithstanding all the dust and confusion. Moreover, if Peel is to do the thing, it is a question of personal honour between us and those who chose us. Depend upon it in a few years we shall show better than the half-hearted, and if even Tyrrell has given a keynote to the farmers, as I agree with you he has, and they expect us to persevere, and if our leaders, such as the Duke of Richmond, think we ought still to wave our banner, it is right for us to do so. Every stone has two sides, even the Protection one: if there be insects and rankness on the lower side, remember how our fathers have rested on the upper one, and what fair mosses and time-honoured lichens grace the side that is in sunshine. Look on this side and do not aid the sledge-hammer of political economy to break it in pieces without one struggle. I think whichever foot Peel puts to the spade when he turns the first soil of Free Trade will turn out the gouty one now. Do not talk of going out of Parliament. Colville called this world a great ball of horse dung. Now whatever it be it is a world to struggle in, not to abandon. Do not be the Peel of Young England. Affectionately yours. A. B. S." Lord John was not the Peel of Young England. He

accepted the struggle with a firmness and courage which presently went far beyond the hope and intention of Augustus Stafford.[1]

If the fight for Free Trade was followed by political defections, it strengthened old and forged new bonds of friendship. Though Lord John remained loyal-hearted in affection, his political alliance with George Smythe was for ever broken, and George Smythe's place was taken, in Lord John's confidence, by Augustus Stafford, a member of Parliament who combined the functions of an Irish landlord and a Northamptonshire squire. Born in 1811, he over-topped Lord John in age by seven years, but they were linked together by the sympathy which comes of common interests and a common education at Eton and Trinity. Lord John, indeed, had made Stafford's acquaintance at Cambridge, and by 1845 they had already sat together in Parliament for some years. In the heyday of Young England, as we have seen, Stafford was of those who, not formally admitted to the party, supported its policy until the debate upon Maynooth discovered an impassable cleavage. The fact that he was an Irish Protestant, staunch in the faith, did not diminish his popularity in Limerick nor his trust in his Irish household. At Cratloe he lived in state and was

[1] Stafford's name, until 1847, was Augustus Stafford O'Brien. In that year he transposed his name to Augustus O'Brien Stafford, that he might not be confused with Smith O'Brien, at the time notorious.

carried to the service in Limerick Cathedral in a six-oared barge. Lord John declares that he knew all the people of the neighbourhood by their Christian names, and was adored by man, woman, and child. At a time of the greatest disorder he refused to have in his house either police or military. "I have nothing but my own people to trust to," he said, "and if they were faithless or cowardly, my life would be sacrificed at once." And he took the risk in all lightness of heart.

A loyal son of Ireland, he confessed that he knew nothing tiresome in the country, save the railway journey from Dublin to Limerick. "There is a famine, perhaps," he admitted, "and perhaps a rebellion, a murder now and then and a great confusion always, but no other bore." When all the world was attempting to devise remedies for Irish disorder, he was sure that his country needed none other than a just and iron despotism. In English politics he was an active member of the Country Party, and a high official in the Protection Society which had its meetings in Bond Street. Yet he was not seldom at variance with his leaders. His critical faculty was acutely alert, and he saw the weaknesses of others, though he was unable himself to turn them into strength. His Toryism was of an older fashion than that which he thought prevailed among the Protectionists of '45. He was no Die-hard. He would have carried in politics the discretion which had always served him well in society.

He feared the new men and the new methods. The frontal attack of Disraeli and Lord George Bentinck upon Peel was not consonant with his quiet temper. Much as he admired Disraeli's leadership and oratory he owned that he was sometimes shocked by his cynicism, and he shrank too openly from what he thought Lord George's lack of tact. So that as the controversy about the Corn Laws increased in fury, he and Lord John insensibly exchanged places, and we find him receiving from his friend the advice which not long before he was freely offering. The truth is, he was not of the clay whereof politicians are made. He was a scholar, a wit, a humourist, a man of letters, who had strayed by accident into an unsuitable profession. In society his triumph was complete; his high spirits were unfailing; his jests infinite. He composed charades, and acted in them himself for all the great houses of England, thus filling a space in the life of his day which was long since forgotten. Truly he was of those who write their name in water, and he has left no other monument of himself than a handful of *jeux d'esprit*, and a volume of solemn "transactions," put together by the Protection Society.

The great debate on the Corn Laws, one of the greatest that ever took place in the House of Commons, opened with all the pomp and solemnity suitable to the occasion, on 22nd January 1846. It lasted for six months, with such intervals as were claimed by Irish agitation and distress, and in its result

it profoundly changed the whole aspect of English life. As we look back upon it to-day, what most gravely affects us in the discussion is a sense of unreality. In the first place, Sir Robert Peel and his party were attempting to allay a sudden panic by legislation, which was not designed to come into being for three long years, and this made it clear to the country that the failure of the potato-crop was, as I have said, an excuse for the abandonment of obstinately held principles, not its cause. Secondly, it was clear to many that, if representative government had any real meaning, Sir Robert Peel should have held his hand and his speech from revolution until the country had been consulted at a general election. An immediate consequence of this unreality was the apologetic tone adopted gravely by many speakers. The mover and seconder of the address were both constrained to admit a change of opinion. The Duke of Wellington, who carried a heavier weight of influence than any man in the country, did not pretend to approve the measures which he supported. "Whatever Sir Robert Peel's measure may be," thus he spoke, "I must say this, that, situated as I am in this country—highly rewarded as I have been by the Sovereign and by the people of England, I could not refuse that Sovereign to aid her, when called upon, to form a Government, in order to enable Her Majesty to meet Her Parliament and to carry on the business of the country." Thus Wellington publicly isolated himself from

the government, of which he consented to form part, and disapproved of measures which he undertook to support. "The principle laid down," said Disraeli, "may be an excellent principle, but it is not a principle of the British constitution."

Sir Robert Peel was resolute as ever not to stand in a white sheet. In the very moment of appropriating the arguments of the League, he refused to pay the homage due to reason and truth by denying that his opinions on the subject of Protection had undergone a change. A strange confession, truly, even for a minister, who in deserting his party had sacrificed but one colleague! And then, in a vein of candid opportunism, he pleaded the difficulty of government. "It is no easy task," he confessed, "to secure the united action of an ancient monarchy, a proud aristocracy, and a reformed constituency." It was a task which Peel of all men should not have attempted. It was not the first time that he had betrayed his party to the enemy, and betrayal repeated becomes an ugly habit. So he laid himself open to the famous retort of Lord George Bentinck. "We are 'a proud aristocracy,'" said Lord George, in the peroration of his first great speech, "but if we are proud, it is that we are proud in the chastity of our honour . . . inasmuch as we have never been guilty, and never can be guilty, of double-dealing with the farmers of England, of swindling our opponents, deceiving our friends, or betraying our constituents."

The debate, however, belongs to the domain rather of history than of biography. The unflagging energy of Sir Robert Peel, the pitiless and effective attack of the Country Party, the violent acrimony, which many, forgetting the performances of Fox and Sheridan, declared was introduced for the first time into our parliamentary debates—these are familiar to all. But as the debate completely changed the political factions of England, so it profoundly affected the opinions and career of John Manners and his friends. George Smythe, as we have seen, had gone over to the enemy, and preserved on the Treasury bench an obstinate silence. Baillie-Cochrane, become gravely serious and a Peelite, had supported the repeal of the Corn Laws on the sentimental and unjustified plea that Peel was echoing "the beautiful language of the prayer which we hear each day." As John Manners could not as yet give to Disraeli and George Bentinck his whole-hearted support, since the Corn Laws did not appear to him a sufficient cause for revolution, he intervened but rarely in the debate. When he spoke on 17th February 1846, he spoke with moderation. He could not appeal to the excited feelings which prevailed within as well as without the walls of the House of Commons; he believed that the effects of Free Trade in corn had been exaggerated on the one side and on the other; but on one point he was quite clear, that the measure of repeal "should not have been hurried, as the expedient of a terrified

cabinet, through a mystified parliament, into a premature law, but submitted to that full and free discussion and verdict of the English people, without which he was convinced no such mighty change can be beneficial now, or satisfactory hereafter."

He still demanded honour in public life and respect for representative government. "How different," said he, "would be now the position of Her Majesty's advisers; what other and far better feelings would now prevail in the counties of England, had the right honourable Baronet opened the ports in the autumn of 1845, and on the meeting of Parliament announced that his convictions were changed; that, to use his own metaphor, he could no longer steer the vessel the same course; and that after those measures, which the exigencies of the time required, had been passed, he should appeal to the public to hear whether they had faith in his wisdom, skill, and integrity, and would sanction his new commercial and industrial policy!" In brief, he urged the Government, if it believed that the present Irish distress could be alleviated by these measures, to open the ports now, and to leave its great schemes to the decision of another parliament. With statesmanlike prudence he protested against the hasty passage of the Bill, before the House had inquired effectively into the burdens laid upon land, and into the operation of Free Trade upon the Colonies and the finances of the Empire. Like many another he saw that the proposed remedy could have no

effect whatever upon the alleged disease of Ireland. "But, sir, I must be allowed to say that when the right honourable gentleman argues from the failure of the Irish potato-crop, in the autumn of 1845, to a total repeal of the Corn Laws in 1849, my reason is not so much convinced as my sympathy is affected."

He thereafter pointed out with stern logic that Sir Robert, having laid the cornerstone of the new edifice of Free Trade with solemn and melancholy pomp, had shattered it with his own trowel. "He has himself told us that he did not expect his measures to reduce the price of agricultural produce; and the Secretary of War, improving on that text, has delivered a most eloquent homily to show not only that prices could not fall, but that there are no foreign provisions which could come in." Thus it is that the argument of insincerity always goes beyond the hope or intention of its fashioner. In a mistaken zeal to conciliate those who accuse their friends, Sir Robert and his friends insisted that their bill achieved everything and nothing, that it was not merely a miracle of efficacy but also innocuous. Well might John Manners ask, "if this be so, how can the present Irish distress be remedied by these measures?" So he urged an appeal to all the constituencies of England; it was not enough for him that he should take the opinion of those who had sent him to Parliament—the electors of Newark. And that he might not fail in the task of construction, he desired to leave upon record

the plan which seemed to him most suitable for the times. "I think," said he, "that a scheme which would admit the produce of our colonies and Indian corn duty free, and foreign grain at a moderate fixed duty, would place the corn trade on a basis satisfactory to the great mercantile interests of this country, would bind the various members of our vast Colonial Empire by the closest ties of common interest to the mother country, and afford to the English farmer a fair security against the undue competition of foreign markets." A wise council, which, had it been followed, would have saved our Empire from many dangers and our distressed country from the bane of a bitter agitation.

Thus, neither fearing nor hoping much from a free trade in corn, John Manners supported the leaders of the Protection Party more earnestly with his vote than with his voice. Once more only did he intervene in the debate, when Lord John Russell declared that it was competent for the Parliament then sitting to alter the Corn Laws, and supported the noxious principle that the public honour of the House was separable from the private honours of individuals. "What," asked Lord John Manners in indignation, "destroy the private honour of 120 or 130 individual Members of the House of Commons, and then hope that they could maintain, by a constitutional fallacy, the public character of the House of Commons!" But if he himself did not often break silence, at least he had the satis-

faction of seeing two of his staunchest and most intimate friends leave the field of defeat with all the honours of war. The heroes of the conflict with Peel are undoubtedly Lord George Bentinck and Disraeli. Even if Lord John did not go so far upon the road of opposition as did they, he could rejoice whole-heartedly in their success; and upon all questions of general policy he was ready to accept their leadership.

His devotion to Disraeli, his old comrade of Young England, was as strong as ever, and though, before Sir Robert Peel threw over his party, Lord John had not been on the closest terms of friendship with George Bentinck, for the few years that were left to that unquiet spirit they loyally shared their lives and their counsels. And truly he was happy in his new ally. It would be difficult to match the career of Lord George Bentinck in the annals of Parliament. Though he had been George Canning's private secretary, and had sat in the House of Commons for eighteen years, he had never professed a keen interest in politics, and had rarely taken part in parliamentary debates. The defection of Peel in 1845 aroused him suddenly from his lethargy. He was transformed in an instant from "the lord paramount of the turf," to a grave, eager, indefatigable statesman. Driven by a lofty sense of duty, "he came out like a lion from his lair." Not only was he resolutely and conscientiously opposed to Free Trade; he regarded Peel's

sudden disloyalty to his principles with the same dogged disapproval wherewith he looked upon the foul play of a dishonest jockey. "I keep horses in three counties," said he, "and they tell me that I shall save £1500 a year by Free Trade. I don't care for that. What I can't bear is being done."

At first he had as little ambition to lead a party as to make his own speeches. "We have had enough of leaders," he said; and if he could have persuaded Sergeant Byles to enter the House and speak to a brief, he would never have emerged from the privacy of the turf. Arrogant as he was in temper, he knew not the curse of vanity. "Virtually an uneducated man," he told Croker, "never intended nor attracted by taste for political life, . . . I am well aware of my own incapacity properly to fill the station I have been thrust into." No man was ever more ready to learn than he, or more humble under criticism. But he lacked the facile gifts of the politician. He had a bad voice and an awkward gesture. So full was he of his case that he disdained to acquire the arts of the orator, and was content to learn such simple lessons as the experience of Disraeli afforded him. Moreover, he did not understand that the half is greater than the whole. He could not resist the temptation of exhausting his subject, and ran the risk of exhausting his audience. When once he had made up his mind to oppose Peel, he surrendered himself body and soul to the task. If ever a man were single-minded, it was he. He

renounced the turf without a murmur, sold his stud and lost the chance, which surely would have been his, of winning the Derby, "the blue riband of the Turf."

He got up early and lived laborious days from the keen sense of duty which dominated him. He ate no lunch and dined at two o'clock in the morning, and in the brief space of two years wore himself out. Above all, he discovered a rare talent for amassing facts and handling figures. "The gentleman who had waited on him that morning," to whom he constantly referred, always knew more of his subject than any other in the realm. He became the champion of all the oppressed trades, and fought the battle of the working-man and farmer —the Irish gangers and butter-merchants, the Leicestershire stockingers, the silk manufacturers of Coventry, the hop-growers of Kent—with the passion of an aristocrat, who detested the complacent egoism of the manufacturers. With an unrivalled skill in statistics he mingled a violence which his opponents falsely believed had introduced a new and baser element into our parliamentary debates, and on one memorable night he charged Peel with having "hunted an illustrious relative of his to death." This violence, the vice of a superabundant energy, while it struck terror into his foes, made the task of his colleagues not a little difficult. Bentinck did not attempt to manage his friends or to conciliate their prejudices. The brusqueness of his manners

lost him the support of many, and it is no small tribute to the courage and fearlessness of John Manners that he neither misunderstood nor stood in awe of his leader.

None indeed appreciated more keenly the open honesty and the clean sense of reality which marked George Bentinck, that "English worthy," than Lord John, whose gentleness of disposition appeared to some, who knew him not, an effectual bar to the rough game of politics. That George Bentinck had faults—what great man has not?—his friends admitted; but they were the faults which leaned to virtue; and brief and sudden though it was, his career has left a mark upon the history of English politics. Nor in this career was any incident more resolute and effective than Bentinck's first speech. In a debate of surprises it overtopped them all. In Disraeli's memorable phrase: "Bentinck rose, long past the noon of night." The exhaustion of the House was as little to him as his own fatigue. Though before he could speak, as he was wont to say, "he had to make a voice, and as it were pump it up from the very core of his frame," he faced a tired audience with a passion of earnestness. He replied in detail to a three weeks' debate. There was no statement of Peel's which he did not traverse. He boasted truthfully that he was the first honestly to investigate the alleged famine in Ireland, upon which alone was founded the case of the Ministers. His argument bristled

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

(From a mezzotint.)

with figures and was serried with facts. He spared himself and his hearers neither statistics nor invective; and he concluded with the peroration already quoted. That he should have turned the vote of the House was plainly impossible. But he left Sir Robert Peel's coalition with no greater majority than ninety-seven, and set the case for Protection upon the solid rock of inexpugnable fact.

Lord John's other comrade, Disraeli, presented a complete contrast in style and method to Lord George Bentinck. If Bentinck was the heavy artillery which began the attack, Disraeli was always ready to finish the rout with his light horse. The onslaught upon Peel gave him precisely the opportunity which he wanted, and ensured to him the ultimate reversion of the leadership. He was less fierce in manner than Bentinck; he leaned less heavily upon facts and figures; but his flouts and gibes devised without effort and uttered without pity were more seriously damaging to the Ministers' self-esteem than the shock of his colleague's big guns. He made his first speech on the opening night of the debate, and followed immediately upon Lord John Russell. He spoke not as a convert, but as the member of a fallen party. He declared that he had no wish to achieve a party triumph; he believed that he belonged to a party that would triumph no more; for they had nothing left on their side save the constituencies they had not betrayed. He pictured the Minister applauding "the sacred cause of Pro-

tection, the cause for which Sovereigns were thwarted, Parliaments dissolved, and the nation taken in!" What right had Peel, who in 1841 had put himself at the head of the gentlemen of England, to retain power by the desertion of his own supporters? "He tells us to follow him," said Disraeli. "Follow him! Who is to follow him, or why is anybody to follow him, or where is anybody to follow him to?" And then in a passage, which is already an oratorical classic, he recalled Peel's conduct of an earlier crisis. "Well do I remember that great mind, which was to control divided counsels, to guide a distracted people, delivering itself of that oracle, which rang so solemnly over the land, 'Register, register, register.' Register, some thought to save the Corn Laws, some to save the Monarchy, some to save the Church. We went on registering; and the right honourable gentleman went on making Protection speeches—a great orator before a green table, beating a red box. Then he showed us the sovereign passion—we were to register to make him a Minister."

It was a speech with an epigram in every period, a speech which the orator's victim could not hear without uneasiness. Disraeli was not one to spare a Cabinet which resigned office because it could not support a certain policy, and accepted office for the same reason; and with a bitterness of scorn he twitted Sir Robert with his love of fame. "What an advantage," he exclaimed,

" to be governed by a Minister who thinks only of posterity ! " He accepted the Minister's plea that he and his colleagues kept their eyes fixed upon the future. " Who can doubt it ? " he asked. " Look at them. Throw your eyes over the Treasury Bench. See stamped upon each ingenuous front ' the last infirmity of noble minds.' They are, all of them, as Spenser says, ' imps of fame.' They are just the men in the House you would fix upon as thinking only of posterity. The only thing is, when one looks at them, seeing of what they are composed, one is hardly certain whether ' the future ' of which they are thinking is indeed posterity—or only the coming Quarter Day ! "

In his second speech, which he delivered on the eighth night of the debate, Disraeli, though not abating his scorn, assumed a graver tone. He asked the Prime Minister whether he believed he could fight hostile tariffs with free imports ; he pointed out, on the evidence of Mr Baines of Manchester, that the Prussians could go on exporting at a loss, and then swamp our markets ; he echoed the clear and pertinent statement of Lord John Manners that the opinion of France was firm for Protection ; he pointed to the Ministers as the children of panic, with fright stamped upon their every forehead, " whether it arises from a deficiency of food in Ireland, or a superabundance of suffrages in Lancashire." Above all, he deplored the attempt to transfer power from one class to another—" to one distinguished

for its intelligence and wealth, the manufacturers of England,"—and in a peroration which breathed the spirit of 'Sybil,' he denounced the thraldom of capital, and declared that, if we must find a new force to maintain the ancient throne and immemorial monarchy of England, he, for one, hoped to find that novel power in the invigorating energies of the educated and enfranchised people.

The battle was fought for six months, and by an ironical stroke of fortune Sir Robert Peel knew in a single hour both victory and defeat. On 25th June the House of Lords passed the Corn Bill, and on the same day a Bill for the Protection of Life in Ireland overthrew the ministry. Cobden and his friends combined with the Country Party to expel Sir Robert Peel from office. That imperious statesman saw trooping on against him "all the men of metal and large-acred squires, whose spirit he had so often quickened and whose counsel he had so often solicited in his fine conservative speeches in Whitehall Gardens." In Disraeli's immortal words, Sir Robert "looked very grave, and extended his chin as was his habit when he was annoyed and cared not to speak. He began to comprehend his position, and that the emperor was without his army." So far as George Bentinck and his friends were touched, it was an act not of revenge but of retribution. They believed justly and honourably that the man who had betrayed them was not fit to govern England; they had supported a policy of concili-

ation in Ireland; if Bentinck had voted for the first reading of the Coercion Bill, he had excellent reasons for voting against the second; their opinion chimed with their inclination; and Peel suffered rightly the fate of those statesmen who, without an adequate reason, change their views upon the question of the day.

Upon few had the eloquence of George Bentinck and Disraeli a profounder influence than upon John Manners. His opinions hardened as the session progressed. With all his heart and conscience he supported his friends in this attack upon Peel's Coercion Act, a measure which he condemned as "alien and abhorrent to the principles of English Toryism." He asked with confidence what the great founder of the Irish Tory party, which he hoped still existed, "he who writ the 'Drapier's Letters,'" and for whose condemnation the Whigs of the day offered a reward of £600, would have thought about it; and he looked forward to the re-establishment of the sympathy and affection which, in other days, bound the two great national parties together. He accepted George Bentinck as his leader, and received from him those letters of advice and admonition which are wont to guide the footsteps and control the actions of the rank and file. A month before the fall of Peel we find Bentinck urging Lord John to bring forward the question of the Poor Laws. "You are much more fitted than I am," says he, "to take a leading part

in matters connected with the interests of the poor." To John Manners also he sounds a note of warning on 11th July 1846, when Lord John Russell, who had replaced Sir Robert Peel as first Minister of the Crown, gave signs of carrying the principles of Free Trade a step further. "There can be no doubt," wrote Bentinck, "but that John Russell will next week bring forward his Free Trade sugar project, encouraging slavery, slave-trading, man-stealing, &c., in order that the cotton-spinners may get their sugar one penny per pound cheaper. It behoves us, therefore, to give battle, since our leader has announced that our principles in 1846 are the same with those we enunciated in 1841."

And battle they gave with what energy they might, even though the opposition which some of them set up to slavery was not whole-hearted. "I think slavery a good thing," Disraeli told Augustus Stafford, "and the slave-cry a humbug damnable, but there may be a sophistical view of the case taken, if I am obliged to speak." He spoke, without attacking slavery too violently, and also, it must be admitted, without effect. The Peelites supported a measure of which they disapproved, because they believed that defeat would mean the triumph of George Bentinck. The Whigs, whose movement "for the abolition of slavery was virtuous," as Disraeli said, "but was not wise," supported slavery, which they detested, and helped to impoverish the colonies, which, as their leader declared, were merely a part of a vicious circle.

And the vast majority which the Coalition obtained, for a moment shook even Bentinck's confidence. "I heard George Bentinck tell Tufnell," wrote Augustus Stafford to John Manners on 29th July 1846, "that we should fight no more. This is as it should be, and I hope Stanley will not advise him otherwise. Such a majority as last night's tells of more than sugar—it tells of a national determination to go for Free Trade and low prices in everything, and we must, if we are wise, get charts for this sea, and what is more, steer by them."

George Bentinck's confidence failed him but for a moment; and four days after the disastrous division upon sugar he and his friends were finding in the country the support which the House denied them. They set out upon a journey which has become legendary. In a spirit of adventure they "carried the railroad," as Disraeli said, "and lost the general train," but a special train was ready for them. At Cambridge George Bentinck and Disraeli joined Lord Orford, Granby, and the Duke of Richmond, and they preached their doctrine of Protection to "500 substantial squires and yeomen" at King's Lynn. At Leicester they found John Manners, saw at Peterboro' "the finest Cathedral in England, very much like St Omer," and on the third day out arrived at Belvoir Castle, the end of their pilgrimage. There the chiefs of the party met in solemn conference, and Disraeli saw for the first time that Beaumanoir which he had

imagined after his vague fashion some years before. It was not in the least like Beaumanoir, Disraeli told his sister, "but Coningsby Castle to the very life, gorgeous, gothic of a quarter of a century past, and slopes and shrubberies like Windsor, the general view, however, notwithstanding the absence of the Thames, much finer." In these days the visit of a statesman to a country house might seem unimportant enough. It was not without its influence upon the careers of Disraeli and John Manners. For some years John Manners had striven hard to win acceptance for his friend among the traditional leaders of the party, and had striven in vain. Less than two years before the Duke of Rutland had denounced Disraeli as "a designing person," and done his best to prevent his son, John Manners, from appearing on the same platform with him at Manchester. The Duke now received Disraeli with every mark of respect, and persuaded him to think that he liked him very much. It was a tribute at once to the genius of Disraeli and to the tact of John Manners. The Tory party was still disinclined to follow the advice of John Manners and take Disraeli for their leader. But at a time when the alliance between politics and society was much closer than is it to-day, Disraeli's triumphant visit to Belvoir was not without significance, and proved that at least one prejudice had been overcome.

The events of 1846 had this grave effect upon John Manner's career: they cost him his seat at

Newark. It must be confessed that he had already shaken the confidence of the electors. The generous sentiments of Young England appeared to an agricultural constituency a mere fantasy. The vote which Lord John had given in favour of the grant to Maynooth had aroused the fear of papacy in the hearts of his supporters. When the Duke of Newcastle withdrew his patronage from Gladstone, and left him a Cabinet Minister without a seat, it was clear that nothing but a fierce opposition to Sir Robert Peel would satisfy the Tories of Newark. From this opposition, as we have seen, Lord John refrained at the outset. He had not, early in 1846, made up his mind. An intellectual diffidence made dogmatism then impossible for him, and though he cast no votes for Peel, his position was misunderstood. An article in 'The Standard,' which charged him with approving "the Cabinet measures, even though it amounted to a repeal of the Corn Laws," set Newark on fire with excitement. As early as January 1846 there was a rumour that he had resigned his seat, and though a letter addressed to the electors made his relations with them somewhat easier, he was resolved by the summer to remain their member until the dissolution and then retire. "I don't stand for Newark," he wrote to Granby on 4th July 1846, "and have to-day written a parting address."

His friends were sincere in regret and urgent with admonition. "Never, never," wrote Augustus

Stafford on 25th July 1846, "was there a time in which any excuse for leaving Parliament was so utterly wanting: no man is tied to anything, any body, or any principles. The session is virtually over, an election cannot be remote, and if it were only for the peace of Newark I hope you will say no more about retirement till you are again called on to act as their representative." And then he exhorted John Manners not to desert his post with an urgency which his friend must have found hard to resist. "If those who meet difficulties," said he, "are to turn back, and those who feel weary to lie down, how can the battle against evil be fought? Surely those whose memory you are thought to love did not so. Surely they looked on a thing as a whole and saw its meaning and decided not to fly. Half-hearted men, cross-lights, faltering purposes, feeble hands, tottering footsteps, how long have you—Good heavens! how long have you—enshrined them?" Yet none knew better than Stafford it was no faltering foot but a scruple of honour which persuaded John Manners to give up his safe seat at Newark, and he freely acknowledged it when he heard his friend's explanation. "Certainly you could have acted otherwise," he wrote on 27th July, "but not being what you are. I have no doubt that some place will rejoice in you next Parliament, and what ought to be done now is, I think, to let every one know the reason of your withdrawal from Newark."

With his accustomed reticence Lord John said

little enough to his friends. "By the bye," wrote Disraeli from Bradenham on 19th September 1846, "I am half inclined to quarrel with you about not telling me anent Newark. G. B. had much serious talk with me on this head, and agreed with me that your return was one of the first considerations for our party. However, we shall have time now to look about us." And he ended upon a note of vague encouragement, which he and he alone could have sounded. "The past is a dream and the future a mystery. I cannot read it, but feel persuaded that if we only stand together, I shall yet see you Prime Minister." They stood together, but it was Disraeli who was destined, as his friend knew well in his prescient modesty, to win and to deserve the coveted office.

Lord John's retirement from Newark came only with the death of the Parliament, and meanwhile he was busy devising a policy for the party, of which at last he was a zealous member. If he looked to the future with hope, he was not of those who refuse to acknowledge defeat, and he had no desire to fight again under the old and tattered banner. The battle of the sliding scale had been lost, and there was an end of it. "Can't G. B.," thus John Manners had written to Disraeli on 15th August 1846, "be prevailed upon to 'go for' his second alternative in the first place? Corn might be reinstated in a Tariff, and cattle, too, at moderate duties. To belong to a party with only one idea is unsatisfactory; and

methinks 'tis far wiser and more statesmanlike to fight a second battle on a fresh field and with new dispositions than on the old battle-ground strewed with the symbols of defeat." The advice was sound, and Disraeli was willing enough to accept it. But after all it was not the Tariff which was to engross them in the near future, but Ireland. Ireland, indeed, had been present in the bitter conflict of 1846, in the background sometimes, but present always. As she had been the excuse for Peel's change of opinion, so she had been the cause of Peel's downfall. And the state of Ireland was growing daily more desperate.

If the scare of 1845 were exaggerated, it was idle to conceal or to underrate the famine of 1846. For John Manners Ireland was not a mere problem to be solved; it was an unknown country to be visited; and as he had studied the condition of the factories in Manchester and the Spanish succession in the camp of Don Carlos, so, in August 1846, when the session was over, he set out for Dublin to discover for himself the truth of Irish distress and Irish agitation.[1] He saw what was to be seen under the most amiable auspices, he stayed at the seats of Augustus Stafford and other friends. He found in Ireland a race of poets, which he was sure could not be governed in accordance with the rigid formulæ

[1] He brought back with him a pleasant little book, 'Notes of an Irish Tour,' in which he gave abundant proof of his sympathy and clear vision.

of political pedants. "The main thing which strikes me," he wrote to Lyttelton, "is the absurdity of attempting to govern Ireland on political economic theories. Religion, politics, social habits, national virtues, national vices, all render the scheme preposterous, and yet I suppose the attempt after a fashion will be made, to end in a miserable failure. You may rely on this—that eight months' provision for three millions of people must be provided somehow. I don't believe political economy will supply the hundredth part: nor is that all, it must be supplied at a moderate rate. Political economy's hundredth part will be at a high rate." Lord John had rightly a poor opinion of political economy, as it was interpreted by the rules of Manchester, and indeed the dull science had but a poor chance of application in Ireland.

"There is something absolutely ludicrous," his friend Stafford once said, "in this collision of Irish habits and political economists. Miss Martineau and Molly Maguire, and unfortunately in Clare, Molly has it all to nothing." At the same time Lord John's scheme for a sympathetic treatment of Ireland did not meet with Stafford's approval. Stafford was an Irish landlord, who loved and understood his people, yet did not think it wise or just to pamper them. His sketch of them and their needs is as true to-day as when it was written, and is worth quoting at length. "You call these Emeralders unintelligible," said Stafford,

in a letter dated Cratloe, 19th September 1846; "I only wish I had the means of proving to you how completely I have solved their riddle. In the hunting establishment at Belvoir do they insist on the horses being carnivorous because the dogs are, and do they in equal justice mete out hay to the kennel? Yet England will keep forcing the oats and hay of her own institutions on this pack, and then calls the animals unintelligible because they are lean and growling. This miserable country, progressing as it does in misery, wants but a just and iron despotism to blossom as the rose. Well, England in its glory and power and wealth can afford even Ireland as it is, even, aye, even as it will be: if she be so in love with her own institutions as to insist on their working here, why I suppose she will be able at all events for some years to do so. The luxury to the Saxon is of expense enormous, and to the Celt the cruelty is well nigh destructive, but still, as I said before, England can enjoy it if she likes—only for God's sake don't let her talk about unintelligible people, &c. As well might she wash the faces of her Sepoys on parade, and then call them 'unintelligible' because whole regiments turned black again on the march. Alas, my dear John, that men should refuse to see the sun at noonday."

But nothing, not even the despair of Augustus Stafford, could turn Lord John from his idealism. He still looked upon Ireland with the eyes of hope.

Well as he thought of George Bentinck's panacea which he and his friends had already discussed, and of which more presently, he was persuaded that it was not enough. An efficient poor law appeared to him necessary for the normal wellbeing of Ireland, and he came back from his journey assured that the Priesthoods of both Churches were slowly returning to amicable mutual relations. In writing to Disraeli, the formidable opponent of Maynooth, he refuses to see in Ireland any insuperable difficulty, and declares confidently that the Roman Catholic clergy is now as anxious for a State Endowment as it was furious against it three years ago. At any rate the party, led by George Bentinck, laid its plans in the winter of 1846 for the coming session with high resolution, and, as John Manners said, was "all for showing a bold front at the commencement." When the time came they did not fall an inch below their opportunity.

At the meeting of Parliament on 19th January 1847, John Manners had overcome all the scruples which had perplexed his mind a year ago. He now gave a whole-hearted adherence to Lord George Bentinck and Disraeli. He supported them in and out of the House; he shared their counsels; he sat with them on the same bench; he obeyed their orders with the alacrity of a loyal follower; in brief, he bore himself as a well-disciplined soldier in an active army of attack. When the chiefs of the Protectionist party crossed the floor of the

House, he crossed it with them, and thus took part in one of those ominous migrations which seem more deeply fraught with consequences to those who share them than to the outsiders who view them from a distance. The cause of this migration was, as we should expect, physical comfort. At Peel's resignation, the advocates of Protection saw no reason to change their places. They sat, as before, below the gangway on the ministerial side. Regarding the Peelites as their inveterate foes, they gave the government a generous support, and, as Lord George Bentinck made clear, they harboured no intention of using their compact influence to replace Lord John Russell by the man who, they believed, had betrayed them. But the friends of George Bentinck were so numerous that they drove a large band of Whigs to the other side of the House, thus separating them from their colleagues. As Disraeli says, "This led to some conversation between the Treasury Bench and Lord George Bentinck, and it was finally agreed that on the whole it would be more convenient that on the meeting of the House in '47, he should take the seat usually occupied by the leader of the Opposition, and that his friends should fill the benches generally allotted to an adverse party." Thus it was that John Manners took his place upon what we should now call the front opposition bench.

If evidence were needed of George Bentinck's perfect confidence in John Manners, it would be

afforded by the fact that it was to him he turned when he sought a colleague who should move the second reading of his Irish Railway Bill, that Bill which was to cure the ills of Ireland by productive public works, and to alleviate what Lord John Russell described as "a famine of the thirteenth century with a population of the nineteenth." John Manners was speaking on the Factory Acts the day before, and was thus compelled to decline the honour. "I was afraid your hands would be too full to undertake my Bill," wrote Lord George; "I know too well the work it is to have to debate two totally different subjects on consecutive days. Whom shall we get? I should like the second reading to be handsomely ushered in, and I know no one who could have done it so well as yourself. I want somebody who is capable of entering fully into the present horrible condition of Ireland, and the absolute necessity for stimulating the *instantaneous* employment upon a grand scale of the starving people upon profitable and beneficial works."

The task, which he was forced to decline, was performed by J. Stuart, his colleague in the representation of Newark-upon-Trent. The refusal was a clear proof of an activity which never flagged throughout the session. The first of his party to criticise the Queen's Speech, Lord John insisted that it was not enough for the mitigation of distress to suspend the small duty now levied on imported corn or the operation of the Navigation Acts. Other

countries had been suffering, as he pointed out, from a similar lack of provisions, and had thought it their best remedy to prohibit as far as they could the exportation of corn. He was informed, on the highest authority, that within the last ten days there had been lying in the Seine no less than twenty-seven English vessels freighted with English corn, whilst the population of a great part of the British Empire was suffering all the evils now known to the world. He suggested, therefore, that while the navigation laws and the duties on importation should be suspended, we should follow the example which had been set by other nations, and sternly prohibit the exportation of corn. This simple cure of distress found little favour with those who put their faith in the efficacy of rigid doctrines, and thought that the world was well lost if only the gospel of political economy remained inviolate.

He spoke with unfailing vigour on all the questions which he had made his own. In an eloquent oration he pleaded once more the cause of those who toiled in factories, ridiculed the fallacy of the demagogues who argued that our foreign trade depended upon unrestricted hours of labour, and in his final period forged another link in the chain which bound his party to the working-man of England. Even if they failed he was of good heart "We shall retire," said he, "encouraged and cheered by the reflection that, as all former defeats and disappointments had but stimulated the exertions of their toiling

clients, so this would but lead to fresh endeavours, and animated by the gratifying conviction that they, the Tory Gentlemen of England, had maintained their just and historical position; that, consistently with the character they had ever aspired to, they had fought the fight of the poor against the rich, and had been fellow-soldiers with the weak and defenceless against the mighty and the strong."

Truly popular Toryism never found a better champion than he, nor the manufacturers of Manchester a bitterer scourge. To compare his speech with John Bright's petulant answer is to note the difference between generous sentiment and narrow egoism. Lord John consistently opposed those exact philosophers who thought that, when they had enacted a liberal Poor Law for Ireland or for elsewhere, and had declared the absolute right of every poor and destitute person to relief, they had accomplished everything. And so far as touched Ireland his friend, Augustus Stafford, was in perfect agreement with him. "The Irish will cabal and slay," wrote Stafford on 20th December 1846, "unless they are restrained by some influences we Legislators are too cowardly or too prejudiced to exercise. The hod-men in London are all Irish. Do not call it Martial Law—but a just though stringent measure. A belt is stringent, yet it strengthens as well as binds; so must our laws for Ireland." Stafford's advice was not taken then; it has not been taken since; and the problem of Ireland has received a solution

which would have appalled both Augustus Stafford and John Manners.

Discussing the internal feuds of Great Britain, John Manners was still in a field of which he knew the length and the breadth. His excursion into foreign affairs was more hazardous and no less successful. The vexed question of Cracow, which in 1847 perturbed Europe, he left to Disraeli, who, said George Bentinck, was "a complete master of the Foreign Policy of Europe." He himself tackled the difficulties of Greece with a courage and thoroughness which surprised his own friends, and wrung from Palmerston himself the rare tribute of "entire concurrence." The situation was grave enough. In 1832 the King of Bavaria had accepted the throne of Greece for his younger son, and the three great powers, France, England, and Russia, had shown their benevolent interest in the new monarchy by advancing £800,000 apiece, the interest on which was to be paid out of the first monies which came to the national Exchequer. The interest was never paid, and Greece, fallen into the hands of a Bavarian oligarchy, was foiled of its promised constitution. A bloodless revolution which took place in 1843 gave hope of better things. The hope was short-lived. A relapse followed instantly, and every kind of outrage was committed by the Greek soldiers acting under the orders of the properly constituted authorities. There was brigandage in Acarnania; everywhere citizens were tortured and robbed;

and the Greek government easily surpassed the Turks in ferocity.

As Lord John pointed out, not only was the country pillaged, but the constitution was set at nought. And here, said he, "he must guard himself against it being supposed that he imagined no country could be well and happily governed unless it had a constitution." That was not the point. Greece had been given a constitution, which was presently made of no effect. The revenue of Athens and other cities had been seized by the government; Mavrocordato, elected by four constituencies, had been impudently turned out of them all by the Chamber; the Minister of Finance had falsified the accounts, and as the foreign debt had been totally ignored the three powers had a right to intervene. That Lord John did a great service to Europe in thus compelling attention to the affairs of Greece cannot be questioned. It was not his fault that the supineness of France and Russia made unavailing the efforts of England. The problem of Greece was not solved for many a year, is not solved yet, and Lord John had perforce to be content with the agreement of the House of Commons and the approval of Lord Palmerston.

Thus, at last, one of the most important Parliaments in the peaceful history of England was drawing to its close. In July 1847 the assembly which had repealed the Corn Laws and involved Sir Robert Peel in ruin was dissolved by the Queen. The

dissolution left John Manners without a seat. As we have seen, he retired from Newark in a moment of hesitation, and now that he was better fitted than ever to uphold its interests, he found his place usurped by another. And so he was forced to begin that hunt for a constituency which is the most distasteful duty ever laid upon a young statesman. From the first he was not confident. As always throughout his career, he dreaded the expense of a contested election. Nevertheless he thought he ought to stand. "Viewing the matter in a professional point of view," he wrote to his father a few weeks before the dissolution, "I should say for me to be out of the Parliament next would be equivalent to an officer being passed over in the Brevet"—it was indeed,—"but for my own peace and comfort, and perhaps eventual reputation, I might wish for the release." However, by July 10 he had been selected as candidate for Liverpool, and he entered upon the contest with all his hopeful buoyancy of spirit. "This morning's post has brought me some twenty-five signatures to a requisition," he said to his father, "all I believe names of influence and of note, and I am told I have but to appear with a clipping address and then Liverpool is mine."

He addressed himself with confidence to the constituency of Mr Canning and Mr Huskisson. He stood as a Churchman in religion, a Tory in politics, and he protested against the cry "which asso-

ciates intolerance with the one and incapacity with the other, as unfounded as it is illiberal." For the various members of the British Empire he advocated a closer alliance, believing that England and her colonies could form a Zollverein which should "eclipse that confederation whose pretensions now perplexed our merchants and our ministers." Consequently he urged a general revision of the Tariff and supported the Navigation Laws without doubt or hesitation. Above all he opposed the system of centralisation devised by Her Majesty's Ministers as alien from the ancient free character of our people. "Your own town," said he, "Liverpool, contains noble proofs of what local intelligence and energy directed to great, even to national, objects can effect." It was a good address fully approved by his leader, Lord George Bentinck; it did but open a campaign which was hopeless from the first, in spite of Lord John's confidence. There were four candidates, and it was a case of each one against the other three, a greater hazard than a triangular duel. The views of Sir Robert Peel were represented by Cardwell, an adroit and able politician, destined twenty years later to be Minister at War. Sir Digby Mackworth stood for Protestantism and the National Club, while Birch and John Manners pleaded the ancient causes of Whig and Tory.

Lord George Bentinck was faithful in encouragement, and armed his friend for the fray with masses of facts and figures. "I am afraid you have a desperate

battle before you," he wrote, "but be of good heart, for I hear you have done wonders and have excited great enthusiasm. Once get the blood of these Liverpool fellows up, and they are noble men to fight with." The worst was that when the blood of these Liverpool fellows was up, it was up for the sake of religious fanaticism. It was in vain that Lord John declared his attachment to the Church, his unswerving loyalty to the Queen, his fervent desire to maintain the rights of all classes. In vain did he preach the doctrine of popular Toryism and advocate with all his energy the passing of the Ten Hours Bill. His opponents at Liverpool took the No Papacy bit in their teeth, and ran straight off the course. He was a Puseyite, they said, and an unworthy member of the Church of England. Hecklers shouted their questions at him from open windows; the newspapers spoke ominously of the fires of Smithfield. Lord John met all the virulent attacks with the honesty and candour which were natural to him. "It has been said," to quote a typical speech, "that I am an unworthy member of the Church of England, because I will not consent to denounce my Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and because I have shown my willingness to remove from them those civil pains and disabilities which I should be the first to attempt to remove if they pressed upon any of my Protestant dissenting brethren." Objecting fiercely to the tittle-tattle of religious scandal with which he was assailed, he thought it right to say that "in the

bosom of the Church of England he was born, in her bosom he hoped to die."

It is useless to argue with fanatics, and Lord John's friends became alarmed. He was urged to say something to satisfy the M'Neillite bigots. "You surely can say," urged George Bentinck, "that you are as strong a Protestant and as adverse in belief to Papacy as Lord Arundel and Surrey is to the Church of England, but that does not prevent you from tolerating the Roman Catholic religion and treating it with kindness any more than Lord Arundel and Surrey is prevented from voting for grants for Protestant Education and for the institution of a Bishopric of Manchester." Much was said on platforms and in the press, and all to no purpose. What the No Popery fanatics wanted was not a policy of toleration but apostolic blows and knocks. They replied to Lord John's arguments with cries of "Tractarian," and laid at his door what they regarded as the sins of the Oxford Movement. Again George Bentinck sent a word of warning. "I hear they have it now," he wrote, "that you are a Tractarian or a Puseyite; and that it is doing you a world of mischief with the Clergy; for God's sake speak out and set these matters straight; if I were there I could truly say I never read or mean to read a tract in all my life, Puseyite or other." That we can well believe. George Bentinck and tracts are easily dissociated. Lord John's record was not so clean as his friend's; he could do no more than make the best fight possible

against falsehood and detraction, and admit when he found his name at the bottom of the poll that "all was lost save honour." It is idle to underrate the heaviness of the blow which Liverpool struck at his political ambition. It excluded him from the House of Commons for three years—three most important years of his life, and forced him to be a mere onlooker in the fight for leadership. Thus he was paying for the honest candour of his mind, for the dreams of a chivalrous youth, for the walks and talks with Faber at the Lakes or in the gardens of St John's, for the ancient friendships and enthusiasms which would not blossom in the dust of politics. And who shall say that he paid too high a price?

CHAPTER VI.

LOST CAUSES.

When the new Parliament met in 1847 the group of friends who five years before had been animated with high hopes had suffered the inevitable disillusionment. Cochrane, now a resolute Peelite, had forgotten the brilliant visions of Paris. Smythe, a failure in office and the victim of one of those scandals which by the caprice of a mischievous fate sometimes submerge the wisest of men, had ceased to take any part or interest in political debate. Only Disraeli remained at his post, and he was fighting a new battle with a new and strenuous ally. Each of the friends confronted the situation in accord with his character and temperament. The practical mind of Disraeli had already trained itself to achieve the end which was legitimately his, the leadership of the party. Smythe poured out a torrent of sentimental eloquence about his broken fortune, about his hope for the future of his friend. "I have only one regret," he said on 3rd November 1846, "that I did not die younger. I shall never know half so much,

feel half so well, be capable of such great actions as I was at twenty. And if virtue (man's excellence) thus decreases, I shall perhaps say at forty, that at thirty, or before it, I was not unfit to die. This is my great hope: 'all the rest is leather and prunella': but I am full of vanity, and hope my promise will not be judged by those damnable travesties of my elaborate speeches, in Hansard. *The fire is out*—and I never can say what I have done in the pluck of my young earnestness again; and this little, which was good, for it was subjectively (*quâ* myself) all true, is most exquisitely ridiculous as it remains. Remember this, dear J. M., when you are first minister or even greater: when you may be inclined to defend my fame, in memory of pleasant dreams in boyhood. . . . But, though the gulf gets wider every day, promise me, that though parted, we shall not grow 'single-hearted,' and if 'Love cannot survive Esteem,' yet—love me in the Past and in memory: with thoughts of Keate's Lane, and your first introduction to Faber after church, and Cambridge rides, and Commons speeches, and Carlton suppers. See—I have some virtue in me, for I want you still to be my friend."

Thus had Smythe written at the end of 1846 when "dead," as he said, to "politics and society," he had taken refuge in Italy. At his return to England in August 1847 after the Liverpool election, he struck a note of greater confidence in his friend. "I hardly see my way out of all the torpid egotism and snoring

plethora of the present system," said he, "except by some elemental medicine. That you will be called in as a physician, very soon, I am most confident, if you will not too ostentatiously parade the shackles of Protectionist fatuity: although I do not doubt but these last people will offer you seat after seat. But I am thinking of Government and not of Legislation, and in Parliament—*eo magis profulges quod non visebaris*—the want of you will add a cubit to your political stature. I said this last night at the Lionel Rothschild's, where I dined, where praise on praise resounded on you: but where I could not bear to hear you pitied, and where I took it on myself to say that you could come in when you liked, which I knew, would you only forego (what I did not say) that which you won't forego."

Indeed it is to Smythe's highest honour that, whelmed in misfortune himself, he was, as I have said, untouched by jealousy. If in adversity he clung to his friends, he was still happy in their advancement, and for him all was not lost so long as the wine of life was red in the glass and the chimes were still heard at midnight. And was not consolation also to be found in literary expression? The mere contrast between himself and his friend was a kind of pleasure to him. Thus he delighted in a vein of characteristic extravagance to pourtray J. M. and G. S. S. "You have fulfilled the conditions of your organisation, have realised the prophecy

of my boyish sonnet," [1] thus he wrote from Paris in October 1847, "are a perfect type among us of an older time, and the Christian Cavalier. In your love, your poetry, your politics, your popularity, your religion, you realise images and ideas, as obsolete as 'the mystic rose' or the Crusaders' faith, or the worship of a Masaccio or a Raphael. You are a miracle of purity in an age of impurity, and an Angel of Toleration sent among the Society of the School for Scandal still full of its Candours and its Backbites. God bless you, dearest John Manners—from the slough of my materialism my hand is still stretched forth, upwards, to clasp yours in congratulation and honour."

Such was the portrait he drew of his friend; now for his own. "I was a Poet-Boy, such as Faber described, full of wild and audacious aspirations after the illimitable and the Unreal and of imaginative unhappiness because I could not master them. And now I am

[1] Here is George Smythe's boyish sonnet, written at Cambridge in 1837, characteristic of the time and its sentiment:—

"Thou should'st have lived, dear friend, in those old days,
When deeds of high and chivalrous emprize
Were guerdoned by the sympathy of eyes
That smiled on Valour—or by roundelays
Sung by the palmer minstrel in their praise.
Then, surely, some Provençal tale of old,
That spoke of Zion and Crusade, had told
Thy knightly name, and thousand gentle ways.
Yet do I love thee more, albeit I blend
Bright thoughts for thee in hopeful prophecy,
Because thou art, in truth, my own dear friend,
Who watchest—haply with no careless eye—
The cloud that sometimes saddens on my brow,
And kindly chidest, as thou didst, but now."

happy, contented, cynically happy, and brutally contented: an Epicurean of the Garden, a Sybarite in a city more careless, and more Acidalian even than Sybaris,—with my intellect all gone, without ambition, without a desire except present ease, with a selfishness not unsocial—a mere incarnation of claret and cigars." So he consecrated his hours to all the idle men and idle women, vagabonds and actresses who chose to usurp them, and since he was master of himself and conscious of his destiny, we have no more right to pity him than had the guests at Lionel Rothschild's to pity John Manners.

In the five years which had passed since his election for Newark Lord John Manners had grown from a boyish visionary into a practical statesman. He had "come on," so to say, with marvellous rapidity, and since portraits of him as he appeared to his contemporaries are not lacking, we may see him through their eyes as he lived and spoke and worked. Disraeli, who had already sketched him and the foibles of his youthful enthusiasm in 'Coningsby,' painted him in 'Tancred' with colours of a deeper gravity. This second picture, touched with the insight of an artist, the partiality of a friend, represented one whose reputation had made him a hope and solace to millions of his countrymen, whose regular attendance in the House of Commons had given him as much parliamentary experience as had been won by many who had been in the House twice as long as he, a ready and inspiring speaker,

an apt and attractive writer, a man of "high lineage, an engaging appearance, youth, and a temperament in which the reason had not been developed to the prejudice of the heart." It was indeed an age of coloured phrases and lofty compliments, and Disraeli in depicting his comrade did not fall below the custom of his time. He showed how his growth had been natural and expected. "The boy," said he, "whom we have traced, intent upon the revival of the pastimes of the people, had expanded into the statesman, who, in a profound and comprehensive investigation of the elements of public wealth, had shown that a jaded population is not a source of national prosperity. What had been a picturesque emotion had now become a statistical argument." It was a generous tribute well deserved and worth striving for, and it marks another step in the course of a long unbroken friendship.

The other portrait, painted in less glowing colours, hung in the gallery of 'Fraser's Magazine.' It was one of a series of Literary Legislators, and its companions were Disraeli and George Smythe. Though it emphasises Lord John's extravagances of thought and manner, though it resumes, without endorsing, all the charges of Popery which were brought against him at Liverpool, it pleads in excuse not merely his youth, but his gravity of spirit, his freedom from affectation, his devotion to the spiritual and temporal wants of his fellow-creatures. It admits that he had created a prejudice in that remnant

of Puritanism which still lurks in almost every Englishman, and then argues with perfect reason that he is a sincere Protestant: "but his Protestantism is that of the Cathedral, not of the Conventicle." To those who pretended that he was the dupe and tool of Rome, it replied with truth that he was only an English Quixote. It noted in his brief career a transition from an extreme and enviable diffidence to an impressive and justifiable confidence, and declared that whatever his physical drawbacks might be—they were a hesitancy of speech—they were triumphed over by his strong natural talents, his moral energy, and the high cultivation of his intellect. Though ever since the days of Young England, which after all was a sentiment, not a political system, he had worked and voted with a group of friends, he remained aloof. "He was separate without being isolated," a high compliment conveyed in an epigram. And by way of conclusion the writer in 'Fraser's' sketched his method of speaking in such terms as bring him vividly before us. "He is often in a high degree eloquent. A speech of his on a subject which touches his heart will stir the House like a trumpet. But when he is most eloquent it is from impulse, not from preparation, as is the case with Mr Shiel or Lord Brougham. He pours forth his own thoughts and feelings, not those which he conceives will be pleasing for the moment to others. His purposes do not wait upon occasion; he rather seeks to create his

own audience. Abstract subjects, whether in political or in purely social legislation, suit his mind better than party disputes. Into these he has rather been drawn by the necessity of his position. . . . Lord John Manners has fits of eloquence and fits of silence ; but since the Young England party became merged in that of the Protectionists, his exertions have been more steady, and in their results more effective. He has been growing in political estimation—as well as in personal respect and regard. He has often shown great readiness and courage in debates ; and—unfailing test of talent—he speaks better when unprepared than when he has laid himself out for a grand oration. His defects as an orator are an indistinctness and rapidity of utterance, a want of tone and modulation in the voice, and a deficiency of nerve."

This tribute seems the loftier when we remember that it was paid to a man of twenty-eight, who assuredly deserved the compliment of being " measured by a higher standard than that afforded by the political materialism of the day." In five short years he had won such a place in what Disraeli called the Senate as was shared by no more than a half-dozen of his contemporaries. He was the echo of a voice long unheard ; he pointed to the future, with eyes still turned towards the past. And he was out of Parliament, the rejected of Liverpool ! His very success had been his undoing. His sincerity had gained him a hearing, and he bore cheerfully the full burden of its responsibility. He

lived in a changing world, the world of Cobden and Peel, the world of political economy, in which things were bought cheap and sold dear, and he loved those things only which time and custom had sanctioned. So he fell, for a while, a victim to the advocacy of lost causes, and none complained of the eclipse less bitterly than he.

And what were the lost causes whose support proved his undoing? The first was the cause of religious unity. Inspired by Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, he saw a vision of a united and universal Church. The Oxford Movement, in truth, had filled the minds of certain eager men with hope, and of those eager men none came nearer to achieving the impossible than Phillipps de Lisle. The son of a Leicestershire squire, who had sat as a Whig in many Parliaments, Phillipps de Lisle embraced the Roman Catholic faith when he was no more than fifteen years of age, and he devoted his life and his wealth to the support of that which was for him the only true Church. At Cambridge he came under the influence of Kenelm Digby, who turned his thoughts back to the many-coloured romance of the past. The single-minded intensity of his purpose was never diverted to worldly ambitions. He was a "practical visionary," a visionary because he dreamed dreams, practical because he made some of his dreams realities. The two passions of his life were, says his biographer, "love for the Church with an absorbing desire for the return of England to Catholic Unity,

and an intense reverence for Christian Art and Gothic architecture." It was his good fortune to be born in an age well-suited to his talent. The Oxford Movement and Pugin's revival were equally stimulating to him. He built at Garendon the Trappist Monastery of Mount St Bernard, the first religious house of its kind that had been founded in England since the Reformation. Yet Roman Catholic though he was, he loved the English Church, as he loved everything that belonged to his native country. He looked with a kindly eye even upon the Oath of Supremacy, "so abhorrent to the ordinary Catholic," and thought that it was "not so very wicked, if properly explained."

It was natural, then, that he should do his utmost to unite in a common faith, a common form of worship, the church in which he was born, and the church to which he had freely given his allegiance. He saw in the Tracts the beginning of a Catholic Movement, which would one day end in the return of England to the See of St Peter. Though always hopeful of success, he did not underrate the difficulties that lay ahead of him, and he was determined to neglect no method of persuasion. "I have tried to work the thing up," he wrote in 1842, 'in a *romantick* as well as religious form. We must bait our hooks well in times like these, now that big fishes are on the look-out for food. We are expecting a visit from Lord John Manners shortly, but it is a secret, so do not talk about it, the more so as very likely the Duke

will take fright and advise him to put it off after all."

Whether the Duke took fright or not I do not know, but in January 1843 Lord John paid a visit to Garendon, and wrote down in his journal what he saw and heard. He found de Lisle (or Mr Phillipps as he was called then) "something between Faber and Gladstone." He listened to a great deal of talk from Father Castrick, the old chaplain, and Dr Gentili, "a Roman, and now a missionary at Loughborough." De Lisle did not disguise his ambition and his hope. He assured Lord John that the Pope eagerly desired a union, and would grant them terms: "The present Clergy to retain their wives and livings," wrote Lord John, "appointing Curates to administer the Sacrament; the English Liturgy to be continued with some slight (?) alterations in the Communion Service; the Bishops to be chosen by the Chapters, subject to the approval of Queen and Pope; the Creed of Pope Pius to be given up—*e.g.*, his additions to the Creed, as unnecessary for the present state of things: they certainly seem to promise fair; all but the celibacy, and that I think we should never grant."

So with a tempered sympathy Lord John described the monastery, the chapel, the far-seen Calvary, set upon a hill, at which the pious pilgrims paid homage; and as his visit to Manchester had seemed to suggest a chapter in 'Coningsby,' so

his rides through the forest at Garendon and his talks with Phillipps de Lisle were not without their influence upon the same novel. Lord John's friend, De Lisle, is sketched beneath the thin disguise of Eustace Lyle, and in Lord John's own colours. "I know Lyle well," says Lord Henry in 'Coningsby,' "and he speaks to me without disguise. You see 'tis an old Cavalier family, and Lyle has all the opinions and feelings of his race. He will not ally himself with anti-monarchists, and democrats, and infidels, and sectarians; at the same time why should he support a party who pretend to oppose these, but who never lose an opportunity of insulting his religion, and would deprive him, if possible, of the advantages of the very institutions which his family assisted in establishing?" Lord John's admiration for De Lisle was warmly returned. "I am convinced," wrote De Lisle in 1846, "God has great designs upon you, and that He has raised you up for the Salvation of England, provided you remain steadfast, looking up to the star of Catholicism, which is the very mainspring of all that is great and good in our Institutions." Alas, for the ardent hopes of Youth! Nothing followed from the talks at Garendon save a lasting friendship with De Lisle. In 1846 Lord John had already come to the conclusion that any overt attempt towards a reunion of the Anglican Church with the rest of Christendom was "inexpedient and futile." And though De Lisle refused to abandon his sanguine prophecies, even

his faith in the future must have been shaken by a rescript from Rome, which condemned not the Association for promoting the Unity of Christendom in itself, but members of the Latin Catholic Church who joined it.

This rescript brought the matter to an end. But by 1846 Lord John's defence of a losing cause had plainly weakened his political position. He had ventured to praise De Lisle's Cistercians in the House of Commons, and had increased the wrath of the No-Popery faction. Nor was the warm support which he gave to the Carlists more clearly understood by those who should have stood by him. When the adherents of Carlos Luis, Count of Montemolin, in whose favour Carlos Maria Isidro de Borbon had abdicated at Bourges in 1845, took refuge in London, it was but natural that Lord John should come effectively to their aid. He who had visited the camp of the father in the Pyrenees, and pleaded his cause eloquently in the House of Commons, became an ardent champion of the son, not without a disastrous result. Now, no sooner was the young King expected in London than a mob of needy greedy Spanish officers and adventurers flocked thither to satisfy their wants and to indulge their patriotism. At their head was General Cabrera, whom Lord John invited to breakfast in the Albany, and whom he described as "a slight well-made Spanish Claverhouse with hair as black as ink and eyes of fire." The demands of these gentlemen were neither few

nor small, and to keep them satisfied taxed to the full the energy and munificence of their friends. On the one side the cry was always "Give, give"; on the other was a natural demand for some definite achievement. Nor did the Spaniards adhere bravely to one policy. One day they were sure that £50 for fifty muskets would be sufficient for a victory. On another day their views were suddenly enlarged, and they deplored the ruin of their hopes caused for the lack of a paltry £1200. Now Cabrera was on the eve of setting out for his army; now he was in Spain, said the gossips; now he was standing with folded arms, awaiting in heart-crushing impatience the result of his friends' importunity.

The worst of it was that the subscribers did not know precisely for what purpose that money was to be spent. They gave it in the glad hope of a military expedition; they were not sure that it was not used to save a mob of Spaniards from starvation. And Colonel Algarra, to whose hands the funds were entrusted, preserved a baffling attitude of secrecy. The English partisans cried aloud for a beginning. Peter Borthwick, who with Lord Ranelagh and John Manners conducted the campaign in London, was sure that "a loan could be obtained in the city as soon as a movement in Spain had been begun or defined." Nothing was begun, nothing defined. The idealists were confronted only by a discrepancy between the acts of Cabrera and the words of his friends. At the outset it was said: "One or two

hundred pounds and the General starts." Then the necessity grew larger: "If we have five hundred pounds, Cabrera will leave England within twenty-four hours, and in six days set up his standard in Catalonia." A few days later a thousand was the minimum, and when at the instigation of Peter Borthwick and Lord John a generous lady, Miss Richards by name, presented a cheque of £1000, Cabrera's arms were still folded on his breast, and Algarra did his best to conceal the handsome gift from his English colleagues. To increase the difficulties of the cause Lord Ranelagh and Peter Borthwick engaged in a bitter quarrel, and had it not been for the tact and loyalty of John Manners, Carlism would have been dead in London before the advent of the King.

In November 1846, however, came the necessary diversion. Carlos Luis, having escaped from Bourges, arrived in London, and took a house in Mortimer Street. He was received not only by enthusiasts but even by the Foreign Secretary with the profoundest respect. "Nothing could have been more courteous or kind," wrote Lord John to his father, "than Lord Palmerston's behaviour: he has given orders that in all the public establishments the Prince is to be received with the honours due to a Prince of the Spanish blood Royal." As for the Prince himself, he had in an eminent degree the gift of presentation. He won all hearts by the simplicity of his manners and the dignity of his bearing.

And none more easily succumbed to the glamour of his name and power than John Manners. Here was a situation precisely suited to his chivalrous temperament. He began instantly to plan a visit to Belvoir, and hoped that his countrymen would do their best to make up for the hardship of his long and unjust imprisonment in France. Meanwhile he himself took the Prince to Cambridge, where he saw the sights under the auspices of Dr Whewell, dined at the high table of Trinity, and astonished the dons in the Combination Room by the good sense and discernment of his talk. But the part of a King in exile is difficult to play, and Carlos Luis succeeded no better than another in achieving an ungrateful task. A full exchequer is the first necessity of a throne, and the Spanish Prince could not hope to cut a figure in English society when his countrymen were starving all about him. In January 1847 Borthwick assured Lord John that for a fortnight the Spaniards had been entirely destitute. Three or four officers had been forced to sell their clothes for food, and though Don Carlos had sufficient for his daily wants, he could not accept invitations to large parties at Winyard and Lowther Castle while his indiscreet and uninvited followers had not in their pockets the price of a dinner.

It is a sad story, which has been told wherever the hopes of a high-spirited Prince have outran the hard facts of policy. A good cause may survive failure, and regather its strength; it cannot stand

against the ridicule of poverty. But it was neither misfortune nor laughter that at last dissuaded Lord John from supporting an armed attack upon Spain. The misery of the young King did but heighten his enthusiasm. He endured the scoffs of his friends with equanimity. When George Bentinck hoped that he would not go to sea with Cabrera and be hanged as a pirate, he shrugged his shoulders. It was the good counsel of Brunnow[1] which turned him against a policy of overt action, and induced him to present a formal state paper to Villa Franca, confessing a change of views and urging the Carlists to go slowly in their King's business. Once more the movement, cradled in a vague hope, expired in despair, and Lord John, though his schemes had failed, was spared the unhappiness which had fallen upon John Sterling and his friends of having connived at a defeat in the field.

The third cause supported without avail by John Manners involved neither a throne nor the lives of men. It was simple in its aim, practical in its purpose, and there was no reason, save one, why it should not have succeeded. The direct outcome

[1] Here is an extract from a characteristic letter of Brunnow, undated, but written probably in January 1847: "Remember that Parliament meets in February, that the opinion you are called upon to express in the House never prevents but merely criticises the past. Therefore, take my honest advice. Pause. Depend upon it, you will regret the mischief, which may be done, when it is too late to redress it." A wise piece of advice wisely taken.

of the Oxford Movement, it owed not a little to the influence of Ambrose de Lisle. Lord John's friendship with that eminent man had strengthened, as we have seen, the faith which he had always cherished in monastic institutions. Now, monasticism, with its necessary accompaniment of celibacy, was looked upon in England with a just suspicion. But no reasonable objection could be made to a Sisterhood of Mercy, and to establish such a Sisterhood Lord John now devoted his energies. It was Southey, whom George Smythe regarded with some excuse as a founder of Young England, that first advocated the formation, in England, of certain religious orders. "Thirty years hence," wrote Southey in his 'Colloquies,' the book which was assailed by Macaulay without mercy or understanding, "this other reproach may also be effaced, and England may have its Béguines and its Sisters of Charity." He found "in such associations nothing but what is righteous and holy; nothing but what properly belongs to that θρησκεία, that religious service, which the apostle James, the brother of our Lord, has told us is pure and undefiled before God and the Father. They who shall see such societies instituted and flourishing here, may have a better hope that it may please the Almighty to continue His manifold mercies to this island, notwithstanding the errors which endanger it, and the offences which cry to Heaven." Such was the passage from Southey's 'Colloquies' which Lord John and his friends set

as an epigraph upon their circular of appeal, and it was as a memorial to Southey, who died in 1843, that the Sisterhood of Mercy was founded. The inspiration was his; it was but just that he too should share the honour. Seventy years of Whiggish prejudice and the interested abuse of middle-class Liberals have cast upon the name and fame of Southey a shadow from which they are but now emerging. To-day we greet the author of 'The Doctor' and the 'Life of Nelson' as a great man of letters, and let it be remembered that, if a tardy justice is done to his memory, it is due to those who did not waver in their admiration, were not dazzled by the glamour of Macaulay's abuse.

The movement, thus inaugurated, seemed to have in it all the seeds of prosperity. Lord John's High Church friends were active in support. The money necessary for the scheme was liberally subscribed, and its objects agreed and well defined. Even the greatest obstacle of all, the opposition of Bishop Blomfield, was successfully overcome. The expressed sympathy of Pusey and Manning did not seem so great a danger then as it might be thought to-day. The document, signed by this band of zealous High Churchmen—Clive and Lyttelton, Gladstone and John Manners, Campden and Sir John Hanmer,—pledged the signatories to support for the term of three years the House to be opened in the Parish of Christ Church, St Pancras, for the reception of Sisters of Mercy, and then if its per-

manent continuance seemed justified to place the institution upon " the footing which may be requisite for its regular support." It is noteworthy that the document was drafted by Mr Gladstone and set down in his own handwriting.

In December 1845, then, the Sisterhood was established in Osnaburg Street, under the governance of the Rev. W. Dodsworth, and, though the poor of the neighbourhood looked with suspicion upon the Sisters as concealed Roman Catholics, success seemed to be certain. For some four years all went well, until in 1850 the Bishop of London declined any longer to sanction the Home, unless it were placed upon a *Protestant* basis. The Rev. W. Dodsworth resigned his charge, and a year later entered the Church of Rome, whither the Lady Superior presently followed him. Plainly Lord John and his colleagues were no longer able to control the institution which they had established and carried on for some eleven years. In 1856 they formally withdrew from a Trust the duties of which they could not discharge. And there is no more to say about the experiment, save that the zeal of some very honest gentlemen had been disappointed, and that John Manners had given to his enemies another occasion of attack.

Such are some of the lost or losing causes to which Lord John devoted his enthusiastic leisure, and which compromised him gravely in the eyes of his party. England has no natural love of Don Quixotes, and deems them merely foolish who

assault the windmills of prejudice. In politics above all is it dangerous to betray eccentricity or independence; and for each forlorn hope that Lord John led he added to his list a score of foes. "You are a wide target," Stafford once wrote to him, by way of compliment, "as you have a ring of interest for every subject." And as the rings of his interest were many, so also was the target easy of attack. Thus he suffered as all must suffer who refuse to bow to the rigid discipline of party, and if his discretion were at fault it was vastly to the credit of his honesty of purpose that when the new Parliament met in November 1847, Lord John was not of the number.

One other lost cause warmly supported by Lord John Manners was the old ceremony of Montem, which for centuries had been the pride and delight of Etonians, and which was somewhat autocratically suppressed in 1847 by the Provost and the Headmaster. Its origin is hidden in the mists of antiquity; whether it had anything to do with the boy bishop of the Middle Ages is uncertain; but the boys' march to the hill (*ad montem*) is duly recorded by William Malim in the sixteenth century, and it seems to have been observed, in one shape or another, until the year 1847. Its main purpose was to collect money for the Captain of Montem, who was the Senior Colleger, and it was rightly enough described as "something between alms and plunder." The Salt-bearers, who demanded money with the cry

"Salt, Salt," meant no more in modern times than "give us salt," which was money, though there was a time when the cry signified "we will give you salt in exchange for your gold." While Montem kept in view the practical end of aiding the Captain to pay for his education at the University, it was, above all things, an excuse for pageantry and display. The Salt-bearers and their Runners were gorgeously apparelled, and Disraeli found the best words for it when he described it as "a Protestant carnival." Its smallest operations were accompanied with due pomp and solemnity. The Salt-bearers themselves carried satin money-bags and bore in their hands mushroom-shaped staves, on which were inscribed appropriate texts in Greek and Latin—ἐξ ἅλος ἄγρα or "nullum jus sine sale." And that everything should be done in order they gave to the victims of their exaction square tickets, on which were written "Mos pro lege" or "Pro more et monte."

The details of the ceremony differed little with the years, and a fidelity to tradition was piously observed. Before the great day came, there was much feasting in College; tasting-dinners were given at Salt Hill by the Captain to the Sixth Form; and however great was the generosity or the pusillanimity of the subscribers, the Captain saw the sum of money which should come to him largely diminished by the forced claim of an extravagant hospitality. The morning of the day began with a breakfast in

the Great Hall, at which the Captain entertained the Sixth and Fifth Forms. The boys were in fancy dress and were dignified by military and other titles. All those who held military rank wore red tail-coats, white trousers and cock-hats, sashes and swords. When "absence" had been called, the boys marched twice round the school yard into Weston's Yard, where the Ensign waved a great flag, a feat said to have been of considerable difficulty. Then through the playing fields the procession wound its way to Salt Hill, followed by bands and unnumbered visitors, who were expected to pay a proper toll to the Salt-bearers. On the hill itself the Ensign again waved the flag, and the ceremony was brought to an end with all the license in action and the extravagance in eating and drinking which are wont to accompany a carnival.

That Montem had led to a good deal of rioting and wastefulness need not be disputed. That it could have been controlled by discipline was obvious; and indeed Dr Hawtrey, by insisting that the money collected should be handed over to him and to the father of the Captain, had at the two last Montems done a vast deal to curtail the abuses which too often deface and defame time-honoured customs. Still there was dissatisfaction felt at Eton, and in 1846 there were already rumours that Montem was to be sacrificed to the love of uniformity. John Manners, always an anxious guardian of ancient institutions, became instantly zealous in its defence.

The first warning he received of its impending abolition was from Edward Balston, afterwards Headmaster, who in a letter dated 16th November 1846 asked him for the aid and sympathy which he never withheld from a losing cause. "I am one," said Balston, "who clings very devotedly to remnants of the past, and grieves to see them dropping one by one into their graves before us. . . . I cannot agree with those who seem anxious to bring about a sort of morbid formal monotony of life, under the idea that the excitement of amusement must be injurious to the moral man."

Thus Balston, whose wise views of life were not shared by Dr Hodgson, the Provost, nor by Dr Hawtrey, the Headmaster. Which of these two scholars stirred up the other to action is not clear, but it is certain that at the beginning of 1847 they were united in a desire not to reform Montem but to suppress it altogether. To take the final irrevocable step, however, seemed impossible to them without obtaining the approval of the Queen, who, like her predecessors, had always taken pleasure in the ceremonial procession to Salt Hill. The Queen was reluctant to agree to the abolition of an ancient and honourable custom, and urged that it should be permitted to continue, shorn of the unnecessary abuses which had grown up about it. The Provost, "with due deference to those to whom he owed so much both as a loyal subject and as Provost of Eton," answered that so long as Montem remained the disfiguring

abuses were inevitable. What, then, could the Queen do but consult her Prime Minister and permit him to say that "Her Majesty, though very unwilling to sanction by any act of her own the abolition of a custom so popular in the school, would not interfere to prevent any decision which the Eton authorities might form from their own experience and judgment." That is what Dr Hawtrey, in a letter addressed to John Manners, called "the Royal Mandate."

John Manners from the first headed a strong opposition. He organised a Committee in London, which should collect the names of those old Etonians who were willing to sign a petition to the Queen in favour of Montem. He took the chair at a meeting of protest, held at the British Hotel, and addressed by Lord Londonderry, as well as by two masters, G. J. Dupuis and J. Wilder. The meeting had a double effect: it aroused a large number of old Etonians to enthusiasm, and it was accepted as an affront by the Provost and the Headmaster, both of whom reproved John Manners, *ex cathedra*, in tones of the sternest admonition. The Headmaster was first in the field with a magisterial pronouncement. "After all," he wrote on 4th March, four days after the meeting at the British Hotel, "the college authorities, being two not eight in number, in all matters relating to the government of the school, have the whole responsibility, and it is their duty to recollect that the opinions expressed

at a London meeting, called only to advocate those opinions, would never justify them in acting contrary to their deliberate convictions. Nothing could excuse them but the mandate of a Superior, to whom, of course, the responsibility would be transferred. You and your friends could not assume it, nor would public opinion or public justice give it you."

Though there is not much margin of amiability here, Dr Hawtrey's effort fell far below the autocratic temper of Dr Hodgson. "Although it is obvious," wrote the Provost on 8th March, "that the tendency of such meetings as those which are now taking place in London on the subject of Montem, must be to impugn the authority of the Provost of Eton acting in conjunction with the Headmaster, which has hitherto been undoubtingly acknowledged as decisive in matters relating to the discipline and management of the whole school of Eton; and therefore I might be excused from addressing the chairman of those meetings; yet my acquaintance with your Lordship induces me to do so; because I feel sure that whatever our differences of opinion may be, my address will meet with a just and fair consideration." It is scarcely a favourable beginning of a discussion to assert that your adversary has no right to hold or to express an opinion on the matter in dispute, and it is not likely that the Provost's long and almost fierce letter carried much persuasion with it. But if John Manners, no longer beneath the discipline of the School, did not escape censure,

the two masters who were daring enough to attend and to address the offensive meeting, stood within danger of dismissal. Mr J. Wilder, on 8th March, is compelled to admit that he can no longer take any part in the defence of Montem, and proffers the explanation due to his brother abolitionists as well as to his own consistency. "The fact is," he wrote to Lord John, "the Provost's open declaration that he has acted on his own authority, and that too with Her Majesty's sanction, and his personal announcement to myself that he considers the attendance of any Member of the College at a meeting to oppose his decision a violation of Collegiate propriety, however I may dissent from his view of the case, places me in a very unpleasant dilemma." Indeed it did, and there was plainly nothing more for Mr Wilder to do in the matter. He could but guard his own enthusiasm and hope for a happy issue. So he concludes his letter with a good spirit. "I wish you and your endeavours every success, and begging you to excuse the liberty taken with your name, I heartily say 'Pro More et Monte,' Hurrah for Manners and Montem!"

The other master who had made a guilty appearance upon a public platform, G. J. Dupuis, was not convinced until the last moment that nothing could be done. He thought, as he told Lord John on 15th March, that all might be well if two or three influential friends of Montem came down and had an interview with the Provost and Hawtrey. He

suggested that Lord Lyttelton, Mr Gladstone, the Duke of Buccleugh, Lord John Manners, Lord Carnarvon—all or any or any others—might produce a good effect. "It would be a pacific movement," he said, "whereas really now we are at open war; it would be respectful towards them, whereas they feel aggrieved and angered at the present demonstration. Hawtrey is not made of very stern stuff, and has said over and over again, 'Remove my objections, and I am for Montem.'" It was too late. Something more than Montem was at stake—the authority of the Provost and the Headmaster. They were both far too sensitive of their position to yield either to clamour or to persuasion. They had made up their minds to abolish Montem on their own sole responsibility and abolished it must be. So all Lord John's speeches and petitions were of no avail. Never again would "a ruthless and splendid Albanian, in crimson and gold-embroidered jacket and snowy camise, start forward, and holding out his silver-sheathed yataghan, command the postilions of a britska to stop."[1] Montem was dead, and with it died something of Eton's romantic tradition. But it was not sacrificed without a fight, and John Manners had the satisfaction of knowing that the failure was not due, on his part, to lack of effort.

[1] See Disraeli's 'Coningsby,' Part I. Chapter xi., where the best account of Montem is to be found.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIGHT FOR LEADERSHIP.

THE autumn session of 1847 was a session of scandal and distress. It would not have been held, had not the repeal of the Corn Laws been followed by a commercial panic. The Queen's Speech, read before a hastily summoned Parliament, told of nothing but ruin in England, organised murder in Ireland. Banks stopped payment; great houses of business crumbled to their fall; and the Bank Charter, worshipped as a fetish by Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel alike, increased the compelling stringency. "Campbell of Islay's liabilities," wrote John Manners to his sister, "are from £720,000 to £740,000. The Duke of Roxburgh's, £600,000. Others are rumoured. Every day I admire more and more the profound wisdom which, after thirty years of peace and the accompanying spread of knowledge, commerce, and the Arts, has landed us in so hopeful, happy, and prosperous an autumn." The advice given by Lord George Bentinck and Thomas Baring in the spring, to suspend the Bank Charter, was

accepted in the late autumn, when a vast deal of harm had already been done. Meanwhile the Liberal majority, aided by the Peelites, was strong enough to impose its will upon the House and upon the country.

George Bentinck's account of the new Parliament was not encouraging to the party of Protection. "As an Opposition we are quite powerful enough in point of numbers," thus he wrote to John Manners, "but awfully weak in debaters, weak too I fear in regard to close attendance. The Liberals and Peelites are of a class which man for man will attend four hours for our men's one! Our two hundred in point of attendance at dinner-time are not equal to fifty Radicals or Peelite janissaries. . . . I care for nothing but its debating ability and 'the warrior of the Working Day.' We have got to prove to the country that we are right and able to do the daily business of the country—we have got to win back the West Riding of Yorkshire—five hundred Spooners and Ossulstons won't do that . . . Peel, reinforced by Gladstone, Ashley, and Mr Roundell Palmer will be powerful in debate, whilst the Anti-Corn Law League will be overwhelming." The few fresh untried additions to the Tory ranks were a profound disappointment. "Urquhart is a dead and buried failure," groaned Augustus Stafford, "so are all the new members. Howbeit though we can do nothing ourselves we criticise ably each other."

The truth is that in 1847 the party of Protection

succumbed to an inevitable fate. What commonly happens in politics happened then. A band of ardent spirits had combined to defeat a certain policy. The band had failed; the policy had won. Then its foiled opponents looked about for some other ambition, which should unite them all. And, as too often follows, failing to find a settled and binding policy, they fall back upon still opposing what is at present beyond the reach of change. John Manners with the detached eye of one no longer in the House saw the danger and the difficulty clearly enough. He ascribed it to Stanley's skill and eloquence that they "patched up their differences, and tided into a dissolution with an unbroken front." But, he added, "the absurdity of the position was this: the Corn Laws are dead and buried; they were a bond of union. Religious questions are alive; on them we are hopelessly divided;" and as the days passed the absurdity increased, until it culminated in the crowning irony of the Jewish debate.

The position of John Manners, deprived of a seat in the House and admitted to the inmost counsels of his party, was indeed strong. Before the dissolution he was openly accepted as one of the Tory leaders, and when we remember that he was still under thirty we must admit that his political progress had been swift and happy. "Lord Stanley called a joint council of Peers and Commons," thus he writes in his journal in 1846. "I had the

honour of a summons. . . . Every Saturday afterwards Stanley summoned some thirty of our house to discuss the next week's bill of fare. I attended most of them with A. Stafford, my chief political consolation after the crash of parties." As in the new Parliament he could not be called to assist at the discussions of what to-day would be called "the shadow Cabinet," he used what influence he had with his friends to the utmost, keeping up from Belvoir and elsewhere an active political correspondence with Disraeli, George Bentinck, Gladstone, Stafford, and the rest. Thus he assumed for the first time a part, which presently became constant with him—the part of *amicus curiæ*.

Above all he was desirous of holding the party together, a desire which with all the goodwill in the world no man might have gratified. Selfless as ever in public affairs, he was satisfied with nothing less than the success and unanimity of his colleagues. His friends must be the friends of his friends. He employed infinite tact "in mutually inspiring Dizzy and Stafford with a good opinion of each other," and if the honest prejudices of Stafford persuaded him wrongly to distrust Disraeli and to dislike George Bentinck, it was not the fault of John Manners. The almost fierce loyalty with which he stood by Bentinck, when a growing unpopularity overwhelmed him, the passionate energy wherewith he insisted upon Disraeli's gift of leadership—these will be discussed hereafter. And verily he had his reward.

The warmth of feeling which his friends cherished for him is expressed in a dozen letters. George Smythe, as has been set forth in the last chapter, took advantage of his exclusion from the House to celebrate his virtues in the dithyrambic style, which they had practised some seven years before in the congenial atmosphere of the Lakes. We know how highly John Manners valued the praise and approval of Smythe, who, though politically estranged, was still his dearest friend, and yet the knowledge that his colleagues most bitterly regretted his absence from the combat must have seemed the best of all solace to him. "I send you back John Manners's sensible and spirited letter," wrote George Bentinck to Disraeli on 14th November 1847. "I am low-spirited for want of such comrades in arms as this very John Manners."[1] What young statesman would not have been proud of this tribute? And when Disraeli transmitted the message to John Manners, he endorsed it with all his own eloquence. "I need not say how completely I echo this sentiment," he wrote. "What would I not give to find you again at my right hand, with the talent ever ready, the courage that never faltered, the indefatigable industry, and, above all, the honour and fidelity in which we could place implicit trust. It will always be the first object of my life, and I am sure also of G. B.'s, to restore you to that place where

[1] This letter is quoted in Disraeli's 'Life of George Bentinck,' p. 459.

you are destined to occupy the most conspicuous post, and where in your presence we shall find the comrade and colleague, for whom both of us feel devoted friendship."

One other citation must be made, this one from a letter undated, which dates itself, and composed in a familiar vein of gaiety. "At present," says Disraeli, "I would write to you as Lord Bolingbroke did to the immortal Dean, when Queen Ann died. 'Love me, for though all is over, I am in the very best spirits in the world.' At least I should be so were you well, and in Parliament: but nature will cure you, and your friends must contrive the second remedy. Then all would go well." The profession of politics does not often breed loyalty; yet these two men, Disraeli and John Manners, dissimilar as they were in sentiment, race, and upbringing, never for a moment wavered in the support of one another, and proclaimed unto the end a profound belief each in his comrade's destiny. Augustus Stafford was more intimately personal in the expression of his regret than either Bentinck or Disraeli. He missed the man more deeply than the politician. "House of Commons," thus he begins his letter of 24th November 1847, "but not the same house to me or to Brinsley Sheridan, who as nice as ever blends his tears with mine over your absence. I have no time to tell you how hideously I miss you everywhere, every how; whatever happens, whoever speaks, whoever cheers, all has the same dead blankness. I cannot get over

it, though I must write of other things." And he adds a sentence or two, which must have brought great satisfaction to Lord John, always eager for his friend's welfare: "I have had a long talk with Dizzy, who put me up last night to speak, and I am in favour on the whole, I think."

Thus, though John Manners was out of Parliament, he held a proud and enviable position. An honoured counsellor, he commended policies, and did his best to accommodate disputes. Above all he was a solvent. In a time of dissension, gallantly did he attempt to disperse the evil humours of politics, and to secure for his friends the friendship of their natural leaders. For a while he failed, since circumstances and conflicting ambitions were too strong for him. But in the end, as we shall see, he witnessed the accomplishment of his desire, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that if the constituencies rejected him, he was not without influence in the party. Meanwhile his views on Protection had been justly hardened by the event. A lively correspondence with Henry Chapman of Liverpool, one of those mysterious and well-informed men, who, whenever George Bentinck made a speech, "had waited on him that morning," still further strengthened his resolution. And what Henry Chapman told him, Lord John confirmed by his own observation. Within six months after Parliament met Lord John visited Belfast and Glasgow, and there saw practical illustrations of what Free Trade was accomplishing.

It is not without a certain irony that Campbell Bannerman's father painted the results of Peel's policy in their darkest colours. "At Glasgow," wrote Lord John to Granby, "we heard many complaints of Free Imports, in Sir James Campbell's repertory of all manufactures: he said the shawls of Paisley, the cloths of Bradford, the woollens of the North, the ginghams of Carlisle, were all being driven out of the home market by the German and French manufacturers, and that the stockingers of Aberdeen were threatening to remove themselves and their manufacture to Belgium."

To those who believed that we were the only possible manufacturers in the world, that in spite of Free Trade America would still depend upon us to cover her nakedness, Lord John replied with scorn that all history was written in vain if Gladstone, hearing and reading the speeches of Cobden, Fox, Mr Gibson & Co., imagines that he can govern the England of 1847 on their principles against their determination to carry these principles into full execution. "It is Charles I. putting Strafford to death to save the Crown," said he. And in vivid terms he expressed his contempt of the Peelite view that if the Navigation Laws were repealed, there would be no more Trade questions. "There is no heartier John Bull than myself," he wrote to Lyttelton on 29th December 1847; "I am John Bull, in my prejudices, personified, but I don't regard making cotton shirts and devil's dust waistcoats as so ennobling and

difficult an operation that none but Englishmen can succeed in it. We admit foreigners can fight, write novels, histories, creeds, enjoy constitutions, build fleets, and found colonies; but they cannot make clothes; upon this fancied superiority of ours, we are to sacrifice a Revenue and establish a system." Cobden's optimistic fallacy was never better exposed; the Americans instantly proved that they were not content merely to grown corn, which they might exchange for the manufactured goods of England; and competition was assured even in devil's dust waistcoats.

It is not surprising that Lord John, holding these views, should have been keenly in favour of carrying the war into the enemy's camp. He wrote to Disraeli on 8th November 1847, that, though he was compelled like one of the unwilling Homeric gods to witness the strife, a passive spectator, his heart would be actively engaged with him. He confessed that he could not understand the state of despondency into which he heard George Bentinck had fallen. "Perhaps it is from living a hermit life here [at Belvoir], and not knowing what is passing in the world save through the newspapers," said he, "but I can see no cause for despondency." He was sure that on the three great fields of inevitable debate they had a clear and ascertained superiority: Ireland, Free Imports, and Currency. And then an important change had come about in the conduct of the war. Hitherto the party of Protection had been assailed;

henceforward, if Lord John had his way, that party would be assailant. And formidable as Bright and Villiers had been in attack, he thought they would be very different men if they were driven to spin out apologies for their disappointed hopes and falsified prophecies. "It is clear," said he, "that they must admit the present failure of their grand scheme of Free Imports; from this vantage ground it will not be difficult to pepper all their excuses for the past and boastings for the future."

The prospect of success seemed fair indeed, and then came a sudden storm in the political sky, which threatened to submerge leaders and parties in a common ruin. At the general election Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild had been returned as a member for London and colleague of Lord John Russell. As an upholder of the Jewish faith, he was debarred from taking his seat in the House of Commons, and before the session was a month old Lord John Russell had introduced a Bill to abolish the disabilities of the Jews. If an impish ingenuity had prompted him, which is possible, he could not have devised a better method of dividing his opponents. As we have seen, the firm bond of Protection had been unloosed for the time, and High Church and Low were free to revive an ancient controversy. The inherent weakness in the Tory Party was instantly enhanced by the Jewish controversy. It was not easy, at the best, for John Manners to fight the same battle as Mr Newdegate, and the diffi-

culty became far greater when Disraeli and George Bentinck, the leaders of John Manners and his kind, proclaimed themselves the champions of Jewry. John Manners was early conscious of the danger which faced them. In the letter from which I have already quoted he frankly confides his fears in Disraeli. "But, then, behind or rather in front of all," he wrote, "lies this horrid question of Lionel Rothschild's election: for myself I earnestly hope that I may be out of the Parliament which has to discuss it: if you can put that matter into a right train you will perform a greater feat than when, in five minutes, you induced three Dukes one after another to say you had convinced them about Cracow. I see no Daylight through that Cimmerian darkness."

For John Manners, in truth, the difficulty might have seemed insuperable. He was a High Churchman, engaged in the very moment of the Jewish controversy in preventing Hampden, the friend of the Dissenters, the foe of the Tractarians, from being appointed to the See of Hereford. The smallest surrender of his religious principles was repugnant to him. Once upon a time Augustus Stafford, admitting that he himself had no desire to enter Exeter Hall, reproached John Manners with feeling it his duty always to walk on the opposite side of the Strand. And now he was persuaded by his friendship for Disraeli and George Bentinck to entertain a doubt, a doubt presently resolved, whether the Jews should or should not sit in Parliament.

No wonder the dissensions of the party were wide and loudly expressed. "If your views about the Jew question are as undecided as mine," wrote John Manners to Lyttelton—on 23rd December 1847, "I pity you. . . . Seeing what the House of Commons now is (through no fault of mine) I don't feel disposed to obey Lord Winchelsea's advice, and 'bury myself under the ruins of my country' in order to keep Lionel Rothschild from entering that House." Stafford disagreed with Bentinck on the religious question, which he thought of greater importance than corn or sugar. "Very well, then," said he to John Manners on 24th December 1847, "shall I disguise these differences or shall I underrate them? Would you have me do either? Must I vote with George Bentinck when he aids Atheism in legislation, or cheer Disraeli when he declares that there is no difference between those who crucified Christ and those who kneel before Christ crucified?"

The situation was not made easier by the fact that, though Bentinck and Disraeli were at one in desiring the admission of Lionel Rothschild, they looked at that admission from different points of view and supported it by different arguments. For Disraeli Christianity was the completion of Judaism, and therefore the way seemed plain to him. George Bentinck had always been a friend of religious liberty; he had cast a vote for the Jews in 1833; yet had it not been for his loyalty to Disraeli he might have repudiated his former vote, as Stanley, with a higher respect

for the demands of party, was prepared to do. In any case, his action was untouched by enthusiasm. "This Jew Question," he wrote to John Manners, "is a terrible annoyance. I never saw anything like the prejudice which exists against them. For my part I don't think it matters two straws whether they are in or out of Parliament; in my opinion there is no national question mixed up in it. I am too ignorant to enter upon any learned line connected with 'Convocations' . . . but I don't like letting Disraeli vote by himself apart from the party: otherwise I might give in to the prejudices of the multitude. . . . I am just starting for London, and I feel like a condemned felon going to Botany Bay."

Such was the varying temper in which the friends confronted the question of Jewish disabilities, and as we look back upon the debate we need not be surprised at the confusion. The Anti-Semitism of 1847, unlike the Anti-Semitism of to-day, was a matter not of race but of religion. Much is heard in these ancient speeches of "English Jews." Not even Disraeli himself, though in his writings he is never tired of proclaiming that all is race, forgetting that his ambitions and activities lay among Anglo-Saxons, spoke as a Jew. "Yes," said he, "it is as a Christian that I will not take upon me the awful responsibility of excluding from the legislature those who are of the religion in which my Saviour was born." However, Lord John Russell's

Bill was thrown out, and the Jews did not get the relief they demanded until 1858. But in one respect the debate had achieved the purpose of the Radicals thoroughly. It had split the Tory party from top to bottom. George Bentinck's vote and Disraeli's speech had alienated many of their staunchest supporters. W. Monsell, a distinguished Irish member, declared that though he had intended to vote for the Bill, Disraeli's speech had determined him not to vote at all. Lord Henry Lennox, presently a devout admirer of Disraeli, protested that if George Bentinck "voted for the Jews without publicly dissenting from the gross blasphemies uttered by Disraeli," he would cease to be of the party.

Neither in small things nor great was the party agreed. Beresford, the Whip, was thought by the stalwarts to be acting always in opposition to the leaders. John Manners, writing to Disraeli on 29th December 1847, pronounced him "an enigma—to me at least: but evidently possessed of considerable abilities and full of ambition. Beyond a certain traditionary hatred of Irish Priests, much softened down by living in England, I doubt his caring much for that Protestantism which he has so successfully evoked against his leaders. . . . I can't help entertaining a suspicion that he used the influence his position as Whip necessarily gave him to increase, not diminish, the intolerant agitation that has at last ended in this smash." With the Whip pulling one way and the leaders of the party pulling another, with a wide

gulf of religious difference yawning between High Church and Low, it seemed as though unity of aim and purpose were beyond a reasonable hope.

The very name of the party was bitterly in dispute. A desperate attempt was made—and was ultimately successful—to restore the term "Conservative," which had been invented by Croker in 1830,[1] and which had been rendered odious to the stern unbending Tories by the usage of Peel. Not even in its inception had it escaped disapproval. So good a Tory as Hookham Frere had asked: "Why do you talk of Conservatives? A Conservative is only a Tory who is ashamed of himself." News of the fresh attempt was sent to Lord John by Disraeli in February 1848. "There is a new note by Beresford," he wrote, "a lithograph circular, in which the name of Protectionist Party disappears, and is succeeded not by the 'Country,' but by the 'Conservative' Party. Miles is indignant, having declared at our meeting in 1846 that the epithet 'Conservative' had become a byword of reproach. G. B. has written to Stanley, acknowledging the receipt of this invitation to his house, but informing Lord S. that he, G. B., does not belong to the Conservative party, adding that he

[1] See 'The Quarterly Review,' 1830: "Attached to what is called the Tory, or which might with more propriety be called the Conservative Party." The term had been ridiculed in 'Coningsby': "'A sound Conservative Government,' said Taper musingly. 'I understand: Tory men and Whig measures.'" That fits Peel's kind of Conservatism to a hair, and it is no wonder that the word was out of fashion in 1848.

wonders any one has the audacity to do so after it has been denounced by Disraeli as an 'organised hypocrisy.'"

In far stronger terms George Bentinck, writing to John Manners, condemned the new-fangled name —a name, said he, "that is odious to me, and has not yet ceased to stink of hypocrisy in the nostrils of the nation. I hope Granby will not consent to any such sneaking back to the old refuse of Peel's party." Lord John himself denounced the innovation to his brother with equal vigour. "So it now turns out," wrote he in February 1848, "that the name Conservative was adopted without any consultation with G. Bentinck, Disraeli, nor I don't know how many besides. I heartily hope you will not sanction it: to wear others' old clothes in any circumstances is not pleasant, but to wear dirty men's dirty linen is peculiarly unsatisfactory. 'The Liverpool Times' have adopted the word 'Constitutional'—not that I think any name so good as the oldest name of all, 'Tory.' 'Country Party' is admirable as a phrase: but Conservative! To the Protestant it smells of Maynooth—to the Protectionist of Free Trade—to the Churchman of demolished bishoprics and cut-down Cathedrals—to all of cowardice, treachery, and imbecility. I say with George Bentinck, I must be excused from joining a party which enlists under disgraced and disgraceful colours." In spite of much sensible and eloquent denunciation, the name "Conservative" triumphed after a while, and the old and

honourable term "Tory," the outward expression of high honour, courage, and wise prejudice, fell into the pit of forgotten things.

The quarrel about names was but the symbol of a far deeper dissension. How should they accommodate their thoughts who are not agreed as to what they should call themselves? And, as always happens in politics when things do not go well, the rank and file fell upon their leader. George Bentinck had never possessed the tact and cunning which might hold a party together. So eager was he to press the acceptance of his views upon the House that he neglected the necessary duties of intrigue and conciliation. He was not skilled to gauge the pressure of this clique or that. He knew precisely what it was at which he was aiming, and showed a certain impatience if his followers were not active and convinced as he was. Even had he been a heaven-sent party leader, he could hardly have stood up against the opposition of Newdegate, the National Club, and the dubious loyalty of Beresford, the Whip. And then came the Jewish debate, which gave his enemies all the excuse they could have wished for revolt.

Lord John, in his remote fastness at Belvoir, had already suspected the coming of revolt. After regretting Stafford's formal secession from the party, and assuring Disraeli that, like him, he could not endure political toils without political affections, and that accordingly he could not bear to think of a party without Stafford, he discussed the situation in these terms :

" Of course I saw and heard little enough while in town, but that little made me indisposed for more : a general tone of disaffection and distrust was visible and audible ; and I conclude that you and G. B. must be painfully aware of it. Though not setting up for a philosopher, I own I am astonished at the inability shown by many tenth-rate minds to understand and make allowance for the least roughness and error in judgment on the part of their leader. G. B., of course, has his faults ; neither you nor I are blind to them ; and I can readily understand a very fine and sensitive organisation being worried by them ; but that so many dull hearts and duller heads should erect themselves into critics of statesmanship does indeed surprise me." Disraeli was in perfect agreement with John Manners ; he too showed his distrust of the Whips, Newdegate and Beresford ; he admitted that G. Bentinck had every day an excuse for disgust and irritation ; he poured ridicule on the *frondeurs*, intent always to find a new leader, who yet knew nothing of the qualities which were needed for the high office. " It is something more," said he, " than asking a question at 4 o'clock or making a speech at 11." And he concluded an admirable letter (dated 26th December 1847) by quoting what George Bentinck had confessed to him. " It is not merely what I have done or spent for them," said the dethroned leader, " but during two years I have shaken my constitution and shortened my days."

Such were the views of Bentinck's most intimate friends. What thought the others ? Augustus Staf-

ford, "a plain knight of the shire," as he called himself, a strong Protectionist, and a fair example of the Country Party, could see no great qualities in him. When John Manners extolled Bentinck's loyalty, Stafford in reply admitted the loyalty, and then dismissed it as insufficient. "I have ever thought that adherence to his friends was one of the best of his qualities," he wrote in September 1847, "but when you call this a great quality, I must demur. It is a good one and a useful one, but it has nothing to do with the intellect. It is a mastiff virtue, and I admire mastiffs, and G. B. for having it. You may well regard him 'as something more' than a party leader—a party leader isn't the best and noblest light in which to regard a man, and I daresay George Bentinck is something more, but I am sure he is not fitted for that, and the longer he attempts it the stronger grows that opinion." And then, as if to show the impartiality of his criticism, he asks earnestly: "Do tell me if you are able to discover one single opinion on any political subject from old Glad?" Two months later his bitterness had sadly increased. "You wonder," he wrote to John Manners on 27th November 1847, "why Clive, &c., will not join us, and the wonderful thing to me is that you will never see how we are despised, and how G. B.'s name is a byword or scoff among the Clubs. I do not believe that there is any believer in him throughout the whole world except you. . . . Our cause is a good one as opposed to the buying

cheap principle, and also to the Atheistic one, but in this latter G. B. is opposed to us, and on the former he makes smashes and hashes and gashes innumerable. . . . I feel more and more that the greatest boon he could confer on his party would be that of silence immovable. . . . I have no belief in, no hope from him, but I still hold to Protection, I still contend for the Church, and I dine with the Stanleys on Wednesday next."

If Stafford, in his moderation, would have none of Bentinck, it is not surprising that, proud as he was, Bentinck, finding his position intolerable, determined to resign. In a letter which Bentinck wrote to the Duke of Rutland on 8th January 1848, he declares that " a considerable party had for the last ten months or more been too successfully poisoning the Publick mind with the notion that ' Lord George Bentinck and Mr Disraeli have thrown over and betrayed their party.' " He was not one to endure what he regarded as a base intrigue. " Nothing would conciliate the warm and hearty co-operation of this section," he added, " and the two whippers-in are amongst them, but my submission, which implies political recantation and tergiversation, or my retirement from the leadership—the first is out of the question—the other is simple and easy, and shall be done with a good grace. . . . Nothing shall make me swerve or run crooked." To Lord John he wrote with less restraint. " But this you may tell Stafford," he wrote, " that whatever may be my opinion of those

who have connived at—sanctioned—and encouraged the proceedings of 'The Morning Herald' and the circumcised Renegade who edits it, I bear no ill-will to any who have been accomplices in my forced abdication of office." Indeed, for Bentinck, the relief was far greater than the disappointment. He felt that there was already more sympathy with him in the House of Commons than before, and he was "ten times happier" in the freedom which he had regained to go on his own way and to make his own speeches. But the party of Protection, long divided, was now left without a leader, and the fight for the leadership which followed, and in which Lord John Manners, though exiled from Parliament, played no inconsiderable part, is an interesting episode in our political history.

It may be said at once that if John Manners had been in the House, he would, without doubt, have been chosen leader. He had for some years sat at the side of Bentinck and Disraeli. Their trusted comrade in arms, he had shared their counsels and supported their measures. He possessed the qualities of mind and fortune which should have made him acceptable to the party. He came of a great family; he was the repository of a great tradition. He had already proved himself a quick debater and an eloquent speaker. He had a natural faculty for business, and mastered Blue-books, the true material of politics, with an easy understanding. Moreover, as we have seen, his opinions were firmly established upon

political principle. He was no opportunist waiting anxiously for something to turn up. He was not of those who are swayed hither and thither by every gust of policy or passion. And perhaps his highest value to his friends lay in his sanguine temper: he was not discouraged even in the last dark days of 1847.

He accepted George Bentinck's resignation with sorrow, and condemned all who refused to appreciate his "generosity of soul." "Those who have thus repaid his self-denying services," he wrote to Disraeli on 29th December 1847, "are not only unwise—we could readily pardon that,—but most ungrateful; and that I cannot forgive. Had it not been for him they would have had neither leader to cashier nor party to belong to: it was his pluck that brought them, his sustained energy and native talent that kept them, together: and I should like very much to ask each of the malcontents what sort of a fight he thinks would have been made, had you and he been deducted from the Country Party in '46 and '47? It is not too much to say that you formed the mind and voice of the party." But now that the harm was done, he had no other desire than to look ahead and to see what lessons might be learned from a sad experience. Instantly he put his finger upon the weak spot of the party system, and deplored that the great influence which the Whips exercised had been used against the leaders. "Had Newdegate and Beresford been with you, I doubt whether all those precious jealousies and quarrels

would have occurred." Yet he was still of good hope for the future. "If we hold together we shall re-establish a 'Young England' of greater weight and capacity than these Exeter Hall zealots conceive possible." That he might have reunited the scattered elements of the party was possible. But he was out of the House, and he lost such a chance as has rarely fallen to the lot of a young man. For opportunity is a shy goddess, who eludes those who cannot seize her by the forelock; and the chance never came to him again.

However, a leader had to be chosen, and the difficulty of choice was vastly increased, because, as a shrewd observer said, "the party was made up of leaders who could not lead, and of followers who would not follow." Stafford set forth the difficulty on 12th January 1848 with his customary wit. "We cannot find any one who is both bigot and monopolist enough for us. If, therefore, we like our Protection better than our Protestantism, we ought to follow Herries; if, on the other hand, we think our Faith of more value than our Purses, we ought to follow Goulburn. I am glad to hear of Bankes or any one behaving nobly. I think G. B. has behaved nearly nobly, too, if he has resigned, abdicated, and withdrawn in the thorough way I understand he has.[1] . . . Do not try to galvanise the corpse of a party, but strive to create a Phœnix from its ashes. Ben-

[1] George Bentinck's letter, written to his supporters on his resignation, is printed in an Appendix.

tinckism is no more. It may have been a cradle, a scaffolding, a bell-glass, anything that had a temporary use, meaning, or purpose, but it is outworn now, and comes back no more again for ever. Boom! boom! boom! The last echoes of its knell wailed on the last gusts of the last year."

Thus wrote one who had done his best to bring about George Bentinck's resignation, and his letter, though it expresses his feelings, helps to no solution of the problem. The first selection for the leadership was Granby, the news of whose appointment reached John Manners from Bentinck in a letter dated 9th February 1848. "The meeting at Stanley's to-day," said he, "stands adjourned till to-morrow at Bankes', when there is no doubt Granby will be chosen leader of the Party." Granby was chosen, and Bentinck, as in duty bound, sent him an instant counsel, the bitter fruit of his own experience. "I cannot help giving you this friendly advice," he wrote: "it is, if you accept the leadership to appoint your own Whippers-in; and let them take their orders from you and no one else. History teaches by example, and there never was a more sickening example of what the fate of a leader will be whose Whippers-in look to others for their orders than I have displayed in my own person to the world." The news of Granby's election came, with various commentary, to Lord John from his friends. "Everybody wishes Granby success," wrote Stafford in an ambiguous phrase, "and many hope

it." Few of his friends spoke of his elevation with enthusiasm. "Poor Granby," wrote Baillie-Cochrane in an undated letter; "he is naturally nervous, but bears himself gallantly. I am glad and, at the same time, sorry he has accepted; for while he will improve the tone of the somewhat ragged crew which follows him—and it is certainly a proud position to fill—I fear he will have to practise infinite self-denial." And when it was all over, Smythe sent Lord John a letter of inquiry, which suggests how brief was Granby's reign. "Why did Granby," he asks, "repent of the leadership? I hear Stafford says he was leader for an hour. G. Bentinck will be leading again in fact."

Granby was leader for more than an hour, but he soon repented him of his temerity. In truth, he was not born to lead a political party in a time of stress. Never fully conscious of his powers, he suffered from a natural diffidence. It was not courage that he lacked, but faith in his own capacity, his own star. Nor was the task which confronted him, of keeping discipline in a party whose Whips could not be counted upon, by any means an easy one. Newdegate and Beresford were still there, in spite of Bentinck's warning, to weaken his forces and to darken his counsel. Retirement, therefore, came to him as a relief. "The House was very impatient and turbulent last night," he wrote on 4th March 1848 after a debate on the Income Tax, "and would not let me have my say quietly. This is the first time they

have treated me so, which makes me feel how right I was in declining [1] the Leadership."

Thus ended an episode which left the fortunes of the party precisely where they were. From day to day the choice wavered and fell anywhere but upon Disraeli, the one man who was fitted by talent and eloquence and industry to lead. The prejudices of the rank and file, combined with the determination of Stanley and Beresford, were still too strong for him. At first it seemed as though the mantle of Bentinck should descend upon Herries, but Herries was seventy years of age, and belonged to another generation. He had served under Pitt as early as 1800, had proved himself an expert financier, and had played a part in the Goderich administration. In 1841 he had retired from Parliament, and came back to the House in 1847 as a convinced and enthusiastic champion of Protection. Though in Council he was invaluable, though he gladly put his knowledge and experience at the service of Bentinck and his friends, he was not fitted to lead a party, many members of which he now saw for the first time, in a House with which he was not wholly in sympathy. Another aspirant to the leadership was Bankes, the member for Dorsetshire, to whose pretensions Disraeli was bitterly opposed. Meanwhile, if John Manners, retired to Belvoir out of health and out of the House,

[1] By "declining" Lord Granby must have meant "retiring from." There is no doubt that he was for a while the duly elected leader.

could take no part in the intrigues which always precede the choice of a political leader, Stafford took care to let him know all the gossip of the Commons. One day he tells Lord John—on 14th January 1848—that "Herries said last night he thought Gladstone would turn Papist. I said I should think higher of Gladstone than I do if I thought so too." And it is always the Jew Bill which excites his bitterest scorn. "The Archbishop of Canterbury," he writes on 1st February, "is worse and worse. Rothschild, they say, is to be our new Primate, Johnny appointing him to assert the two great principles of Religious Liberty and Civil Tyranny in one."

Then, in spite of himself, Stafford takes to praising Disraeli, who, says he, has made two or three speeches of such admirable talent that he stands far higher than ever now, and has plucked applause from all that none can gainsay. "It was quite curious to observe the difference of his treatment from that of George Bentinck at the hands of the House—yesterday no attention whatever to King's Lynn, who very foolishly came back to that fatal red box again; but when Dizzy got up, a pin's fall would have been audible, save for a really good set of hearty cheerers, who accompanied him right through. I am very good friends with him"—Stafford wrote all this on 23rd February 1848—"and puff him to the skies to keep Bankes in order, who, as D. says, 'has a letch for speaking indescribably ludicrous,' and who has a great notion of stealing or gliding into the leadership."

A week afterwards Stafford sends Lord John the latest news of Gladstone. "Gladstone tells me," says he, "he is going to make a great speech in favour of Free Trade. 'Don't you ever look back with regret upon your old principles?' I said. 'They were never principles,' he answered; 'they were only accommodations.' Good-bye, my dear John, for you will agree with me that this is the *ne plus ultra*."

However, it is chiefly the political embroilment which engrosses Stafford, and it is thus that he ends an undated letter to Lord John: "Confusion, anarchy, rage, terror, gossip, with Hudson drunk, Disraeli fugitive, Bankes furious, Wood frightened and all distracted—pouring rain, wet walk, welcome bed, and welcomer oblivion." As the weeks passed, the chances of reconciliation became less and less. John Manners was in London in April, and confided to his journal the substance of a conversation he had with Disraeli. "Had a long talk with Disraeli about politics," he writes; "he said Stanley and G. Bentinck never speak: that Beresford, with Stanley, manages the party, the elections, &c., just as he pleases: that about 50 men, whom he calls the Imperial Guard, stick heartily to G. B. and himself: about as many to Beresford and Newdegate: that Lincoln and his friends are anxious for a junction: that G. B. has gone so far as to say that he bears no personal ill-will to L." Three months later Lincoln was still hoping against hope, and regarding Disraeli as the one obstacle to his success. "The Lincolnites," wrote

Stafford to John Manners on 27th July 1848, "howl outside office. . . . Diz is triumphant—'Let Lincoln give over abusing me in the 'Chronicle,' and if he has an idea, a notion, a plan, a system, a principle, a rallying cry, let him get up at 10.30 some night and tell it for an hour or so; if the House listens, it will be all the same to him whether God had ever made me or not.'"

But Lincoln did not get up, and the old uncertainty still prevailed. Three days later Stafford reported a change. "I do not think there is any faith in Lincoln now," he wrote, "or in any one else, but Dizzy, I hear, gave a dinner to G. B. and Stanley yesterday —something may come of this same. D. said to me the other day—'Do you hear anything of Stanley?' 'No,' said I. 'Is there,' continued he, 'a real Stanley? I believe it is a mere myth sung to lull Newdegate?'" This quip bears the authentic impress of Disraeli's wit, and not even the fact that he patched up the ancient feud of Bentinck and Stanley at a dinner softens its asperity. Indeed, it might well have seemed hopeless to find one leader who should guide the whole restless and dejected party. No clear resolution was arrived at until January 1849, and then, by the sad compromise of choosing three leaders instead of one, the ultimate decision was merely postponed. "Before Parliament met," wrote John Manners in his journal at the beginning of 1849, "I had much communication with Christopher, Stafford, &c., about the Leadership—pressing for Disraeli sole;

but it is well arranged with Granby and Herries added to him." Of course it was not well arranged. Three men cannot do the work of one; and, as we shall presently see, the Triumvirate fared no better than might have been hoped. But it is characteristic of John Manners' loyalty and good sense that he "pressed for Disraeli sole," even though his brother's claim asked for consideration.

"What a terrible thing it is," sighed Stafford one day, "that no one Man appears yet among us, though our population overflows our island! . . . D. stands higher than ever he did now. Only think if he had Lincoln's position, or Lincoln his abilities!" And all the while Disraeli was there ready and competent to lead, and strengthening the position which Stafford thought that he lacked, day after day; and though Bentinck and Disraeli held not the title of leaders, in the session of 1848 they triumphed over all competitors. It was in all essentials their session. Not merely did they lead the debate, but in spite of Sir Robert Peel, the one genuine subject of debate was the protection of British and Colonial industry. The havoc which Repeal had wrought in the country had first of all to be stayed. The vastly increased Income Tax, the state of our sugar-growing dominions, discussed with the greatest heat, preoccupied the minds of all men. The session was acrimonious, since it revived all the passions of '46 and '47. Lord John Manners, "sitting like a mouse in its hole," as he said, at Belvoir Castle, sent to Grosvenor Gate a

frequent commentary of encouragement. "Thanks for your welcome and interesting account of the W. Indian Debate," he writes on 7th February 1848; "'twas indeed capital and encouraging. Your three great speeches [1] are excellent; each strengthened and relieved the other: and the effect produced in the country cannot, I think, fail to be great. How triumphantly you rode over and trampled upon each proposition of the flippant Sir Charles! What a limbo of anile abortions and pompous platitudes was his speech! Folks must surely be tired ere long of this hand-to-mouth government by pedantic clerks."

As the days passed the spirits of the two friends rose higher, and refused to be depressed even by the revolution which threatened to overwhelm Europe, and which spread, as though by contagion, from country to country. On 8th March Disraeli wrote to John Manners in a mood of some exultation, inspired at once by the Income Tax debate and the vain attempt at a riot made in Trafalgar Square. "Where," he asked, "is the pilot to weather the storm? The Whigs are dished, dead, in spite of all our forbearance, and I mean, D.V., to give the last blow to 'Progress' on Friday, if the Muse inspire and aid me. What then? As for G. B., he rises to the occasion. If you had seen him at a quarter past 11 on Monday when Peel sat down, springing from a back bench

[1] The three great speeches were those delivered by George Bentinck, Tom Baring, and Disraeli. Sir Charles is Sir Charles Wood.

and making his most effective speech, without a paper or note, you would have been astonished. We were all, like so many gibbed cats, going to vote the Income Tax by an overwhelming majority, when he declared his intention of supporting Hume's proposition,[1] and at least 100 men changed in a moment. Had it not been for Peel's speech, G. B. would have said nothing. It was a great effort, and has effected a revolution in our parliamentary position here. The Paris crash has no parallel since Aladdin's palace vanished when his fool of a wife sold his old lamp! As for general affairs, Madeira Chaplains, Rio Plata jobs, Irish do. are all swamped and merged in the mighty theme of how the devil Europe, or perhaps England, is to be governed. 6 men shot at Glasgow —here Cockney riots of little boys egged on by Charles Cochrane, and breaking the windows of club-houses —then, to wit, Dicky Milnes asking questions at 5 o'clock of Secretaries of State about the collision between 'the people' and the police in Trafalgar Square amid groans and ironic cheers. Dicky dying of envy of Lamartine, and ready to put himself at the head of the 'gamins' and break the windows of Buckingham Palace."

Two days after writing this letter, Disraeli made the speech he promised—the famous speech in which

[1] The Chancellor of the Exchequer wished to impose an increased Income Tax, "for a time to be limited." Hume's proposal was to introduce after the word "time" the words "not exceeding one year."

he described Cobden and Bright as the representatives of two great principles—Peace and Plenty. "Yes! Peace and Plenty amid a starving people, and with a world in arms." Lord John, never lacking in appreciation, rose to the opportunity of applause. "My dear Disraeli," he wrote on 12th March, "wonderful! and most brilliant! You fairly exceeded yourself, and have indeed put the finishing stroke to struggling 'Progress.' I know not which to admire most, the serious or the comic Muse, for both equally inspired you. But you will ask, as you asked in your last letter—'what then?' I can't answer, but this I clearly see, that let the National Club fret and whine as it may—yours must be the guiding spirit in any new government that can be formed on old-world principles: and I own I think more of the effect your speech must have on our friends than on our opponents. They must now be convinced that without you and G. B., they are *flocci, nauci, nihili, pili.*"

Two months later we find Lord John approving Disraeli's vigorous action in demanding that we should protect *vi et armis* the security and neutrality of Denmark, which was threatened by Prussia, and which we had guaranteed. And so in mutual confidence they fought the battle of their principles, the one with wise counsel sent from Belvoir, the other with all the fire of his eloquence on the floor of the House. United in opinion, they were united also in their admiration for George Bentinck, whose leadership, though it was in abeyance, they cheerfully

acknowledged. They had a right to rejoice in the prowess of their friend, who, not content with being the protagonist of Protection in the House of Commons, had presided with infinite skill and energy over the Committee appointed to inquire into the state of the sugar-planting colonies, and had gallantly upheld the Imperial interests of Great Britain. The session closed under the best auspices for the Tory party. Disraeli himself, made genial by triumph, as always, was in bright sunshine. "What fun Dizzy must have in his own success," wrote Stafford, by no means a partial critic, "the meed of toiling years, and he seems to be in favour of the whole house when Tamworth is away from it."

And then by a sudden stroke of tragedy all things were changed. George Bentinck had been in the House on 5th September 1848, the day of Prorogation, and had asked for certain returns. He had gone straightway to Welbeck, worn out by the intolerable labour of the session. From the work to which he had dedicated three years of his life he had spared not a day. He had lived like an Anchorite, seldom absent for an hour while the House was in session. He had breakfasted, as I have said, in the early morning on dry toast, and had dined at White's at half-past two in the morning. He had submitted to a strain far greater than the strongest man could bear, and he paid the penalty of his sacrifice. On 21st September he set forth to walk from Welbeck to Thoresby, a mere five miles, and died suddenly

on the road, "as much destroyed by Parliament," said Lord John, "as ever soldier was by bayonet or bullet." The news found John Manners at Keir, and I cannot describe the effect which it had upon two loyal friends better than by transcribing the letters which they exchanged. This is what Lord John wrote five days after the tragedy to Disraeli: "Until to-day I really have not had heart to write a line to any one on this awful, wellnigh incredible, loss, and now my thoughts turn first to you, who of all his friends most appreciated him, and who will most bitterly and truly mourn over this appalling calamity. All that fiery courage, indomitable will, unaffected warmth of heart, all those fresh and earnest thoughts and feelings—all quelled and quenched and by so terrible a death in a moment—and alone! What a friend we have lost, and how shall we not miss those singular and high qualities which distinguished him from all other of our acquaintance. I cannot doubt it was his single-minded devotion to his new and glorious, yet how fatal! course of life that has killed him; and small and miserable as the consolation is, still I feel a melancholy pleasure in thinking that we added not to the overwhelming burden of cares that was pressing his gallant spirit out of the failing body, and wounded not that noble heart with unworthy jealousies and persecutions. I shrink from expressing what I feel to any one here; it was no ordinary tie of political or social friendship that bound us together, and to no one but you would I say so much. The

blow is stupefying: at present it is felt only in those private relations of life which he so graced, and illustrated by his frank and generous and sincere bearing and conversation. What the loss is, must be, in a party, or national point of view, I have neither heart nor head to attempt to estimate. The most noble-hearted, the least selfish, of men has been taken away, and by none will this affliction be more felt than by you and me. I know this, and therefore I write these few sad incoherent lines."[1]

Disraeli answered his friend in a brief letter, which seems all the more poignant when we remember the pertinacity wherewith he veiled his feelings. "I can't allow your letter," said he, "to pass unrecognised, though I am quite incapable of dwelling upon its subject. I can neither offer, nor receive, consolation. All is unutterable gloom! Few stood nearer his heart than you, as many passages in his letters to me, which I will some day show you, prove. A peculiar and unparalleled spirit has departed: at all times a loss, and in a degenerate age, an irreparable one. Arriving in town on Friday week, I found on my table a letter of six sheets, written an hour before the fatal walk, and full of his accustomed vigour and keen interest in existence. Yesterday Henry Bentinck came to me,

[1] In like terms Lord John expressed himself to all his friends, and thus gave proof of a sincere and enduring sorrow. He also celebrated the high qualities of Lord G. Bentinck, "the self-denying spirit, scorning rest," in his 'English Ballads and other Poems' (1850).

and sat some hours here. What an admirable man: worthy of being our dear friend's brother! I am oppressed with intolerable gloom, and could write to no one but yourself. I wish you, however, to feel that both for your own sake, and the sake of the departed, I must ever be your friend. D." These letters remain a noble testimony of the honour in which the two men held their colleague and their friend.

In the opinion of Lord John Manners' friends, the death of Lord George Bentinck should have opened the way for Lord John's return to Parliament. That there was a fitness in the succession, none could deny. The two men had fought side by side; they had shared the heat and labour of a violent campaign, and now when one had fallen on the field, surely his place should be yielded to the other. Yet Disraeli's influence and the memory of George Bentinck were powerless against Lord Stanley and the Whips. Lord John, with six years' loyal service to his credit, was overlooked, and Edward Stanley, an untried youth of one-and-twenty, was chosen to represent Lynn in Bentinck's place. The unhappy choice, unhappier still if we remember the strained relations of Bentinck and Stanley, angered not unnaturally the friends of John Manners. "Till the contrary is clearly proved to me," wrote Stafford on 27th December 1848, "I hold you if not an ill-used at all events a neglected man. Talk of testimonials to G. B.; every one must know that your succeeding him would have been his chosen testimonial."

If his friends resented the neglect, Lord John himself made no complaint. One thing at least was clear to him and to Disraeli, that Bentinck's death served only to strengthen the ties of friendship which already bound them. By defection and death they had lost not a few comrades. Young England was the dream of a brilliant past already dissolving to forgetfulness. Scattered were the bold spirits who preferred ideals to policies. Some, as we have seen, had lost hope and interest in politics. Smythe, oppressed in the House by a silence which nothing could interrupt, had taken refuge in 'The Morning Chronicle,' where he discoursed as he would of foreign affairs. And now the later alliance of 1846 was broken by Bentinck's death. "On you now all rests," wrote John Manners to Disraeli on 10th November 1848. "I cannot conceive (yes, I can; anything is conceivable of proud stupidity) any of our friends imagining for a moment that any one save you is henceforward leader of the Opposition in the Commons: for your own peace and enjoyment you might wish it otherwise, and yet 'tis the fulfilment of a glorious destiny, and the discharge of a mighty duty."

Strange as it seems to-day, Disraeli needed all the loyal and eloquent advocacy of John Manners and his friends to become a recognised leader. The Tory party, it must be remembered, was split into half a dozen factions. The supporters of the High Church were at loggerheads with the National Club. Disraeli

had given violent offence, not without reason, by his speech upon the Jewish disabilities. Stanley was bitterly opposed to the leadership of Disraeli, who had, in perfect justice to himself, ranged the Whips against him. It would indeed have been absurd had he supposed that Newdegate and Beresford were the wisest managers of the party that could be chosen. The word was sent round that Disraeli could not be trusted. Why or how he was not trustworthy was left unexplained. Even Stafford, a sound and level-headed Tory, looked upon him with suspicion, and thought he could support him more loyally if he were not a monarch but one of three. Nor did Stafford desire that the party should hasten to a decision. Some, he confessed, in their perplexity thought of eluding the difficulty by letting things go on as they did last year. "I am not sure," said he on 1st February 1849, "this would not be the wisest course for Diz. I suspect many would gradually acquiesce in the reign who would rebel against the coronation."

Moreover, Disraeli had not yet lived down the harmless decorative extravagances of his youth. Some of the Country Party, whose strength lay in a wholesome prejudice, could not forget that he was not of their breed. "Disraeli's speech was fine," wrote a great lady to Lord John at the beginning of 1849—a great lady who in after years, as Lady Bradford, was not the least among Disraeli's supporters,—"but I fear he sometimes lets a sudden fit of temper put him off his guard. I admire his wonderful and brilliant

powers, but somehow he is a man I cannot respect, as I ever must have done Lord George. Perhaps it is his countenance I don't like." To this Lord John sent an answer, composed in the taste of the time and perfect in chivalry. "Dismiss your fears of Disraeli," he wrote; "he is the easiest of men to get on with, and only requires to have confidence shown in him to fight successfully the great battle of order against ceaseless change. If the Aristocracy choose to turn the cold shoulder on their ablest champion, the blame and the penalty will be theirs, therefore please do your best to smile upon him when you chance to meet him, and make him feel that it is not a constrained and haughty courtesy, but the free guerdon which beauty loves to bestow on gallant deeds and brilliant services." Happy was the man who won such a tribute as this from his friend—a tribute which counterbalanced the jealous suspicions of a hundred who knew him not. But for the moment suspicion triumphed, and when 1849 opened, as I have said, the Tory Party was condemned to a tripartite leadership—always foredoomed to failure—of Granby, Herries, and Disraeli.

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